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CHILDREN FOR WHOM THESE LETTERS ARE PUBLISHED. 1912

THE OLD WORLD THROUGH OLD EYES

THREE YEARS IN ORIENTAL LANDS

BY

MARY S. WARE

WITH 16 ILLUSTRATIONS

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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PREFACE

THESE letters, written to my family during a trip around the world, I have collected and printed for my grandchildren. I wish them to serve as a reminder of me in the time, not far distant, when my children will know me only through these written words.

But I have also another object now, which I did not at first contemplate. I desire through the sale of this book to make these letters contribute, at least in some degree, to the comfort of those heroes, the wounded soldiers of France. Every dollar realized from the book shall be sent to French hospitals as long as the war lasts. Not that my sympathies are more with French than with English wounded, but I know the need is greater among the French, and my slender resources must go to them. When peace shall have been declared should any sales of the book still continue the proceeds therefrom shall be devoted to the French soldiers blinded during the war.

I should, perhaps, explain to any readers of these pages that I have not followed the usual course of travel narrative, for I have given little space to descriptions of natural scenery or of national monuments. What most interested me in my travels were the results obtained in colonization and in the government of backward peoples by the Americans, English, French, and Dutch. For obtaining the information I desired I found the

missionaries, especially the medical and teaching missionaries who had lived for many years in close contact with the natives, the most valuable and reliable sources of knowledge.

I had some advantages during my three years' tour in Oriental lands which ordinary travelers do not usually enjoy. I was the guest for days at four native courts and these among the richest and most respected of the native princes. I had interviews besides, with various other native rulers, and while in Bombay I had the privilege of seeing something of those wonderful people, so intelligent and so philanthropic, not great in numbers but great in all the finest characteristics of our age—the Parsees.

It was no doubt my age that won me the consideration of the great and the lowly in my travels through foreign lands, and I conclude by asking from my readers the same consideration for the same reason.

MARY S. WARE.

SEWANEE, TENN.

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The Old World Through Old Eyes

ON BOARD S. S. *Siberia*,
August 14, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Two or three days after sailing I sat pretty limp in my steamer chair mostly dozing, my head full, however, of the images and events which filled the last moments before parting. That dear Laura was just lovely, and Hallie looked so elegant I was very proud of her, and Emory and Tom and Laura's boys were all as sweet as could be. Laura, who is a born spendthrift and will have her husband die in the poorhouse yet, brought pounds of salted and toasted almonds, I never saw in my life so many; she had her two sons to help her bring them, or it would have been physically impossible for her to have been so extravagant. Then there was a basket of assorted fruit, very delicious, from both Mrs. Jackson and Alice, each basket with a bottle of wine. I really do not know how to thank for so many and such rich favors. My room-mate has come in for a full share of it all. Poor thing, she is a widow of twenty-six in dreadful health and taking the ocean trip on that account. She belongs to that class which,

though undoubtedly the backbone and sinew of our country, still can never say what it wants to say because of the inveterate habit of putting two negatives instead of one. She is on a strict diet and cannot eat meat, and being hungry all the time, the salted almonds and fruit have been of service to her and I have enjoyed them the more for having someone to share them. This poor, sick girl-widow has confided to me her ambitious hopes for the future and asked me to promise to tell no one on board, which I promised most sincerely. She said that by telling it someone else might be enabled to exploit her idea. She expects to stay awhile in China before returning and while there she is determined to employ a Chinese chiropodist and learn the secret of his skill which she hears is great. She will then on her return set up a chiropodist establishment in San Francisco and make all the money she needs. I encouraged her in this enterprise and gave her much advice, though my attention had never been called to this branch of art before. She took me in charge, on learning that I needed her care, and with infinite and enthusiastic pains proceeded to eradicate every sign of trouble. I urged her in vain to go out in the fresh air, as her health required it, but she did not desist until my foot was in perfect condition. I was really grateful, and encouraged her greatly by telling her that it was a heaven-born vocation which she possessed and that she must surprise the secrets of China's chiropodists by employing more than one. As I cannot correct her English, I have taken my revenge on a young naval captain in the Japanese navy. His government has paid his way in a journey to all the great ship yards to take ample notes for the benefit of the Japanese. He is a Samurai, his wife a daughter of a Samurai

general. He was with Togo during the Russian war, and when I got him to speak of those battles, his eyes flashed with excitement as he told of the execution done by his guns. "They call us little Japs with ugly faces, but we whipped the big Russians." I have talked to him a good deal, trying to learn his point of view. He seems to be filled with suppressed rage at the idea that Westerners look down on his country and treat the Japanese with contempt. He could not express that to me openly as it would be humiliating, so he throws all his resentment into what he says of the English language. "You call it a world language, but I hope Japanese will be a world language some day. I do not want to learn to speak English. I can read it, that is enough for me. I want only to speak Japanese"—all this spoken very incorrectly and very vehemently showing a heart smarting under the sense of humiliation. He says: "I have watched you Westerners. You neglect old people and children. You pay servants to take care of the children and so they neglect you when they are grown. In my country Japanese mothers and fathers are always with their children, and if we have anything good it is first offered to the old people, our fathers and mothers, but the young couples in America are selfish and go out for pleasure all the time and neglect their home duties." I answered: "Japan is a poor country still, and the Japanese lead a simple life, but when through commerce and industry you become rich you will do as other rich people, you will pay to have every duty done for you. You have only seen the rich and the selfish but our land is full of homes where American mothers are working and doing their duty by their children." I tried to make him talk politics and say whether the Japanese

are tired of the English alliance. He answers very justly that he is a soldier and not a politician, but he speaks of the Russian alliance with pride. Now that they have whipped the Russians into a proper state of humility they rejoice over the alliance. It is at present at the expense of China and Korea, but who knows when it will be turned against England.

We have a Philippine band that sits in the rotunda above the dining-room and plays plaintive music, which I interpret as the plaint of a people longing for liberty, but then these Filipinos may be thinking of anything else. I have shown the photos of the "Beauties" to a few of the passengers and they of course admired them extravagantly. I showed them to Togo's captain who has two children of his own and told him that these were children who were cared for by their mother and were happy, but that we did not think English enough for them and intended them to learn several languages. His black eyes glowed as he looked at them, for he thought of his own, but he said nothing. During one of our talks, he said the Japanese were afraid of the Americans in the Philippines lest they should seize the Japanese ships and navy. I said we should never go to war with Japan.

HONOLULU, 2.30 P.M.,
August 17, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Yesterday morning I took the trolley and, after a lovely ride of three miles out to the beach, I arrived at the Aquarium, a small but wonderfully interesting collection. I never saw such coloring anywhere on fishes. There were no sea-anemones or other such like beautiful but low forms of animal life, but the fishes

were of the most brilliant hues and trimmed off with varied colors in a marvelous manner. I was wishing, during the drive, for Laura on account of the wonderful flowering trees and shrubs, but in the Aquarium I wished for my children. I have been twice to the fish market and found there other remarkable specimens in color and form, so that I see there are many other tropical fishes in these waters unrepresented in the Aquarium, probably for want of funds. Yesterday after leaving the Aquarium I took my seat in the shade on the green lawn to watch the waves roll in over the coral reefs. It is a scene of perfect loveliness. The waters break in tints of azure, green, and darker blue, and earth and sky and sea are so harmoniously beautiful that I could waste a lot of time in such surroundings. While sitting there I took out my purse, and laying it on my lap began making some memoranda. The purse fell on the grass at my feet and when I got up to leave I forgot it, but only for a very few moments when I returned quickly, but some thief had evidently been watching me for no one was near the bench, but my purse was gone. It contained about fifteen dollars. I hadn't even five cents to return on the trolley to the ship, so I had to go back into the Aquarium to ask one of the passengers for the loan of a nickel. A certain Mr. Porter refused to lend me less than half a dollar which I took. I then told two other passengers from the ship of my loss. One of them insisted, quite urgently, on lending me twenty dollars, which I naturally refused, but was gratified, I may almost say comforted, by his confidence.

I met a half-breed Hawaiian in the market this morning. He looked so fine in his white silk embroidered shirt, white suit, red tie, and big red rose in his

buttonhole that I was timid in accosting him, but he readily told me his life's history. A most prosperous lawyer now. He has served six years in the Hawaiian territorial legislature and is again a candidate. He rejoices in American occupation of the Islands, owes everything, he says, to the education he got in missionary schools where for four hours' labor daily he had board and tuition free. His father, a Chinaman, deserted his mother who was very poor, if any one can be called poor where nature is so lavish. He rejoices greatly that he never learned Chinese. He says if he had he would have remained at their level, whereas he is now far above them, a man intensely satisfied with the life he has made for himself and family. He has sent his son to the United States. He was at Stanford three years ago, now in the East, where he is to study law at Harvard. The father thinks there will be a fine opening for him in China but the boy speaks no Chinese.

Yesterday after I got some cash from the bank I had to find Mr. Porter to pay my fifty cent debt. He had left the ship for good at this place, but by inquiring I found his hotel and we had a pleasant talk, not about thieves and the deep indignation they cause, but about politics, for my visit to the hotel enabled me to see a pile of back newspapers and learn the happenings since I left home.

ON BOARD S. S. *Siberia*,
August 26, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Before our ship left Honolulu, I found myself surrounded by vendors of wreaths and garlands made of fresh flowers called Lais. All the passengers getting on at Honolulu were profusely decorated with them,

and a departing traveler threw one around my neck, so that I too had a very gay and festive appearance, with the others. It is a charming custom for a land so rich in flowers. I should love to spend a couple of weeks in Honolulu with my children and Laura. Several missionaries got on there, one of whom I find quite interesting, but from what they tell me I must give up my idea of boarding with them. They say they took in lonely tourists, guided them, waited on them, and did everything they could to make them happy, but they went home to spread false reports of the luxury of the missionaries in the Far East and of the money they were making by keeping boarders. I listened to long stories of the treachery of tourists and soon found that they were regarded with suspicion by the missionaries. I think, generally speaking, that where domestic service can be had for four dollars a month, it would be folly for missionaries to spend their time in drudgery. It certainly should be worth more spent in other occupations. It is, too, now fully recognized by us that for a high degree of efficiency a man must be well housed, well clothed, and well fed. I do not pretend to judge the question further, but anything savoring of treachery and ingratitude is abhorrent to my feelings. I am very sorry I shall not be taken into their homes. I should have learned much from them. I can never advocate making religious martyrs, but I think the missionaries, by their schools and spreading our language, are doing a most useful work. I cannot believe that peoples like those of China and Japan, which had developed a highly moral code centuries before the coming of our Savior, could have been displeasing to the Almighty, but I leave those questions to others, whom they concern. Our Savior appeared

among the most fanatical people of the world to reform them. Why should we fall into the error of fanaticism? Miss Cozad, the missionary whom I fancy most on board, told me a pleasant story of one of her servants. She has lived and worked for twenty-five years in Japan, has had the most devoted service and loyalty from her Japanese servants, whom she chooses from the Samurai class always, but never from foreign households. A cook who had served her faithfully for ten years asked leave to establish a bakery of his own. His bakery was a financial success, and among other things he made little Japanese cakes which his customers called "Jesus Cakes" because, Aono, the baker, was a Christian. These "Jesus Cakes" had great vogue among the Japanese. Now, some thirty-five miles distant was situated a Japanese garrison town, a great center of Buddhism, because of its temple and many priests. The missionaries had labored in vain in this field. At last it was proposed to send Aono thither. The proposition shocked poor Aono at first. "What!" he cried, "I could not make my living in that place," but to his Samurai blood the idea of self-sacrifice appealed in the end and he gave up his happy home, and with his six daughters (a calamity in the Orient) he moved to the garrison town. Miss Cozad tells me that now there is not a more prosperous center of Christian influence in Japan than that built up in this stronghold of Buddhism by Aono. Last New Year's Day, at a lay gathering held there, the provincial governor, the commander of the garrison, and many officials addressed the assembly. At the close Aono arose and spoke about the teachings of Christ, and next day his speech alone was quoted in full in the newspapers. A high official told Miss Cozad that Aono had such a high

reputation for integrity that he would take his recommendation for the character of any man without further inquiry. This story is suggestive in many ways, but how democratic is Japan that a cook should have this influence among his countrymen! In no white man's country is this, perhaps, possible.

The ship's captain has taken a day away from us. The young men were laughing about it when I said: "You are young, what is a day more or less to you, but I am old and it is a serious matter to lose a day. I know it is useless to complain but I grieve all the same for my lost day." Then I confessed that fifteen years ago when I crossed this ocean to San Francisco the captain had given us a day, whereupon a young man cried out: "Oh, you have had the use of that day for fifteen years and have no right to complain now."

TOKYO, JAPAN,
September 1, 1912.

DEAREST FAMILY:

I asked Cook if there were any good place in Tokyo where I could be received and made comfortable and where I could see real Japanese life. I told him this was my second visit to the country, but I had stayed only in the big hotels the first time and felt on leaving that I had learned little or nothing about the people, that this time I had come to learn all I could. He said there had lately been installed in Tokyo an institution of the Y. W. C. A., and he telegraphed to know if I could be accommodated there. The answer was satisfactory, so I came with the address written in Japanese, and on leaving the train, I gave it to the coolies and off we started. After a long drive, we reached the Y. W. C. A. building to learn that it was

closed for the summer. The caretaker advised me to go to the Japanese ladies' dormitory, so off we started again, the poor coolies pretty tired. I arrived here like a bombshell among these peaceful inmates, utterly unexpected, for it was the caretaker at the Y. W. C. A. office who, unauthorized, had answered my telegram. The matron speaks but little English, but she understands it wonderfully well. She told me I should not be satisfied in this house, which was filled with Japanese girl students. I said: "Let me stay to-night and to-morrow I can go to the hotel." So I was given the room of a student not yet returned. The supper was purely Japanese: bean soup, rice, fishes, not an inch in length, pickled Japanese radish, and other pickles—all these things portioned out in bowls and little tiny plates. I asked for two poached eggs and tried some of the soup. I could not excite any enthusiasm for it. For dessert I ate a large Japanese pear. I told the matron what I wanted for breakfast: buttered toast, an egg, and coffee. One of the young ladies spoke English pretty well, understanding everything I said without difficulty. The house is pretty, exquisitely clean, with separate rooms upstairs and down. You know the usual Japanese custom is to form bed-rooms by setting up screens at night. The young ladies wipe all the upstairs floors every morning early. The servants wipe the downstairs floors daily. I never saw such thorough cleaning given to a house every day in my life, wood-work and panels all wiped off. After supper I was told it was bathing evening, which is three times a week. I was allowed the first bath, a compliment I appreciated. I found an immense tub of wood filled with clean hot water. The bathers are expected to wash the body well with soap before getting into the tub. The tub was so

big I felt as though I could drown with ease. After the bath, in my dressing-gown, I held quite a levee in one of the girl's rooms. The charming young Miss Sen Aiba, who understands English so well, translated all I said. The young ladies desired nothing better than to laugh, so there was lots of fun. As each newcomer entered the room she kowtowed at the threshold. I expressed a desire to learn how to kowtow. I spread my hands close together on the floor and bowed, touching my head to my hands, but one of the girls called out: "Her feet are not right." This led to close observation of my feet. They were certainly not right, and no pushing and pulling could make them so. The Japanese feet in kowtowing lie flat on the floor, resting at full length on the top of the instep. Now this was a physical impossibility for me, only my toes touched the floor. This was indeed fun for the girls and Sen Aiba translated all I said. Sen means "fairy." Aiba means "loving waves," a fitting name for this sweet girl. Next day Sen Aiba agreed to go sightseeing with me. I found on referring to my guide-book that a fine private collection was open on Thursdays. We took the trolley and arrived there safely, to be told it was closed for summer repairs and only an introduction from the American Minister would admit us. We turned sadly away and I asked Miss Fairy to put me in a rickshaw to go to the Imperial Hotel for my midday meal, where I could read the newspapers during the spare time. Walking along I was struck with the sight of eagles on each side of a gateway. I approached to see whether it was a German or an American bird. It proved to be our Ambassador's residence, so in we went for the introductory card. I was received by a handsome attaché named Campbell. I asked if he were kin to

my Birmingham friends, found he had been to the University of Virginia, and though he did not personally know the Heath Dabneys, knew who they were. He went out a few moments and then returned to invite me into Mr. Bryan's sanctum. Mr. Bryan, the Ambassador, was dictating a letter to another secretary, but chatted with me the while. I was discreet enough not to remain long. I told him I had such a respect for his time that I had not asked to see him, but that Mr. Campbell evidently thought me so peculiar a specimen of our country that he wished the United States Minister to see such a curiosity. Outside, Mr. Campbell gave me the introductory card from the Embassy. So we returned joyfully to the Okura private collection. It is in a very beautiful home in the midst of a charming garden. The house alone is worth seeing, but the collection is a grand one, representing forty years of purchases by Mr. Okura, a very wealthy merchant of Tokyo. The great drawback was that the rooms were all closed for the summer. The windows were only in part opened by our guide, so that the air was close and warm, laden with the smell of the imprisoned gods and goddesses, a most disagreeable, penetrating odor, but when I complained of headache, we were taken to a veranda overlooking Tokyo and there in comfortable chairs we rested. This Okura collection pleased me immensely, more so than the Tokyo museum which I saw next day, but then I had the charming Miss Fairy and a remarkably good English-speaking guide employed by Mr. Okura to show his collections. He has arranged to leave them to the government after his death. On coming out, we started for the nearby rickshaw stand at the Embassy gate. I needed a good meal and a cup of good coffee. That

morning my toast and egg were all right, but I could not even smell the coffee. When the matron told me I was to have coffee instead of Japanese tea, my joy was great, but I imagined I was to make it, for there was not the faintest fragrance of that bean to be perceived. I found afterwards she had put a pinch of coffee in a white muslin bag and tying it securely had poured boiling water till the pot was full, holding three cups. This is the beverage I had drunk for breakfast with a little sugar added. I had been drinking two cups of coffee every morning on the ship, with buttered toast and an orange, enough breakfast of course, but everybody else ate many other things. I had eaten a cold lunch in Cook's office to save time for reading the papers and then that Japanese dinner and no coffee worthy of the name, so I was weary and hungry. I was just entering the rickishaw when Mr. Campbell and Mr. Biddle appeared (Mr. Biddle is also an attaché) bringing me an invitation to lunch with Mr. Bryan. I knew Mr. Bryan to be an unmarried man and thought this impromptu invitation was for a simple family lunch. I was much pleased. It was only twelve o'clock, so I asked Mr. Campbell for the newspapers, took off my bonnet, and sat on a long veranda opening into a quiet, lovely garden. The newspapers were interesting, all the surroundings delightful, my chair very comfortable. My eyes began to pain me from reading, so dropping the paper I looked on the beauty around me, half in reverie, waiting the pleasant sound of the lunch bell. Mr. Campbell came at last, it was past one o'clock. He was taking me through the hall, when down the broad stairs came trooping a bevy of gaily dressed ladies in beautiful summer hats and costumes. The very coterie of ladies that I had sailed with on the *Siberia*.

My plain dress and dusty walking shoes were entirely out of place. I, however, remembered the advice given me by Alice about dress, and shook hands with each lady. I was delighted to see Commander Almy. We were good friends. I went upstairs to wash my hands but was so afraid of keeping the company waiting, as it was nearly half-past one, that I did not even do what I might have done for my toilet. The lunch was fine and the wine did me a lot of good too. I should not care to drink wine every day, but I really felt the need of it with the fatigue and the hunger. I sat near the foot of the long table, Commander Almy near me, so I was far away from the fashionables, and talked everybody to death around me, I fear. Mr. Bryan was at the other end among the young ladies.

Friday the Fairy could not accompany me sight-seeing, so I got her to put me on the trolley with written instructions where to get off, which I did at the entrance to the Park where the museum is situated. It is enormous, but I didn't get so tired as the day before, because I made my own coffee for breakfast, but I found no guide to show me the objects. I suppose on account of its being summer. I saw the stuffed roosters with tails 11, 12, and 14½ feet long, more curious than beautiful. I am perfectly comfortable in this house, going out to the best hotels for my midday meal. My first night here was not so comfortable, however. The pillow was made of some sort of coarse bran. When I asked Mrs. Wisteria what it was filled with, she thought awhile and said, "macaroni." "What!" I exclaimed, "Can you eat your pillows in Japan?" But it is made of bran, I believe. However, it did not suit me either as macaroni or as bran—too hard and uncomfortable. I looked in the closet of my room and

found a very large wadded kimono, apparently new, and, I believe, intended for covering. This folded several times makes a pleasant pillow. Then there are a number of big quilts in this closet which make a fine bed on my clean white matting. The mosquito net is as big as a small room. Outside my windows is the extensive garden of a wealthy Japanese resident. I cannot see into it because of the high, thick hedge of trees. I can only catch a gleam of color here and there. I am curious now to explore that mysterious garden. This house is far from the center of Tokyo. It takes some time in a rickshaw, and I always walk up the hills for I hate to see the poor men straining their muscles. It saves much time, however, to go on the street cars. They charge 4½ cents of our money and give a return ticket. These return tickets can be used on any shorter trips. Wisteria gives me written instructions in Japanese to show to police or car conductors. In the Park the other day looking for the museum, I asked a young Japanese woman where it was, and the fact of being questioned by a foreigner so frightened the creature that she fled with only one terrified glance behind her to mark the whereabouts of the specter. The dear Japanese girl, Sen Aiba, left us yesterday to my great regret. The matron had said to me how much she loved her. She was evidently most popular with the other young ladies, so I expected some demonstrations of affection when she took leave. She bowed very low to each one in turn, repeating some Japanese words in a low voice, which were responded to in the same manner. As I was taking part in this farewell scene I bowed too. Their heads were somewhat close together in bowing, but never a touch of hand or face in any instance. Last night there was no jolly levee in any room for me,

as the Fairy had gone. I spent it in the matron's room eating pears with her. She and I eat pears together every night. In this room that I am occupying, there is a remarkable library belonging to the young lady student who has not yet returned. The Fairy told me that this student had graduated from the same school as herself. The library belonging to her has works on most of the sciences, literature, and history, modern, ancient, and medieval. When I return from my northern tour, I trust to make the acquaintance of this paragon; her library certainly amazes me. Mrs. Wisteria has been giving me lessons in putting on an obi. She has a great number of them. They are a foot or more in width, of heavy silk, lined with the same, and some four-and-a-half yards in length. I had to begin by doubling it, making four folds of the thick silk, then wind it twice around my waist, and behind my back make the proper æsthetic bow, putting in a pad too to insure that the bow stood out smoothly. This was an exhausting ordeal on a warm summer evening, and I found the obi dreadfully hot. I was glad to restore it to its owner who was equally glad to recover possession of it, as she said she felt chilled without it. During one of our gay evening levees, I happened to ask the name of the new Emperor. The Fairy and Mrs. Wisteria hung their heads reverently and said softly: "We never mention the name of our Emperor nor of the Empress nor of any of our highest officials." The bump of reverence in the Japanese is certainly very highly developed, but their sense of humor also, if I can judge by these merry girls. All my observations, at any rate, when translated to them, produce peals of laughter. In all my life before, I have never had such success as a humorist. It would be extremely flattering

if I thought the laughter was intended solely for what I say. At the breakfast table, I have only to hint that the lazy girls avoid seats near the two wooden pails of steaming rice because the little individual bowls require frequent replenishing. This produces not only laughter but a little confusion too, for perhaps a grain of truth lurks under the jest. I can vary this rice joke by saying the greedy girl sits near the pail in order to take advantage of the others. A much appreciated witticism was that about the bean soup. Mrs. Wisteria had left the most of hers in her bowl. "What!" I exclaimed, "your lamented Emperor went to war with China to procure the bean fields of Manchuria in order that each of his subjects should enjoy this delicious soup, and yet you are leaving it in your bowl to be thrown away." This translated to the young ladies met with great success. When I find anything of which I do not understand the use, I bring it to Wisteria and say: "Please tell me the use of this honorable object." As it is generally some trifling affair, the explanation is given with much merriment. But a joke which came home to these young ladies was about my curly hair. A Japanese girl with curly hair is an unfortunate from her birth. The unhappy parents exclaim: "Alas! we can never get a good husband for our poor daughter, for she has curly hair." I have been told an entirely authentic story of a Japanese girl, an only child, who had this stigma. The parents spent one thousand yen (five hundred dollars) in medicines from quack doctors in order to procure the removal of the blemish, but all in vain. The child's health was seriously impaired and her temper soured. I said then, apropos of curly hair, "Had I been a Japanese maiden, I should never have got a husband. How glad I am that I was not born in

Japan with my curly head." This was greeted with much laughter, and I am sure each girl thought I was right. I wish I could understand their jokes among themselves, they are so merry; but when I ask what it is all about, Mrs. Wisteria says: "Oh, they are only joking, but I don't know how to translate it." I have missed Loving Waves very much. She was always showing me kindnesses, hovering about me like a daughter, explaining and translating and saying in return for my thanks: "Oh, you teach me English." I was interrupted here by one of the young ladies, who came to ask for an English lesson. I sighed internally at the interruption, but I took the book to give the lesson. It was *The Imitation of Christ* by St. Thomas à Kempis. These marvelous Japanese! to study English in a four volume edition of St. Thomas à Kempis! I read one chapter to her, explaining it as best I could, and then said I was very busy but would continue the lessons another time. How popular I could make myself in this house among these girls so eager to learn!

September 2, 1912.

Yesterday being Sunday and a day of pouring rain, I proposed music in the afternoon. The matron said: "I think it would hurt the girls' feelings to have music before our Emperor is buried." But after supper, one of the young ladies, to gratify my curiosity, brought out a stringed instrument over three yards in length, and played and sang old Japanese melodies. She has considerable skill, but her singing is so different from ours that it is far more curious than pleasing. I am told here the Japanese children do not have to learn spelling. They first learn the Japanese characters, then the Chinese, and use both in their writing. I do

not understand any Oriental language, but I am told the Japanese have forty-eight characters in their alphabet. I am unable to judge to what extent children are spared here in the matter of spelling. The mail carriers come more frequently in Tokyo than in any place I have ever seen. They come all day long, and last night Wisteria waked me up after I had gone to bed to deliver a postal card which had been brought at ten o'clock.

I was told in Yokohama by Cook that it would be impossible for me to see the Imperial funeral on the 13th, an Englishman, an intimate friend of the British Ambassador having tried in vain to procure a ticket. A few days ago I wrote to the Mayor of Tokyo, saying I had returned to Japan after fifteen years, that I had always been a great admirer of their lamented Emperor, of his good and noble life, that I was myself older than he, and I begged to be permitted to be present at his funeral procession. Yesterday I received a kind answer from the Mayor on black-bordered paper granting my request, but referring me to the manager of the Imperial Hotel for the ticket. The Japanese have so many ideas about the sacredness of their Emperor that they will not permit any one to look down on the procession from any kind of height. So the streets will be filled with a compact mass of spectators. I shall be in the space allotted to foreigners, who do not behave with the same patient reverence as the Japanese.

NIKKO HOTEL,
September 5, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

My bill at Mrs. Wisteria's was so moderate that I added two yen as a gift to her. She prepared my

breakfast each morning and laughed unfailingly at my jokes; the two yen were fully earned. I made the two servants supremely happy with a half-yen each. The Japanese half-yen is bigger than our quarter and has altogether a more important look, which it does not belie, as it has extensive purchasing power. When I gave the bright silver piece to the old, withered cook, she looked dazed and cast a glance around to see for whom it was intended. She didn't feel sure of it until Wisteria told her it was all intended for her. She kowtowed many times with all her old withered person. The young housemaid was better prepared for such munificence, but she kowtowed for all she was worth. Everybody said to me at parting: "Come back soon." I was so petted and humored in that house that I had to guard against being spoiled. They fanned me when I was too warm; one would massage an arm, another my shoulder, and even a third and fourth would find a way of doing something for me. In fact, I am spoiled, and I shall be glad to get back to that peaceful retreat. They had more curious things to eat than one can imagine: cured fishes so small that I thought them chopped up seaweed, but with a smell out of proportion to their size; half-pickled cabbage, always eggplant boiled in the bean soup, and pickled eggplant as a breakfast dish. One curious dish was made of what looked like thin, small pieces of fine textured bread, each piece ornamented by a little green wavy line. This was boiled and seasoned with a dark sauce. I could not make up my mind to touch such things for an early breakfast. I preferred my buttered toast, egg, coffee, and fruit. I have a repulsion to strange food products early in the morning. Sunday it rained very hard all day, so I had to take all three meals in the

house. I enjoyed the fried slices of fresh ham and the pumpkin for dinner.

I asked Loving Waves about Christianity in Japan. She said it was being Japanized so as to suit the people. She, herself, would not break with her family and reject the reverence paid to ancestral tablets, but reconciled that to her Christianity. I applauded her for this respect to her parents and ancestors, and assured her that only bigots could object to so beautiful a custom. She thanked me repeatedly for saying this.

Now for Nikko, the beautiful! I had forgotten how perfectly lovely Nikko was. I remembered the beautiful temples but the lovely scenes less. The day after getting here, I went unattended by a guide to make a tour of the temples. The forest of dark cryptomerias is wonderfully beautiful, the most beautiful forest I ever saw, seeming in itself a vast mysterious temple, everywhere those straight stems of grand trees, bare of branches below and crowned with dark foliage, the coloring of the trunk a rich brown, like bronze. Among the trees, some of which are giants, the beautiful temples are conspicuous by their brilliant gold and red ornamentation, their airy roofs curved upward at the corners and loaded with artistic decorations. They stand out conspicuously at the top of flights of steps, preceded by the graceful torii. I went alone over all the scenes I had visited with Sedley fifteen years ago; I never felt less lonely than in those lovely surroundings. But, oh, the interminable flights of steps! The native pilgrims would smile at me and say words which I knew expressed sympathy for my old bones. I heard an old Japanese, who was being assisted by his old wife, groaning. I took great credit to myself for not groaning, but as John Miller said when a little child, "I looked

very sad," and I had smiles of sympathy. The first temple I reached, comparatively low down, was surrounded by a lovely level space where beautiful pigeons were drinking from a great stone basin of clear water. I was standing in awe-struck admiration before that marvelously beautiful structure when some Americans accosted me. They proved to be missionary refugees from China, a Mr. and Mrs. Stevens and her sister, the latter, nieces of Mrs. Bishop Bratton of Jackson, Miss., whom I knew in Sewanee. They said their mother knew my dear Clelia McGowan very well. I am to go to them when I get to China. Whenever I entered a temple, I placed copper pennies on the floor and insisted on the gongs being beaten so as to call the attention of Buddha to the fact of my generosity. In our religion we are taught that we are not to expect any credit for giving, but in these pagan temples, with their throngs of devout pilgrims, amid scenes of such harmonious beauty, together with the all-pervading, exquisite neatness, I become, through warm sympathy and admiration, a thorough pagan and, as such, I want all the credit I can get for my offerings of pennies. The poor pilgrims do not even put pennies on the floor, but a small copper coin with a hole in the center, value extremely small. I love to hear the gong sounding, which calls on the Buddha to witness these offerings. There is a wonderfully melodious bell in one part of the grounds. It is rung by wooden beams suspended by ropes which strike the big bell from opposite sides. The sound is very mellow and full, so much more so than the clangor of our metallic clappers striking from within. After this round among the temples, which took me from half-past seven until one o'clock, I felt pretty tired in my limbs, but wishing to utilize my

afternoon, I called for a rickshaw to go to a fine waterfall some few miles distant among the mountains. I was told the recent rains had demolished the road and that I could only reach the falls by a chair. I ordered the chair. It was fastened to two stout bamboo canes, no covering. I took my seat, the four bearers lifted me aloft on their shoulders. I felt my heart overflowing with pity for those four stalwart men who were to take me several miles on a mountain road for \$1.30 divided among them. What a price for human muscle! I was deeply filled with commiseration for them, but this feeling lasted only two and one half minutes by my watch, when I became filled with a much greater feeling of commiseration for myself. The chair went forward, of course, borne by the bearers, but my body went vertically up and down with each combined movement of the bearers' steps. I felt as though I were being churned. Fortunately, I had eaten very little lunch, else I think it would have been hurled out of me. The people I met smiled, some even laughed as they saw me joggling helplessly, the malicious secretly rejoicing, no doubt. In the mountains I should gladly have spared the four bearers, and myself incidentally, by walking beside the chair, but my legs refused any more climbing. My brain seemed a chaos of primordial jelly. I found, however, that in certain positions, I could stand it better. The mountain ascent, so hard on the bearers, was far easier on me. I came to a lovely pond of clear water spanned in its winding course by a picturesque bridge. From this bridge little naked boys were springing into the water on either side and swimming like fishes. I long to have my children swim like these Oriental children. We had to cross two freshets where the bridges had been washed away. The men

offered to carry me in their arms, but this I declined. They then got me over the two poles (fastened together to serve as a temporary bridge), in an ingenious manner. One went in front, walking backwards, the other behind me, each holding a stout stick as a firm barrier with each hand. On this barrier I seized, and as it enclosed me, I felt perfectly safe. I managed to walk a little when I got down at these two crossings, both going and returning, but it was very little. The five and a half hours in the morning were all I could do, but I treated the men at the tea houses and they seemed entirely satisfied. At nine this morning, I started on an excursion to Lake Chuzenji, which Sedley will remember well. I was able to take a train the first few miles, then a rickshaw with two coolies. The way is most beautiful, following the course of a mountain torrent like the Yosemite. The mountains are very fine too, heavily wooded. I was able to spare the coolies by walking at all the very steep places. Since Sedley and I were there, a fine hotel has been built on the lower end of the lovely lake. To this I went for lunch. The lake abounds in fine fish, and I had a most delicious fish lunch with a dessert of luscious peaches. The Japanese hotels have vastly improved in the last fifteen years. Their cooking is now very good. They are models of comfort too. As for the fruit, fine varieties have been introduced, and I have had not only delicious peaches, but figs and grapes. I have not once been offered stewed fish which wrecked my digestion when here before.

SENDAI,

September 8, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I left the fine hotel in Nikko regretfully after a stay of only three days. This is a purely Japanese hotel,

the best, however, the place affords. No one speaks English; the one man who could do so has now left and I am thrown on my own unaided resources for making my wants known. This morning when I woke up it was still raining, but I determined to make the excursion to Matsushima all the same. I had ordered eggs, coffee, and toast for six-thirty, but it was seven-thirty before even a cup and saucer could be obtained. After that my breakfast was served in courses, the salt and sugar last. I reached the train when it was on the point of starting. On leaving it, one has two miles to go before reaching the landing where tourists take the little steamer. It was still raining but I was perfectly protected in the rickshaw. I said nothing to the coolie as I supposed he was accustomed to taking tourists for this excursion, but every now and then he would stop, turn to me, and hold a long discourse, to which I listened respectfully, without understanding one word, and then I would repeat the word "sheep" which was the nearest I could come to the supposed Japanese pronunciation of "ship." Whenever I said "sheep," the man would begin pulling again, so I imagined it was all right. At last we got to Matsushima. There the coolie, after having listened to the word "sheep" several times, took me to the foot of a long flight of steps which I mounted in the rain. I saw a pavilion with chairs to which I directed my steps. It commanded a wonderfully beautiful view of the little inland sea with its so-called thousand pine-covered islets. The rain poured, but I was under cover, with a surpassingly beautiful bit of nature spread out before me. A man came with a piece of paper on which were Japanese hieroglyphics. He spoke earnestly to me about the paper, and made me at last understand that

- he wished thirty sen for it. I listened patiently and said "sheep" pointing to the sea. He still continued to talk, but "sheep" produced, at last, the desired effect, and he departed with his paper. I then found in Murray's Guide-Book a perfect treasure of Japanese words about shopping and eating. By studying diligently, I came to the words, "I don't understand," but it was difficult to memorize. However, the Japanese are the most patient and polite people in the world, and I found afterwards they were willing to give me the time to hunt up this particular word and then pronounce it, seemingly to their entire satisfaction. The trouble is that it is difficult for me to make out the small print in Murray. While engaged in studying up words I found "Kitty," meaning ticket, a most valuable word by reason of its being so easy to remember. At last, the man with the paper came back and pointed to the little vessel, which had arrived in sight. I went down, followed by him. He accompanied me to the steamer, showed me into the tiny cabin, and again spread out his little paper on which "thirty" was written. The word "Kitty" came into my head. I said: "Kitty, kitty?" and he nodded delighted, so I paid the thirty sen gratefully, for I think I should have missed the boat but for him, as I was so engrossed in studying Murray's dictionary of useful words. It rained so continuously that I had to remain shut up in the little cabin, though from time to time I went out in the weather to have a peep at the fairy scene. I kept Murray open at the words, "I don't understand," as I found that the most satisfactory answer I could make to the conversation of the other passengers when addressed to me. I was the only foreigner on this excursion, which, in spite of the rain, I did not regret.

I found while taking a walk here between showers, a little Catholic church, and going in I found an old French priest. I paid him quite a lengthy visit as he was most interesting and quite cordial. He has been in this country thirty-one years, teaching French to all those who desire his lessons. He has a boys' day school besides. There are also French sisters who have a girls' school. These two schools do not open until next week so the old man was not too busy. I went back there this afternoon and paid him another visit. I enjoyed his society greatly. I found a Japanese gentleman with him taking a lesson, but this lesson was immediately put aside to entertain me. The old priest said it could be renewed to-morrow. He described to me the enthusiasm which inspired all ranks during the Russian war, how the poorest peasants never seemed to tire of sacrifices, giving at every demand and reducing their own wants accordingly. He said it was magnificent, but he added, "I don't believe it could ever be repeated." I said people could not in time of peace keep up all that ardor, but I believe the same spirit existed still. He said the Japanese were losing many of their fine qualities by contact with our civilization. There was the rage for money-making and enjoyment. The merchant class above all others was eager to employ get-rich-quick methods. The government did its best to watch over commerce and introduce honorable dealing, but it was often outwitted. Japanese merchants were very unreliable, adulterating and falsifying in every way. The older employees of the government were Samurai and a wonderful set of men, but the younger men were not reliable, eager for amusement and the money to obtain it. He may be right, but I am disposed to make allowance for an old

man's pessimism. He told me also of the Russian prisoners here during the war. He taught the officers French. It must have beguiled their homesickness to learn French from this kind-hearted and interesting old man.

TOKYO,
September 10, 1912.

I stopped writing at Sendai to take the night train to Tokyo. Being advised by the French priest, I bought an air pillow, and in my first-class compartment I could stretch out at full length. The second class was fearfully crowded. There were two Japanese passengers with me, man and wife, with whom I got on very well, as he spoke some English. I could not get sleepy, so I didn't have a good night. When I reached Wisteria's abode, I found the house filled with the girl students, three in each room. I made up my mind to go to the Imperial Hotel, but felt very uncertain about being able to get a room there, as the Emperor's funeral had drawn crowds to the city. I was so hungry that I ate Wisteria's Japanese supper with fine appetite, though she kept telling me not to eat anything as Miss Matthews from the Y. W. C. A. was coming for me. Wisteria speaks English so badly that I did not fully understand her and Loving Waves was no longer present to explain. After supper, Miss Matthews and two other young ladies actually did arrive to carry me off to supper with them, and then I was sorry I had eaten at Wisteria's. All my belongings were placed in a rickshaw, and after a warm-hearted leave taking, partly by hand shaking and partly by profound bows, I started off on foot with the three young ladies. We soon reached the National Headquarters of the society, at whose head

is Miss McDonald, a Canadian lady. The building is charming, such exquisite neatness and taste. I went to table with them but could eat nothing, having filled myself with curious Japanese things. Their simple food was cooked so temptingly that it looked very appetizing. It was a gay supper table. We all laughed so much. In the sitting-room after supper, I read Bill's and John's letters which produced more laughter. To me they were lovely and touching. John signed himself "Your loving son, John." Bill simply wrote his full name which took up two lines of his letter paper. Both Bill and John wrote principally of the move to the new house. I had to explain to my kind hostesses that my family were generally engaged in moving, usually across the continent, but from time to time from one house to another in the same place. The ladies now told me they had made arrangements for me in a Japanese inn near them where I should be most comfortable. I could have my early breakfast in my room, the other meals could be taken where I wished, or even ordered in the inn where the proprietor understood cooking for foreigners and could speak English. So Miss Matthews kindly accompanied me over here and insisted on opening and arranging my things for me. She is pretty with most pleasing manners. I slept the sleep of the just, feeling so safe here that I left door and windows wide open all night, and the wind blew all the mosquitoes away. I have done a little sight-seeing already. I went first to St. Luke's Hospital, a fine Episcopal institution, hoping to see one of the doctors in charge, of whom I had heard much. He was not in but the Japanese doctor was very polite and entertaining. He told me the Episcopal college, St. Paul's, was very near the hospital and I might find the President,

Mr. Riefschneider, at home. Mr. Riefschneider proved a charming man. He said if his wife were returned from their summer home, they would take me to their house.

TOKYO,
September 15, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Friday, day of the funeral cortège, we three American ladies from this house took rickishaws at three o'clock to go to the place assigned us to see the procession. We carried camp-stools and some light refreshments. The way thither was very interesting, street-car traffic had ceased at twelve, so we went through a stream of pedestrians on either side. The line of march of the cortège was profusely decorated with white and black cloth, banners, and national flags. The crowd of Japanese which thronged Tokyo from far and near was very decorous and restrained. No sign of merriment or of joy, and yet after days of rain the sun was shining gloriously and parks and gardens were resplendent in fresh verdure. We had our places in an open space bordering the Russian Embassy. There we made ourselves as comfortable as possible for five-and-a-half hours of waiting. There was no crowd of foreigners at any time during the evening, although the government had lifted the restrictions on the issue of tickets by the Embassies. We easily secured front places along the rope barrier. I sat near a French lady and her husband and beguiled the moments talking to them. When tired of sitting, we walked up and down the enclosure chatting with acquaintances. Still in spite of every permissible diversion, we got tired before the cannon-shot announced the departure of the cortège from the palace grounds. Soon afterwards we began to

hear the music from the first band. In front of us, in the very wide street, stood two rows of khaki-clad Japanese soldiers, a similar two rows lined the other side. The cortège passed between. The street was perfectly level and the line of march strewn with fine white sand, each inequality filled in with sifted gravel. Sweepers had taken infinite pains to make the way as smooth and as soft as a carpet. Our places were so flat they almost seemed in a depression. There was not a horse used in the cortège, not a wheeled vehicle except the primitive but splendid funeral cart, massive and tall, with its two great wheels coated with black lacquer and resplendent with gold trimmings. The silence was only broken by the music of funeral marches, Meyerbeers, Beethovens, and Chopins, played by wonderfully trained Japanese orchestras. Then there were the military "fanfares" and the Shinto music played on reeds somewhat resembling bagpipes and rather weird in sound. Our street was dimly lighted by scattered and feeble electric lights. I saw the whole pass by dimly as so many phantoms gliding noiselessly. Sometimes they looked like cattle driven at night through the streets, as I have seen in some European cities, sometimes they looked like shrubbery moving over a stage. It was all spectral, a phantasmagoria, only the great cart loomed up from the general level, the Shinto cart of cumbrous, primitive construction according to immemorial usage in Imperial funerals. Also the tall white silk pennants were ghostly. There loomed up also the two trees, wound with white ribbon, emblems of the nature worship of the Shinto religion. The fine sacred oxen drawing the carts were covered with white cloths and so closely and numerously attended by high officials that nothing really could be seen of them. I did not

then know that General Nogi, whose career I had followed with such admiration, as well as that of General Kuroki, during the Russo-Japanese war, was weltering in his blood together with his wife, he having at the first boom of the cannon, announcing the departure of the body of the Emperor committed hara-kiri, a suicide by disemboweling, his wife cutting her throat, both using the short Japanese sword. I felt deeply, however, all that the Emperor's death and this national leave-taking of their hero meant to the Japanese. Every house had a large white lantern hanging from the lintel of the door on which two characters were written in black, meaning "leave-taking." General Nogi and his wife wished to follow their Emperor. He lost two sons, officers under their father, during the war, but he and his heroic wife must have regarded their loss as only another sacrifice to their country. The government has tried by earnest commands to stem this desire for self-immolation in the Japanese. The foreigners who were viewing the funeral cortège were there from pure curiosity. The Japanese were there from other motives, deep sorrow and reverential awe. Multitudes who had come from distant parts of Japan could find no spot from which they could view those last solemn ceremonies and take their part in the final leave-taking. The police had to push them back and protect the reserved places of the foreigners, who did not always behave even with that outward reverence befitting the occasion. The Japanese had wished to take leave of their Emperor without any foreign spectators, but after the nations had sent their distinguished delegates, and persistent demands were made at the Embassies for permission to view the pageant, then tickets were issued, but the Ambassador

warned all how to behave, what to wear, and that they must expect to stand for hours. As a matter of fact the passing of the cortège was over at nine-thirty, British marines and blue jackets following, but we did not, naturally, owe the same reverential bearing to them as to the religious element of the procession. All preceding the funeral cart was Shinto and the old traditional Japan. All that followed it was modern Japan in uniforms and feathered hats, frock-coats, and evening toilets.

Mrs. Wisteria and one of the young ladies came yesterday to see me. I am the only foreigner their dormitory ever harbored and it was caused by a mistake. It was quite a pleasant episode for me, but could never be repeated by any one else, for the servant sending the telegram was reprimanded. The young lady who called with Mrs. Wisteria will accompany me this afternoon to see the Emperor's shrine. She speaks a little English and is very intelligent. I went yesterday morning to see some famous temples at Shiba Park and then started out to revisit, after fifteen years, the tombs of the forty-seven Ronins. Sedley will remember these heroes of Japanese history. I took a car from Shiba Park without having previously provided myself with the address written in Japanese. No one on the car could understand the words "forty-seven Ronins" though all were eager to help me, so I took a pencil and wrote "forty-seven," then I made signs saying, "hara-kiri"—immediate and general recognition. I was shown the place to leave that car and take another, then when to get off, and finally at the tombs of the Ronins I met a disinterested merchant from Yokohama who took me willingly in charge. I counted the forty-seven Ronins' tombs and that of their captain and the lord, Daimio,

• whom they obeyed. Before each tomb, incense was burning and a green branch placed in a bamboo cane of water. Those Ronins embody the whole faith of Japan, loyalty to their lord, and self-sacrifice. The youngest Ronin was only sixteen. His grave is very popular and that of the leader of the band.

GENERAL NOGI'S SUICIDE

September 18, 1912.

There has been much comment in the Japanese papers on the manner of General Nogi's death, and criticism of his motives. His suicide has been imputed with more or less of unanimity to "junshi." Now "junshi" is the very ancient custom of taking one's life at the death of an overlord. It was not, in the olden times, always a voluntary act, but was often inspired by fear of being considered a coward, or untrue to the chief. Laws were early made against it, as it naturally weakened the power of the successor to the throne, depriving him of his most faithful and courageous followers. Now in the case of a man of General Nogi's character, it seems to me the obvious and simple thing to accept unhesitatingly his own version of the motives leading to his suicide, as given in his last letter. In that he says:

Through my carelessness, I lost the regimental flag entrusted to me during the civil war of 1877, and ever since I have been looking for an opportunity to put an end to my life on account of that disgrace. But I could find none. On the contrary, I have ever hitherto been bathed in the light of the Emperor's great benevolence, which I scarce deserved. I am now advanced in age, and I have come to

the belief that I should be of little use to the Emperor, when suddenly occurred his death, which was a great blow to me and prompted me to resolve to die.

A little farther on he gives his reasons for not adopting an heir, being afraid of adopting an unworthy one who might disgrace his name. He says: "I cannot do a thing which is against the divine principles." Trained in all the heroic virtues of the Samurai code, the tendencies of modern times to luxury and money making were a sore trial to him. His wife's devotion and courage form a rare pendant to his own act of self-immolation and will enhance its impressiveness to the nation for all time. Their lives were undoubtedly lonely without their two sons, who fell in the war, fighting under their father. The old general expressed in a Chinese poem, which he composed on his arrival in the capital after the war, his deep sorrow over the dreadful slaughter of his battalions during the siege of Port Arthur, saying that he dreaded "to face the bereaved parents of the soldiers killed while executing his commands." I have heard that this immense sacrifice of life was due to the direct orders of the Emperor to take the fortress at any cost, but General Nogi was not a man to throw responsibility on others, certainly not on the Emperor whom he adored. His death was an act of extreme heroism. In former times much of the horror and brutality of hara-kiri were avoided by the assistance of a faithful friend, who stood near with a sharp sword to cut off the head after the first slight incision in the abdomen had been made, but the old general, after having yielded to his wife's entreaties to be allowed to die with him, after having seen her plunge the sharp sword or dagger into her throat, carried

out the Samurai act in all its details alone, surely a supreme test of fortitude and of courage.

Later. I am just back from General Nogi's funeral. The crowd was so great that I could see but little. There seemed, however, a deep sense of the solemn pathos of the occasion in every heart.

I leave Tokyo to-morrow. In traveling in this country, I feel perfectly safe in the native inns. I never lock up anything and have lost nothing. If the nights are very warm, I leave door and windows open, a thing I have never done elsewhere. The Japanese merchants may be tricky as charged, but the people are wonderfully honest. I think, moreover, that the same causes which have built up so honorable a merchant class elsewhere are silently working in Japan to the same end. Commerce is founded on credit which means confidence. The merchant's good name is worth more than any temporary gain from trickery. While appreciating fully all the fine qualities of this people, I can understand Lafcadio Hearn's disillusion. He attempted what is hardly possible, I think; that is, give up one's own race and be adopted into another on terms of perfect equality. No one can do violence to nature, and race differences are great. We can respect and admire all that is admirable in other races but we cannot obliterate race distinctions, for they are ever present in the mind of one or the other party.

Sunday afternoon I went with a charming Japanese girl from Wisteria's establishment to visit the Emperor's shrine. We had great difficulty in getting places in the tram and there were no rickishaws in sight. The young lady was too timid, and after I had deferred

to her leadership till I found we should never get there, I said: "I shall take the next car and pull you in after me." And we got there, for the Japanese are very polite to me as an old woman and a foreigner. We then had to stand in the rain and take our turn with the crowd. The great funeral car stood under a long open temple closed at the back only, with silk curtains in front and at the sides. These were rolled up sufficiently. On either side of the car were long rows of wonderfully handsome antique drums which had required two men to carry in the procession. There were also rows of spears of old Japan. The car itself is grand, original, and strikingly picturesque. I did not mind the rain, it was all so interesting.

DZUSHI,
September 20, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

When I left Yokohama yesterday morning, knowing how full my day would be, I bought a lunch to eat on the train. I went first by electric tram to Enoshima, a lovely ride, traversing neat little villages where the thrift and industry of the inhabitants could be well seen from the car window. Enoshima is a little island connected by a long bridge with the land, and on the sandy beach are rows of enormous baskets as tall as I and big in proportion. These huge baskets had stout bamboos lashed with ropes at each side. They are to let down into the sea to keep the fish alive, having a net tied over the small opening. Enoshima is very small and wonderfully picturesque, facing the famous Fuji San across a narrow bay. The weather did not permit me to see Fuji, but graciously refrained from a soaking rain. One of my rickshaw men accompanied

me over the long bridge and up the steep street of the village. We came at length after a steep ascent to a priest who was lying in wait for us. "Cave, Cave," he asked. I nodded. I had bought the picture of a fascinating cave. So, attended by the coolie and the priest, I began an interminable series of flights of stone steps, sometimes ascending, sometimes descending. It was most exhausting, and both men must have known that the recent storm had washed away the slender bridge leading along the rocky, surf-beaten coast. We reached the wrecked bridge at last. There I found workmen putting it up again. The priest and the coolie apparently settled themselves to wait for the completion of the job. A Buddhist priest can squat and find his Nirvana, perfect patience, anywhere. He was willing to wait. After watching the workmen for some time, I came to the conclusion, if lay opinion is worth anything in the art of bridge building, that those men had a long job ahead of them. I had many other things on my mind. There was the great Diabutsu at Kamakura waiting silently under the open sky. I had not seen him for fifteen years. Then I had invited Japanese guests for a dinner to be given at the Hotel in Dzushi at seven o'clock that evening, so I took up the burden of retracing my way over all those ascending and descending stone steps. My coolie, seeing that I was tired at one of the steepest flights, stooped before me and tried to induce me to get on his back. I did not do so, but I forgave him for dragging me to that washed-away bridge. The scene, however, was grand of the waves breaking over the rough rocks. At Kamakura, I visited the great Daibutsu and was so impressed by his solemn grandeur that I could not comprehend my partial indifference fifteen years ago. One should always

see him thus at the hour of evening prayer when he is indescribably noble and solemn. I came away with an indelible impression of reverential awe.

September 21, 1912.

I reached Dzushi from Kamakura a little after five P.M. day before yesterday and came to this hotel where I found no one who could speak English, so leaving my luggage I directed the rickshaw to take me to Mr. Hiroki's, the Naval Constructor, whom I met on the ship, and whose family I had invited to a Japanese dinner that night. His house was very pretty and shining with neatness, but the servant who received me could not make herself understood. When I asked for Mr. Hiroki, she rubbed herself violently, legs, arms, and face. I understood, of course, that he was taking a bath but it lasted so long that I got uneasy. However, the little girl came out evidently fresh from her bath with the grandmother drying her masses of beautiful black hair. Was this preparation for the dinner? And was the child expected to go through the night air with damp hair? I could do nothing but watch the old grandmother as she talked and flapped the child's hair, strand by strand with a towel. I was in complete uncertainty. Had the dinner been ordered and were they really going? At last Mr. Hiroki came forth from his bath in Japanese clothing. I was greatly relieved to be able to ask questions and get answers. Yes, they were to dine with me, but Mrs. Hiroki was ill. Two rickshaws now appeared and with the two children, looking like a big bunch of flowers in one and Mr. Hiroki in the other, we came over to the hotel. My room is big and beautiful, looking right out on the bay, only a garden between

and fishing boats always in sight. The children and I were eager for the dinner; we were very hungry. At last it came. A lacquer platter heaped with Japanese cakes, the first course. They were extraordinarily good. The children ate so moderately of them, I think they had been told to wait. Then came a bowl of bouillon for each in which were balls of minced chicken mixed together with beaten egg, very good, then a plate for each of fried minced lobster and minced chicken beaten with eggs, both served with fine shredded onions, very good. Then fried lobster, fit for the table of a king, so fresh, so delicately cooked. Dzushi is famous for its lobster fishing. Then dishes of raw fish, the consistency of a thick jelly with a sauce. I am afraid of raw fish, but I tasted it and it was not bad. Another dish of raw fish, pickled, prepared so as to be very ornamental. I did not touch this. Then large bowls of what looked like baked custard containing mushrooms, pieces of lobster, of chicken, and some minced herbs, very good; then for me a special plate of fried chicken, green peas, and fried potatoes. I left these special dishes severely alone, for I really enjoyed my Japanese dinner—it was so thoroughly well prepared and of the very best materials. We drank some effervescing sweet drink. As there was no bread, I took the Japanese cakes instead. I always did like sweets during dinner, so I got on finely, but at the end of the meal a plate heaped with buttered toast and a wooden pail of steaming rice appeared. I took neither. We all enjoyed this royal dinner and when it was over the little girl, who is very pretty, went to sleep on the cushions. Then Mr. Hiroki asked for the bill and announced that he was going to pay it. I was amazed and mortified. I argued till I was tired. He wouldn't show it to me. At

last my head began to ache and I told him he had made me ill, which was perfectly true. Then only I got hold of the bill and paid it, for he saw that I was in dead earnest. It was over four dollars. With Japanese salaries, a bill of over eight yen besides the two rickshaw rides and a fee to the waiter is no small item. My imagination suggested the thought that perhaps this royal feast to an utter stranger was the cause of Mrs. Hiroki's illness, absurd, no doubt, but I determined that I would pay that bill. It certainly destroyed much of my pleasure that I had such a fight over it. I felt amply repaid as a tourist to enjoy a really finely prepared Japanese meal and I am sure this was one. I had eaten a cold lunch on the train and was as hungry as a wolf, and that lobster alone seemed to me priceless. We had also very fine fruit for dessert. After the departure of my guests, I began to undress as it was nine o'clock and I was very tired. Mr. Hiroki had written out most of my wants for that night and next morning. I had received a letter from Madam Uriu most cordially written, inviting me to luncheon next day. Mr. Hiroki told the manager I should need a rickshaw and what train I should take, so I felt at ease about that, but I had to undress before the man and the maid. I got into a corner and putting my dressing-gown over me, slipped off my things, keeping my leather pocket buttoned around my waist as much out of view as possible. I got to the bath room closely attended by the man and woman. Both entered with me, but that I could not really stand. Gently but firmly I succeeded in pushing the astonished man out of the door and closing it on him. I then had the eyes of the woman fixed upon me, with all my habits to be attended to before going to bed! As for my bath, for the honor of America

I determined to make it thorough. But how I struggled to elude my attendants that evening, how I literally fled from my pursuers,—though all in vain,—would take too long to tell. I got to bed at last exhausted. My mosquito net was as big as a good-sized room, spread over a bed of thick quilts on the clean matting. The lights were now out and I felt at length safe from watchful eyes, but, no, the woman came. She took me out of bed and carried me along the corridors to show me something she thought I had overlooked. During this promenade, I picked up several importunate fleas and left my bed voluntarily to get rid of them. I was then dozing when the woman came again to stir me up. I didn't leave the bed this time knowing the fleas were lying in wait for me. I listened on my elbow to a long and earnest discourse. I tried to fathom its meaning. I could see the intentions of the woman were of the best. She could have persuaded me to anything, her manner was so persuasive, but I couldn't understand what she wanted. At last she took up my bag and thrust it under my pillow. Was it then thieves against whom she was warning me? My room was enclosed on every side by shutters which only needed pushing to open. Did she wish to warn me that men might rob, even murder me to cover up the deed? It was a serious warning, so when at last I got rid of my monitress, I buckled my leather pouch about my waist and determined to stay awake and face the worst. Very shortly after this resolution, I fell sound asleep and slept all night. I think, perhaps, this fear of thieves is only a tradition among the Japanese. I believe in their honesty. This hotel is a summer resort by the sea. The guests are now gone and the entire personnel have nothing else to do but to watch me. I never before was so surrounded

by clouds of witnesses. They evidently think that I need watching, and I am sure they believe that I am not entirely sound in my mind. Yesterday morning, a note of thanks came from Mr. Hiroki accompanied by a lovely present, a cushion cover, partly painted and partly embroidered. I was so sorry he spent his money on me. He says the children call me the "American Grandma." I reached Yokosuka yesterday at 11:30 and a short rickshaw drive brought me to Madame Uriu's. She was very cordial. We had a delicious lunch at one, and in the afternoon we took a walk in the Admiralty grounds. We discussed General Nogi's death and the Emperor's funeral. I told her how I was watched by the servants in the Japanese inn. She laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. Madame Uriu has received word from the Empress that at the launching of the new Dreadnought she must wear foreign dress, and it must be black. She therefore looked minutely at my dress for ideas and consulted me as to what to have made. I gave her the wisest advice of which I was capable, and when a doubt seized me as to whether it was too hazardous or erratic, I would say: "This is from the American point of view." America being a large country, I thought it might lessen my responsibility. She kept me till the five-forty train when I returned for the night to Dzushi. I took coffee with her at five-fifteen and ate more Japanese cakes which I appreciate very highly; I enjoyed the day very much. She sent me to the station in her own rickshaw and charged me to pay nothing, not the slightest fee, but this injunction I did not obey. During my long and confidential conversation, I asked Madame Uriu if she were placed in the situation of Madame Nogi whether she would commit suicide and follow her hus-

band to the grave. She looked down for a moment and then said softly but firmly, "Yes." I was deeply impressed by the sincerity of this Japanese woman, who was educated in America and has many friends there. She told me that General Nogi and his wife lived in the simplest manner, he giving almost all of his salary to well-chosen charities. When I told Madame Uriu that I found the Japanese people the most honest of any I had ever traveled among, she related the following incident as told her by Sir Claude McDonald, the British Minister. He and his wife were out motoring when their machine got stuck in the mud so firmly that they were helpless. Luckily for them, the great ship-building works of Yokosuka were closing for the day. A squad of the workmen saw the hapless pair. They went to work, and got the motor on firm ground, but refused positively all recompense. With their small salaries, money would have been most welcome, but their patriotic feeling was stronger than self-interest. Madame Uriu is very justly proud of her people.

I am now writing at the Grand Hotel at Miyanoshta. I left Dzushi at nine-fifteen this morning. I gave the woman who had borne the brunt of watching me a half-dollar. I thought she had bravely incurred the supposed danger involved so I was generous. I forgot to say that Madame Uriu told me she had asked the Admiral if she should invite any of his staff to lunch with us. He answered: "No, they can't talk, they can only eat." That settled it, and I was glad. Before I left Tokyo, Miss Matthews of the Y. W. C. A. invited me again to supper with another lady from our inn. We had such a pleasant evening. Miss Matthews is charming. She was lovely to me. There was a Scotchman in our inn whom I liked. He lives in

Honolulu and we both agreed that the Hawaiian Islands are the gems of the tropics. I liked the little Tokyo inn better and better. When it was inconvenient to go out for meals, I found those prepared in the house very appetizing.

KOBE,

September 29, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

It rained all day so that I could do nothing on arriving at Nagoya except to make myself comfortable in the hotel. It was partly European and partly Japanese. I took a Japanese room and ate my meals in the European dining-room. Hearing some Japanese music, I went out to investigate. It was in one of the large rooms near mine. I found the maids peeping and listening through the shutters. I took one by the sleeve and went along the narrow veranda. The landlord soon joined me and explained that the gentlemen I saw before me were a club of Nagoya citizens who met once a month to perform the ancient No-dances. While some members of the society chanted the words from their books, one member at a time rose and impersonated the action. The theme of these old No-dances is generally taken from early Japanese history or legend. I found some of the acting very good, but it was impossible for me to judge of their music as it appeared to me to be only droning and whining, a music so foreign to our own that it sounds uncivilized. The second night of my stay in Dzushi, I had heard this kind of singing, and on going to the room found only two performers. One a powerfully built young man with his book of words and notes on a stand before him, opposite a lady playing quite skilfully on the samisen. It was certainly the

most curious performance I have ever seen in music. The young man put a wonderful amount of energy into his singing, now assuming threatening tones, now soft and persuasive ones, and from time to time sobbing violently. The lady's part was extremely eccentric. At intervals she would give a sharp, resonant yelp, which would sometimes send the young man almost into convulsions of sobs, or else of entreaties, but still the yelp would resound so sharp and clear that it did not sound like a human voice. What it all meant I could not make out, but I could understand the stately movements of the No-dances and the solemn monotonous chanting of the club members. I reclined on a cushion on the narrow veranda, having made my reverences to all the gentlemen who were seated on the white matting of the entirely open room. There is always rice straw under this matting so that it is soft and no shoe is allowed to tread on it. That night there was a regular typhoon, but not until we were all in bed. I had got the landlord to organize a party to see the Geisha dances at a tea house. Each of us paid a dollar and something for the expenses of a guide, all going in rickishaws. I reclined on a mat and being tired slept through the whole performance, and all the blandishments of the Geisha girls could not rouse me. I chose wiser than I knew when I took a Japanese room that night. The typhoon burst in some of the windows of the foreign part of the hotel and the guests had to be moved after midnight. When I went over to breakfast I found the doors heavily barricaded against the storm. The shock of the wind turned on all of the electric lights during the night, so that I had to get up to turn mine off, but for this I slept delightfully through a severe Japanese typhoon. I heard the crashing of

falling timbers, and sometimes the wind threatened to throw the roof on our heads, but I have always loved storms and sleep the better while they rage, except on the ocean. Next morning I visited the fine old Daimio castle of Nagoya. In the park, trees were uprooted, huge limbs torn off, and much of the outside covering of the stone walls hurled to the ground—a scene of desolation. My next stopping place was Yamada to see the Shinto Temples of Ise. I was in a Japanese inn there, where some of the inmates had learned a few words of English. These welcomed my presence eagerly to advance their knowledge of our language, so that during my stay in Yamada I gave lessons unremittingly. I had one pupil from the outside, the village schoolmaster, who no doubt hearing that a tourist was giving free English lessons came over for his share. I taught from supper till bed-time, having begun before supper, also next morning before and after breakfast, working very hard. One young man insisted on accompanying me everywhere so that I was teaching all day. It was hard work, sight-seeing and teaching at the same time. It seemed to me during this week that the Japanese thought I had come to Japan to teach them English. I am resolved, however, that I shall not undertake teaching either in Korea or China. Combined with sight-seeing it is too exhausting. At the Yamada Shinto Temple, religious dances are given for which I paid the lowest price—five dollars—and was the sole spectator. I felt like the crazy King of Bavaria who listened alone in his opera house to the grandest creations of the German opera, and it cost him a lot of money. I could have wished more for my five dollars. There were six Shinto priests seated on either side of a platform within the temple. There were also

drums and reed pipes, and eight girls in red silk underwear over which were white kimonos, with bunches of red flowers standing up straight from their foreheads. A high priest entered, fantastically attired, knelt before the altar, read, and made genuflections. He departed, then the girls made their genuflections, accompanied by the reed pipes, and that was all. Had it been on a veranda, I sitting under the trees, it would have been less disappointing. Years before, I had seen Shinto priestesses dance their sacred dances at Nikko, while Sedley and I sat under great, solemn trees and looked on with respectful awe at this ancient nature worship. The Shinto Temples of Ise have been so much favored by the government and are in the odor of so much sanctity that no one is permitted to enter even the enclosure around them. To say you have visited the Temples of Ise is a misstatement. You see the tops of them from a distance. I asked the school-master the reason of this. I showed him the permits I have from the Embassy to see the Mikado's palace and the castle of Kyoto and said that I should have been admitted at least into the enclosure of the Ise temple. He said he could not talk well enough to explain, but he went to the college authority in English and brought me the following answer: "The Palace in Kyoto is admitted to enter and see only to those who have ranks, so common people are always to observe it from afar. Both the great shrines in Ise are also prohibited to enter into their interior, for common people may, it is thought, defile the austerity of God." Quite good I think for a small village in Japan. I took a pleasant trip out to Toba to see the women divers. Murray says they support their husbands in idleness by their diving industry, bringing up from the bottom of the

sea shellfish, and seaweed from which a delicious jelly is made. He says also they fish or dive four, five, or six in a boat, and offer the most interesting spectacle. I, of course, resolved to see these remarkable women. Murray told besides many other interesting facts about them. I took the electric road to Futami, where I got a rickshaw for the five miles to Toba. There I took a heavy fishing boat with two rowers who carried me out to an island where one of the men got out and another took his place. I strained my eyes in every direction for the wonderful women divers. There were many small islands with ships in view, a blue sky overhead, wooded mountains all around, everything indeed lovely, but the divers, where were they? I thought I should see boat after boat filled with them springing into the sea. At last a boat came in sight and, because of his very peculiar dress, I recognized the boatman we had lost at the island. One forlorn woman sat beside him. He had taken her from her household occupations and brought her out to perform for the American tourist, and she did perform remarkably well. She dived down to the bottom out of sight and for so long that I was amazed. She would then bring up little shellfish or a curious sea porcupine or a sprig of fleshy seaweed. The little porcupines and the little shellfish would puzzle over their new environment which was all curious enough but it did not at all answer to Murray's description. I enjoyed it, however, and paid them their price, nearly one dollar. The rickshaw drive there and back to the electric tram had been very delightful. Whenever I get in a rickshaw I feel particularly happy and comfortable. At Nara, I found the beautiful park surrounding the temple a scene of desolation from the storm. My rickshaw man first stopped at

a large pond where women were selling food for the fishes. How I wished for my children! I never saw a prettier sight than those beautifully colored fishes. They were in such numbers that the waters were thick with them. When the food was scattered, they sprang on each other's backs and were so happy and beautiful and so delightfully greedy and voracious that I should have loved to feed them the whole afternoon. The food, too, was very cheap and the scene so lively with women and children looking on delighted that they were moments of pure happiness to me. The park is filled with pretty, tame deer which though very fat and lazy are still importunate for the tourist to feed them. They crowded around my rickshaw and I fed them quite a long time. The great uprooted trees, their huge branches encumbering the ground, were a sad sight. I did not spend the night at Nara which is, however, a lovely place. I reached Kyoto at eight o'clock that evening. Miss Denton had recommended to me a new hotel where I was given a delightful room, sunny and airy, hot baths, and European comforts with good service. I met an English lady there who has been in Japan five years. This summer the hotel in which she was staying burned and she lost the collections of all those years, besides much jewelry. I am always afraid of fires in Japan. They are a constant menace. She is enthusiastic in her appreciation of the Japanese. She thinks the missionaries do not do them justice because it is so difficult to convert them. I found Miss Neely next day at the Bishop's and she accompanied me to the Mikado's palace and to the castle. She was admitted as interpreter. Sedley and I did not see these buildings in 1897 because the Emperor was then in Kyoto. The palace is where the Mikados

dwelt in ancient times before the western invasion of the country. It is severely simple, but in exquisite taste. The castle is where the Shoguns lodged when on a visit to the Mikado. It is very grand, with the richest ornamentation. I stayed only three days in Kyoto, not half enough, but I must save time, alas! In Kyoto I did the things which I neglected to do with Sedley. I spent a long morning "doing" the Hodzu Rapids some distance from the city; a whole afternoon at Lake Biwa, returning by the canal; went out to see the Emperor's tomb where many thousands of pilgrims go daily, some say as many as fifty thousand. It is in a simple Shinto temple and the crowd is kept at a distance ("thought that defile the common people"), so there is really nothing to see but the devout bearing of these common people among whom, I think, is to be found the disinterestedness, self-sacrifice, honesty, and fortitude of the Japanese, those who still follow "bushido." The English lady, whom I met at the hotel in Kyoto, told me she once lost a valuable watch during a walk. Her servant said: "Let the police know and you will get it very soon." She did so and got it without trouble. The peasant who found it took it immediately to the police station. She, on another occasion, lost her bag with two hundred dollars and some valuable jewelry. Before returning home, she met a Japanese girl carrying it to the police station. When I took the trip to Toba, I had been told there was a tram going there. I repeated "Toba, Toba," not seeing a rickshaw anywhere. I had the way pointed out to me till I got out of the village of Futami, then I realized I was expected to walk the five miles to Toba, so I seated myself to wait for some passerby. A policeman came first. I said, "kuruma" (rickshaw). He would not leave

me on the country road, but called some children and sent them for a rickshaw. They went rapidly, running in their zeal to do me a service. When they came back with the "kuruma," the policeman was so opposed to my giving them a reward I was obliged to desist, though they had rendered me an important service. When I thought of the begging children of Italy and Spain, I concluded the policeman was right. The French priest said to me: "The people who have not come in contact with foreigners have fine, sterling qualities." What a commentary on our civilization! I hated to leave Kyoto. The hotel was comfortable and there was so much of interest to see. I wanted to go to Miss Denton's school which is famous, and she had written very kindly to me. The English lady was interesting and always glad to give me good advice from her experience of the country. I reached Kobe last night and came to the home of Miss Cozad, the missionary I met on the ship. I enjoyed the supper she had put away for me: a baked apple, macaroni prepared with cheese and eggs, the best I have ever tasted, and strawberry preserves. There were also cheese and fruit, which I did not touch, for she wanted me to see the meeting in the big classroom, which was then nearly over. This house and the Japanese dormitory and class-room are all in a pretty garden. There are about eighteen young Japanese girls studying the Christian religion in order to go forth as teachers. I listened to them sing some hymns very prettily and then one brought me an offering of fruit and cakes, but I had already eaten too much.

MIYAJIMA, JAPAN,
October 2, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

My stay in Kobe at Miss Cozad's was very pleasant. Their delicate home food, frugal but so well cooked, did me good. They have taught their Japanese woman cook to make the best bread, and to prepare vegetables as we like them. In fact the missionary ladies are good housekeepers. They teach a cheap Japanese cook to do the finest work, and these Japanese servants board themselves, so that nothing is wasted. I took the Monday night steamer, had a stateroom all to myself, and slept comfortably. Next morning I was up early to see the Inland Sea through which we were passing all day. It is like a succession of Swiss lakes, very beautiful. We got to Miyajima last night, sometime after dark, and were met by the launch of this hotel. This morning and all night, there has been a rain storm and the ferry connecting this land with the main land has ceased running. I am on the famous sacred island of Miyajima dedicated to Shinto worship, and it is still more celebrated in Japanese art and poetry as the most beautiful spot in Japan, but it is raining so hard I can see nothing. I shall now relate the history of a poor Japanese poetess Miss Cozad took me to see, Zako by name. Her mother died in her early childhood, the father remarried, the old grandmother, a ragpicker, was a convert to Christianity and took the child to Sunday-school, which made a lasting impression, influencing all her life. The father died, the step-mother remarried, the grandmother also died. The foster parents determined to bring the child up for a Geisha life. They sent her to school to make her more attractive. She was precocious and learned readily to read and write, but

when she heard the life for which she was destined she refused and went to work in a match factory to support herself. She also attended the night school at one of the missions. Hard work and privation undermined her health. She became a victim of rheumatism in its worst form. The foster parents were miserably poor, dwelling in a hovel. She had to lie in a tiny room six by six, low and damp. The Japanese do not bathe sick people. Their hot bath is for the well members of the family who soap and wash themselves in cold water beforehand and then soak in the luxurious warmth. In winter they bathe oftener than in summer to warm the body. They must keep this hot water clean; it is their source of heat, their luxury. They do not bathe the sick, they say it is bad for them. Poor Zako lay in squalor and filth for more than ten years, tortured by disease. She has no power of movement from her arms down, only restricted movement of the arms and neck. The poverty-stricken foster parents found themselves with this burden on their slender resources. This girl, who was connected with them by no ties of blood and whose obstinacy had thwarted all their plans, was now a helpless invalid for life. They grew soured and quarrelsome. She had to listen to their complaints and quarrels, and bear, with what fortitude she could, the many afflictions which disease and poverty bring. Her one bright memory of happiness was the old grandmother taking her, a little girl, to Sunday-school. One day when the foster parents were wrangling louder than usual, a Japanese gentleman passed by and stopped to ask the cause of the disturbance. The woman said: "You have only to come in here to see if we have reason to complain." She opened the door of the tiny room and there in squalor he saw poor Zako,

unwashed and almost incapable of movement. He reported the case to the Ladies' Bible Society at Kobe, and they soon brought help. When Zako was made neat in person and surroundings, she was admitted as a member of the church. She had really been a Christian from early childhood with her old ragpicker grandmother. Afterwards, when supplied with writing material, she had to learn over again to write with the crippled fingers. They are literally crumpled up as I saw them. With the contributions which came in from those who heard her story, she has bought a simple little Japanese home, where her foster parents are eager to serve her. She is now the bread-winner, and they in their old age are supported by her. The old man has a face so wrinkled and so toothless that it is a curious study. He gathered some fine figs in the little garden for Miss Cozad and me. When Zako had learned to write with her twisted fingers, she wrote out the poems which must have been the only solace during those ten years of torture. Her book has met with success. When she first bought the modest little house, the side on which her room is situated had no building near it. In a mirror she had placed before her, opposite the window, she could see the pilgrims coming down the hill. Being obliged to lie in a particular way, she could not see the pilgrims except in this mirror. Now this empty lot has been built up, but she is happy in her writing.

Mrs. Daniels of Chunju, Korea, wrote she would send a surrey for me to the station and trusted coolies in another conveyance for my luggage. I was sorry to disillusion her about the baggage. I am afraid she will think me in the indigent class, and nobody wants to make new acquaintances among them, but I was forced to write her that I felt sure the surrey would suffice

for me and my luggage, since I was in the habit of taking it in the same rickshaw with me. I had to disillusion a friend on the ship in pretty much the same way. She told me she had an insurance on her personal effects, including jewelry, for which she paid two hundred dollars a year, and intimated that I should do well to follow her example. I was greatly flattered, but could not conscientiously sail under such false colors. I informed her that I had two suit cases and a shawl strap, no other luggage; that I possessed only one piece of jewelry which, however, did not belong to me, had been lent for the trip by my sister; that if I had two hundred dollars to spare I should use it in acquiring something to insure and not in insurance policies. She was disappointed in me, painfully so, but my conscience was at ease. I cannot conscientiously pose as a multi-millionaire, much as my vanity at times might tempt me. Besides the consequences might be disastrous.

All family letters from Korea were lost.

MUKDEN, MANCHURIA,
October 14, 1912.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

My first stopping place in Korea was in the charmingly situated South Presbyterian Mission at Chunju, twenty miles from the railway station at Riri in the southwestern part of the peninsula. I found the missionaries doing splendid work, and I could not but recognize that apart from their religious teaching, they were centers of civilization and of help to the natives. I went to the church early enough to see the Sunday-school. The building is rather rudely constructed of native wood but has a certain artistic grace which is

very pleasing. There, separated by a curtain the length of the church, were assembled women and girls on the one side and men and boys on the other. I sat on a chair among the women who were seated on the matted floor, resplendent in their fresh Sunday garments, their faces shining with cleanliness and happiness. It was so peaceful a scene, the assembly so intent on the words of their teacher that I felt myself filled with enthusiasm for a work which brought so much happiness to this gentle and tractable people. The churches, the schools, the houses of the missionaries, the dispensary, and the hospital have employed hundreds of them in useful labor. The lessons of sanitation, of cleanliness, the introduction of fine stock, of fine fruits and vegetables have also been of great value. The Koreans never milk their cows, they work them still, though the beast of burden "par excellence" is the bull which is consequently as gentle in his manners as a lamb. The farmer's children play around him and even tumble over him in frolic, without harm. One sees long strings of these animals, loaded with enormous burdens, traversing the highways. The Koreans abhor cheese and even butter, though the latter to a less degree. It is very difficult to get good butter there as it is all imported. The missionaries have introduced good milk cows, and I think in time their example will not be lost on their flock. Dr. Thomas H. Daniels has charge of the hospital in Chunju. He was forced to go home some three years ago in order to submit to an operation. He had hardly recovered from this when he went to Philadelphia to take a three months' special medical course, also a summer medical course at Harvard. He says now what he learned at these two institutions has more than repaid the mission for all the expense of sending him and

his family home, for he considers himself so much more efficient. He is a man of very high character and attainments. In Seoul, I talked to many persons about the famous conspiracy case, trying to get an impartial opinion on a subject which is profoundly agitating the whole Christian community of Korea. Some of the missionaries assert that because the accused men are Christians, they could not have entered into a conspiracy to assassinate the Japanese Governor-General. This attitude of mind is so unreasonable that it can only do harm. Should the fact of being a Christian bring immunity from prosecution for crime in Korea any more than in any western land? The European missionaries have held themselves aloof from this affair. Unfortunately the Americans have identified themselves with it, and as it is a political question, this is much to be regretted. Their sympathies have been greatly excited for the accused and this has biased their judgment, I think. Prince Ito, who was assassinated, gave five thousand yearly to the Y. M. C. A. in Seoul. It was unfortunate that his assassin should have been a Christian, a Catholic, but these crimes are purely political. The fact is that in the history of Oriental peoples, notably in that of Japan, assassination and murder have held a place of honor, and murderers have been venerated as popular heroes where the motive has been a patriotic one, or fidelity to their chief. When that most brutal murder of the Korean queen was perpetrated, Miura, its instigator, was looked upon by the Japanese people as a hero because they believed him to have been actuated by devotion to Japan. The horror of the civilized world has been, I believe, a lesson to the Japanese. They have had, too, a more serious one in the hatreds engendered by this crime, for

the murdered queen is now regarded as a national heroine and martyr with a cult established to her memory. The leader of the accused in the conspiracy case gave as a reason for his confession that as all the others had confessed, he thought it best to do so too and thereby secure a lighter sentence for the band. He did not even assert, as some of the others did, that he had been put to torture to force a confession. This complete blindness to the sanctity of an oath renders any testimony from such a source untrustworthy. No doubt, the Koreans like all primitive peoples, do not regard the murder of a political enemy as a crime, and this attitude of mind, which accords with popular sentiment in Japan, must be taken into account in judging of their conduct. But the Japanese hold truth to be sacred in itself. Their national heroes are made of very different stuff to these Korean conspirators. The missionaries are having astounding success in Korea. A young man who has but lately commenced Sunday-school work told me that his class had increased from eighteen to ninety-eight within a few weeks. The Severance Hospital in Seoul with its splendid new medical school is an honor to its founders and to the Americans.

White is not so universally worn now as in '97 though it largely predominates. Both in winter and summer, the people wear cotton clothing. In winter, it is quilted, Korea has now become a conquered province and no doubt, many sad changes have taken place, but eventually I feel sure Japanese rule will be recognized by all as a blessing to a country which was certainly cursed by one of the weakest and most corrupt governments on earth. The farmer can now count on the fruits of his toil. No one is afraid to show evidences of prosperity. The old venal officials, both high and

low, have given place to a purified service. No country on earth has shown itself more sensitive to a just foreign criticism than Japan, and she is trying earnestly to give Korea a wise and beneficent government. I noticed but little of the old-time methods of the Korean laborers which struck me as being so comical years ago. An ordinary long-handled shovel was then worked by five persons. There were two holes on each side of the shovel into which cords were fastened. Four men held the ends of these cords while the fifth held the handle. As the latter was much afraid of doing more than his share of the work very little dirt was taken up at one time, and then all five men heaved it out with a great show of effort. I saw this shoveling going on both in Chemulpo and in Seoul with five and six men handling each shovel in '97. I saw the same work going on the other day with three men instead of five and six. I think, therefore, the day of one shovel, one man, is approaching in Korea. Looking at these Korean workmen recalled vividly to my mind an incident of fifteen years ago. Near Chemulpo laborers were engaged in digging a cutting for the new railway to Seoul. My son, young, vigorous, and enthusiastic, was seized with the desire to teach them how to work like Westerners. Throwing coat and vest on the edge of the cutting he jumped in and began shoveling out earth with amazing zeal and expenditure of strength. The Koreans were charmed with their new teacher and encouraged him by their admiration to persevere in his lesson, having always a fresh spade to offer when he bent the one he was using. When, at last, heated and tired out but delighted with the impression he had made, he climbed out of the ditch, he found his fine, new gold watch and chain gone beyond recovery. The Koreans

could also give him a lesson. One of the pleasantest excursions from Seoul is to the tomb of the martyred queen and her faithful ladies in waiting, distant some five miles from the city and crowning the flattened top of a beautifully rounded hill. It is a tumulus, like that of the Manchu Imperial tombs near Mukden, enclosed around the base by a low stone wall and encircled by life-sized statues of animals, with two huge warriors in front, all made of glistening white granite. They are rudely sculptured but very effective, guarding that primitive tomb in its lovely natural setting. At the foot of the hill is the shrine. As I approached it, a religious service was being held, and the long table within was literally loaded with the choicest Korean viands. At the conclusion of the service, the dishes were all removed from the temple. The spirits of the dead had partaken of the taste of the food and the more substantial portion of the feast was now destined for the priests of the shrine and tomb. I noticed one worthy gentleman who began to eat as soon as he got out of the temple, for the food was really so tempting he could wait no longer. I was told that relatives of the murdered queen prepared and sent these feasts in her honor. The story of that tragic night of massacre of defenseless women will long remain a blot on the Japanese annals, and every visitor to the martyrs' tombs will read with fresh horror the ghastly details of the bloody crime. Those poor frightened victims "were dragged around by the hair and slashed to death" by merciless soldiery, who were, however, obeying orders. Viscount Miura and all the members of the legation were recalled by the Japanese government, but I understand they received no other punishment, as the court failed to convict.

At Ping Yong, I found another flourishing mission settlement, Methodist and Presbyterian. I was shown over the women's and children's hospital of the Methodists by the two lady doctors, who told me they greatly needed an assistant. Many Korean girls who have finished their studies are demanding more and more to be taught medicine, but there is not a medical school for girls in the whole land. The missionaries are doubtful of the wisdom of sending the girls to the United States for instruction. They think that years in a foreign land are calculated to unfit them for the home life which is so different. However this may be, the necessity for a medical school for women is a real one. Ping Yong is an interesting place. The most decisive of the land battles between China and Japan was fought there in 1895. The Chinese troops were thoroughly disciplined and made a splendid fight, but nothing could resist the reckless valor of the Japanese. It was in the river at Ping Yong that the whole crew of the U. S. Schooner *General Sherman* was massacred by the savage Koreans in 1866. The chain from that ship hangs still under the picturesque east gate of the city. Some of these murderers, who still survive, are now gentle and earnest Christians devoted to their teachers and spiritual guides. Before quitting the subject of Korea, I should say something of their hats which strike every traveler as being the oddest on earth. The men are now beginning to wear foreign hats to some extent so that the standing and profession of each individual is not so distinctly announced by the hat as in former times. However, one sees still the most unique head coverings. One can tell when a young man is engaged to be married, when he is married, when in mourning or a widower, whether a farmer or a citizen,

and so on, for the Koreans have still a regular language of hats.

PORT ARTHUR,
October 16, 1912.

DEAR FRIEND:

I came down here to satisfy my conscience as tourist, not expecting to find any very great pleasure in viewing battle grounds and the sites of former forts. But when I stood on 203 Metre Hill beside those two monuments, where the ground had been literally plowed and dug up by bursting shells and exploding mines, when I saw the fortress-crowned heights with their sides deeply furrowed by soldiers' trenches, the huge cannon half embedded in the débris, gun carriages torn to pieces by shot and shell, and huge fragments of concrete lying where terrific explosions had thrown them, read the details on the spot where those marvelous feats of valor had been performed, I felt that I should not willingly have missed what I was then seeing, nor do I believe that any one can stand amid those scenes and read that story with heart unmoved by deep emotion. Thousands of dead had strewn those heights. At the last day of attack on 203 Metre Hill, six thousand Russian corpses were counted. It had been taken and retaken several times during the preceding days and whole regiments of Japanese had been mowed down like grain by the reapers. The same scenes of hand-to-hand conflict were enacted in and around every fort. There are now five monuments at Port Arthur to commemorate the heroes of that momentous struggle. Two of them are on 203 Metre Hill. Another, a high tower, on a hill commanding a magnificent view of the harbor, while not far from this another stands over the

cremated remains of 20,000 Japanese soldiers. Then in the center of the Russian cemetery rises a beautiful memorial monument to the Russian officers and men killed during the siege—they were nearly 15,000. This Russian cemetery, its tombs and beautiful memorial monument, enclosed by fine walls, were all erected by the Japanese government, and the monument unveiled in the presence of both Japanese and Russian generals. The magnanimity of the Japanese during that war was only equaled by their valor and self-sacrifice. The military museum is of wonderful interest, but I have no time to dwell on the tragic objects I saw there. I was treated with much courtesy and shown over the building by a Japanese captain who had lost a leg in the siege. I met also at the museum the editor of a local Japanese paper to whom my guide gave much information concerning me, of a highly flattering nature no doubt, but as I could not understand what he said I could not control his statements. I knew I had excited his admiration by the rapidity with which I had made the ascent on foot of 203 Metre Hill. The editor asked for my card and told me he was going to bring out an editorial about me in the next morning's issue of his paper. I considered this honor so very great that I not only gave my own name but that of my place of residence so that some reflected distinction might be shed on it also. I presume now that the inhabitants of Port Arthur and Dalny were electrified this morning by the exciting news of my visit, as depicted by their talented editor.

PEKING,
October 27, 1912.

DEAREST FAMILY:

I find Peking wonderfully improved since I was here with Sedley in 1897. I go everywhere in a rickshaw,

which to me is a delightful way of getting about. They are cheap, of course, but do not compare in that respect to trams. There are none of the latter in Peking, and as distances are very great they are much needed, but this belongs to those cases of paying dear for cheap labor. When Sedley and I were here, tourists were not allowed to visit the Altar and Temple of Heaven. I have been to both and was greatly impressed by them. The altar is a grand conception. Here the Emperor came three times a year to worship. He spent the previous night in the Temple of Abstinence in prayer, then, before sunrise, in sacrificial robes he repaired to the Altar of Heaven, ascended the three broad circular marble terraces, each enclosed with a carved balustrade, and on the top, under the dome of heaven, offered up prayers for his people, while bullocks were sacrificed below. The Temple of Heaven is in an adjoining enclosure. It is a circular pagoda standing on a high marble platform, very beautiful in ornamentation and ninety feet high. When I visited it, the day was cold and windy. On entering I saw two ladies seated on rugs eating their lunch. I didn't wish to be indiscreet, but I certainly was glad to hear my name called. They proved to be two missionaries from the American Presbyterian Mission, and they invited me to share their well-prepared lunch. I had refused to bring anything with me, thinking I should not be hungry after a good breakfast, but the cold day changed my feelings, and I enjoyed the repast very much. I do not think it right, however, to eat in that beautiful temple built for the worship of the creator. The Chinese have ceased to take care of their fine monuments, but it doubtless mortifies them to see them improperly used by foreigners. The Altar of Heaven has weeds growing be-

tween its marble paving slabs, and the ground in its two enclosures is covered with dry weeds looking forlornly neglected. The first of these enclosures is a huge square, the second circular. Yesterday I visited the Yellow Temple. It reminded me in its outlines of the famous Taj Mahal. It is built on a marble platform with four finely carved marble columns at each corner, while from the center rises a magnificently carved white marble dagoba. Before and behind this superb structure is a marble archway richly carved. All this is being allowed to go to ruin. The Japanese occupied this temple during the siege of Peking in 1900 and they broke the heads and legs from the carvings. The Chinese look upon it as having been desecrated. There are always lively street scenes in Peking—Manchu ladies in rickishaws with their striking head ornaments and their faces painted in the ugliest possible fashion. I am told these ladies are the very pink of propriety, though they take an extraordinary way of showing it. Not only are their cheeks and lips a flaming color but they daub paint all around their eyes. They are too ugly for words, but one must respect their immaculate virtue. I had to get a pass from the Embassy to visit the new summer palace eight miles from here. The day was the worst I have had in Peking, with a cold drizzling rain. I had two coolies who carried me in an unbroken run. This summer palace is not the one destroyed by the Allies in 1860, but is in sight of it. It is a superb assemblage of pagodas, temples, summer houses, and so forth, rising on terraces from the shores of a lovely lake. The roofs of yellow, green, and blue tiles give so much color to the buildings. I was alone, but joined for a while some French soldiers, one a petty officer, who were extremely polite, and I enjoyed talk-

ing to them. At every place one visits, there are innumerable gates to be passed through and innumerable doors to be opened so that one always ends by giving out quite a sum of money. I now provide myself with copper coins and give five or ten coppers each time, to the intense disgust of gate- and doorkeepers, but even thus I do not get off cheaply, for a dollar goes quickly, so greatly have doors and gates been multiplied at all places visited by tourists. They demand twenty cents each time, but I am obdurate now and give five or ten as the occasion seems to warrant. At the great Lama Temple, they got nearly two dollars from me by their vociferous demands. The American Ambassador told me he only gave ten cents each time. I went one afternoon for a walk on the walls along the south side of the city where the legations are situated. The top of the wall is about thirty feet wide and the same height. I stopped to ask a young German lieutenant a question, and we had quite a long conversation and argument. He maintained that each nation must have its decline and fall after having risen to its greatest height of power. I denied that history went on repeating itself, which he as stoutly maintained, because, I said, the circumstances could never be precisely the same. When a country is now invaded its inhabitants are no longer put to the sword and its dwellings razed to the ground, but I added "according to your theory, your country has now nothing more to look forward to except to a decline and the extinction of its power, for Germany at this time is the strongest nation in Europe." He answered: "Yes, but first England's fall must come." And this conviction seemed to console him and to turn his pessimism into exaltation because "England's fall will come first." After leaving this Teuton, I encoun-

tered a lonely lady and began a conversation with her. She spoke French so imperfectly that I asked in German if she were Russian. "God forbid," she answered, and then she began to pour out her hatred of Russia and the Russians, but she talked so excitedly and her accent was so strange to me, added to the fact that the path was very rough over the stone slabs, that I could not properly understand all she said. It grew late, and the woman became so violently agitated that I was afraid she might, in a fit of madness, plunge us both over the wall. She said she would gladly tear to pieces, morsel by morsel, the Russian who had killed her brother. I was greatly relieved when we got down safely at a gateway on the western side. There I found a rickshaw to bring me home after a walk of several miles. But I must now tell you of my interview with Yuan Shi Kai, President of the Chinese Republic. I wrote a note to our Ambassador, Mr. Calhoun, stating my reasons for wishing an interview with the President, and adding that I had followed his career as closely as I could in the press and in recent books about China, and that in many respects I admired him very much. I carried this note to the Embassy and sent it in to Mr. Calhoun. In a short time I was invited into his study. I had taken the precaution of putting Bishop Guerrey's letter of introduction with my note and you know how warmly that is worded, indeed it is far too flattering. Mr. Calhoun began by saying, "You have placed me in a dilemma, Mrs. Ware. I should love to gratify you, but you have asked for an interview with the busiest man in China, perhaps the busiest man in the world at this moment. He is so overwhelmed with work and under such continual strain that all his friends remark how visibly he is aging. For these reasons, I have been

obliged to refuse to recommend tourists for interviews with him." I interrupted here to say: "But, Mr. Calhoun, you have just read my note, and its last words were, 'if your impulse leads you to refuse my request, follow it, and I shall think no more on the subject.' I see I have been indiscreet. Let us say no more about it." "But," he answered, "I should like to make an exception in your case, and I am thinking how best to proceed in the matter. I shall write to Yuan's Secretary, Colonel Tsai Ting Kan, and tell him of your desire to see the President, and we shall hear what he has to say." With this satisfactory solution I left Mr. Calhoun, and not long after my return, I got a letter from him enclosing an introduction to Colonel Tsai Ting Kan. I went next day to present this and saw the Colonel, who said Mr. Calhoun had written to him about me, requesting the favor of a short interview with the President, and that I should be received on Saturday at five o'clock (yesterday). Yuan Shi Kai now resides in a large building which before the revolution was used for a school for the sons of nobles. It seems to be a very strong place surrounded by a high exterior wall, and the gate or doorway into the interior court could serve against any possible surprise attack. I returned then yesterday at five o'clock according to appointment, but it seems that I can never do anything exactly in the right way. The Chinese as well as the Japanese attach great importance to certain social forms and ceremonious usages. At home I have my family to remind and guide me in all matters of etiquette, but now that I am thrown on my own resources, my pathway is strewn with those sins of omission and commission which I do not seem to be able to guard against. I forgot entirely to take my visiting cards.

I no sooner reached the big doorway to the interior court than the officer on duty demanded my visiting card. I searched thoroughly but vainly for one. They were lying on my table, where I had been busy writing up to the last moment. I could only say, "Colonel Tsai Ting Kan," deeply mortified at my carelessness. I was taken to a reception room on the ground floor where one official after another came in the futile attempt to obtain my visiting card. I ostentatiously searched my bag to convince them that I had none. At length as I kept repeating the Colonel's name, I was conducted upstairs into a big reception room where Colonel Tsai Ting Kan advanced to meet me. Of course, I did not recognize him, I never can recognize people, and then, too, I was in a state of utter confusion and demoralization about the visiting cards, so I asked the Colonel himself for Colonel Tsai Ting Kan. He said in a surprised tone, "Why, I saw you yesterday. Don't you know me?" I replied with a happy inspiration, "I am trying to pronounce your name. Chinese names are very hard for me to pronounce." Now, I do try to be strictly truthful, but there are moments when self-preservation is imperative. The Colonel then thought he was mistaken in my not recognizing him, and asked for my card! Oh, those wretched cards! How they tormented me! A base feeling of hypocrisy suggested that I search my bag again, but this I rejected and said with an accent of real despair, "Colonel Tsai Ting Kan, I am but an old woman. Forgive my forgetfulness. I have forgotten to bring my visiting cards." He carried me then into the President's private reception room where we found him alone and waiting for us at the door. Yuan Shi Kai shook hands with me. He is a man of striking

appearance, really remarkable looking, short and thick, dressed in a lavender silk mandarin gown, with a black satin sleeveless jacket. His head is big and round, with closely shaven gray hair, very fine large, black eyes, perfectly round, by no means almond-shaped, also very fine teeth. The deep lines in his face make him look older than perhaps his age warrants. I was seated on a sofa before a small table on which were two stands heaped with bright colored cakes, also three glasses filled with champagne, with tea also for each person. Colonel Tsai Ting Kan interpreted fluently. I said I found Peking wonderfully improved since '97 under the present administration, that I regretted the continued presence of foreign troops to guard the legations, as I felt a sincere interest in China. The President told me with much animation of his speech to the public a few weeks before, in which he asked the people if they understood why foreign troops were quartered in Peking, and told them plainly it was because their government had not been able to protect foreigners, and that those troops would remain there until the Chinese themselves gave adequate protection to them. I said Mr. Calhoun had told me how overwhelmed he was with work, but that he should remember no ruler could do everything himself; that I had been struck with the fact in reading history that the greatest rulers were those who gathered the great men of the nation about them and worked through them; that he should do likewise and thus wisely spare himself; that China had great need of him, her strongest man, for there was but one Yuan Shi Kai, and the destinies of the nation were in his hands. He answered that the old officials would not, nor could not, serve his purposes, the new ones were untrained, that he alone was able to train them

so that everything depended on him, and he could not possibly spare himself, but was forced to labor unremittingly till his task was accomplished. I think he spoke truthfully, for his animated tones indicated deep conviction. I tried to make him laugh by saying that all America and Europe enjoyed his humor when he answered the summons from the court by saying that his leg was not well enough to permit him to come. He did not laugh much at that. He is careworn, but his eyes can blaze when he gets excited. They remain young and his teeth are very fine. All at once I was seized with profound pity for this man who, for fear of displeasing the Ambassador of a great and friendly power, was giving his time, his priceless time, to an old woman who could have no possible interest for him, while his ante-room was filled with people on important business of state, who, I was told, were waiting from one day to another for the chance of an interview. The Chinese certainly respect old age, more than any other nation, I believe; but the old women must be their own grandmothers and stay at home, where they belong and not those of an uncongenial people who wander the world for their own inexplicable purposes. These reflections which flashed through my brain filled me, as I said, with such profound pity for this much harassed man that it took away all pleasure in the interview. He paid some nice compliments to the United States and raised his wine glass. I did so and drank to his health. Now it would have been wise had I taken my leave then and there. The interview had been as successful as I could have expected. The President had spoken with much animation and did not appear to be bored, but I am not wise, and besides I was misled by the gaudy colored cakes. They reminded me of those

I saw at a Korean feast to which I was invited years ago. They were called Korean bread, though not resembling that article in any outward particular. Now I had always regretted not tasting them. These Chinese cakes were not offered to me, and Colonel Tsai Ting Kan had at last to inform me that the interview was at an end. Here was a second humiliation for which I was far more responsible than for the first which was caused by my forgetfulness, while this came from a decided lack of tact and judgment. Yuan Shi Kai shook hands again, and the Colonel accompanied me downstairs as far as the outer door of the court. He was so cordial in his manner that I felt comforted. He said I must write to the President when I got back to America, and I declared that I felt the warmest regard and admiration for him. The Colonel spoke with enthusiasm of his chief and asked if I didn't think him superior to Li Hung Chang. I was flattered at this question, and said I thought Yuan Shi Kai stood higher morally, as he seemed to be inaccessible to considerations of money. The Colonel then said his chief had never taken a bribe and was a poor man. I believe it, too, for he has such a frank, honest, fearless look in his fine, wide-open eyes. I asked the Colonel if there were no way to spare the President some of the drudgery of his office, as he appeared to be working himself to death. The Colonel said that he himself was on such close duty that he had not seen his family for months. There was so much work to be done. We had now reached the door of the court, and the Colonel asked: "Where is your carriage?" Heavens, had I made another mistake! I had scarcely time to say, "I came in a rickshaw" when my man appeared, my coolie, tall, gaunt, ragged. It seemed to me at that moment that I

had never seen such a scarecrow, that that particular coolie was more ragged even than the men of Falstaff's celebrated company. I turned to speak to the Colonel, but he had vanished as though the earth had swallowed him up. I had caused him to lose face before the young men of the guard, and in China that is a serious thing. How I regretted not having ordered a carriage! How willingly I should have done so had I appreciated its importance, but I love the airy little rickishaws, so safe and so comfortable. I choose them rather with regard to their having rubber tires and clean cushions and do not pay particular attention to the dress of the coolies. They are all so unkempt and so ragged. Dejected and depressed that I could never do anything exactly right, I got into my really comfortable rickishaw and my scarecrow took me in an unbroken run back home. I asked my hostess one day if her servants were Christians. She said she had tried them but found them objectionable. They wanted so much consideration for being Christians and were less reliable and truthful. Perhaps we have gone to work in China and Japan along wrong lines. Instead of grafting our teachings on their fine moral code of reverence for ancestors and parents, we force them to abandon this sheet anchor of their morality, and they lose their moral fiber in throwing off their traditions and customs. They lose also the influence of family ties and the restraints of village public opinion. After all, this ancestor worship is not worship in any true sense of the word, but only reverence for their dead and living parents. I went to the British chapel this morning to see the spot where the Americans had been penned up during that terrible siege of nearly two months. My hostess and her husband are very interesting when they

tell me of their experiences during that memorable time.

LONDON MISSION, PEKING,
November 3, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

We had three consecutive days of fine weather last week of which I took full advantage. First I went up to Nankow, at the foot of the great Pass of that name, the Pass through which for thousands of years the caravan traffic between China and its great tributary provinces has been maintained. The railway now goes through the Pass, but the caravan traffic seems to continue just the same. The highest point in altitude reached by the railway is 1900 feet above the town of Nankow. The great wall is built along this Pass and can be seen almost continuously from the train. I got to Nankow a little before twelve and ordered a donkey that was gentle and easy, with a boy to guide me. The donkey, when he appeared, looked ridiculously small, the boy also, but both proved themselves valiant and dependable creatures, though the donkey manifested at first an almost invincible repugnance to parting from his home. The weather was glorious, the air crisp and invigorating, the mountains beautiful, and I had a fine afternoon, though the fourteen-mile ride, going and returning, became in the end a veritable torture, as I had not ridden for many years. I ate my lunch under the superb five-span, white marble archway, a really grand monument, of very great beauty. The halt gave me a half-hour's rest. This archway of sculptured marble is the beginning of the Holy Way or avenue of mourning statuary. The great marble animals face each other in couples on each side of the way

alternately standing and kneeling. There are also some kings and priests elaborately sculptured. When we reached the temples and tombs proper, I followed Mrs. S.'s advice and paid the gate opener what I thought just and was firm in resisting his demands. All the priests conducted me over the temples, halls, and pavilions, without rancor over my obstinacy in resisting their exactions. I was extremely polite, and that is one great essential in China. I was the only visitor on that lovely afternoon. My donkey boy spoke a little English and proved very satisfactory. The donkey returned with such hearty good-will that he did not need the stimulus of blows, but I had to dismount for the last mile or two, and holding on to my good little guide we made our way in the darkness till we came to some water. Then I was very glad the donkey was no bigger, for I was so stiff it was hard for me to crawl up on his back. I was the only guest in the hotel, and yet I had a very fine dinner in courses, and a breakfast next morning at six o'clock, so that I could take the construction train to the head of the Pass. On this train I was the only foreign passenger. In spite of the frosty air, I stood on the platform and looked at the stirring life in the Pass, and at the great wall climbing the mountain summits and creeping along their ridges. We read about that gigantic work but no one can realize it without seeing it. It seems to me the most stupendous thing that human beings have ever done. The railway runs for a long distance parallel to the caravan route, so I could see the trains of loaded camels and donkeys. The weather was faultless. I took a guide at the head of the Pass who carried me to a gateway in the wall where I ascended to the top and had a long walk along its winding course up to the highest summit of the

mountains at that point. I did not think I could have climbed with such ease after the afternoon of the day before on the donkey, but I was pleasantly excited by the beauty and rarity of the scene and the exhilarating air. I got back to Nankow at twelve where a servant from the hotel brought a fine lunch to the train, which I was to eat at leisure, leaving the crockery in the car. On my return that afternoon, I took a trip outside the Peking walls to a fine pagoda. It is the most picturesque one I have seen, tinted in the upper part. I found a garrison of soldiers there who refused at first to let me into the enclosure, but on handing out my visiting card I was admitted. As Saturday (yesterday) was also a superb day, I explored various places on the other side of Peking, the great Roman Catholic Cathedral which kept the Boxers at bay during the two months' siege where a few French priests and a few French soldiers with the native converts were saved through their own heroism. I do not care for Gothic architecture in the Orient. It seems out of place, but the interior of that Cathedral is lovely, a perfect forest of slender fluted columns spreading out their dark tracery over the white background of the lofty ceiling. The effect is captivating, for all the contrasts offered from the outside are shut off from sight and you are left alone among those beautiful columns. I saw, too, the entrance to the Forbidden City where the Emperor resides. It is an exquisite creation of Oriental architecture. I visited some fine pagodas or rather dagobas, which are different. After all the exploring inside the walls, I started out to the old summer palace, the one looted by the Allies in 1860. Sedley and I tried to get in there in '97 but were refused admittance. Now everything is in ruins. Yet at comparatively little expense, the dam-

age could have been remedied at the time the war ended, but nothing was done and evidently the bricks and stones have furnished a quarry, for one sees now in these gardens only heaps of *débris*. I have read that this old summer palace contained the most exquisitely harmonious mixture of Oriental and Western architecture, a creation of loveliness embodying the best of both styles. As I stood among those ruins and saw innumerable fragments of exquisite marble carvings, capitals, columns, pedestals, all kinds of sculptured ornamentation, I marveled that such remains should have been left neglected when the stones and brick were carried off. I believe it was in consequence of the hatred and disgust of western barbarism in destroying all this beauty, that these creations of western art were treated with such contempt and disdainful neglect. The artificial watercourses, streams, lakes, and basins, formerly fed by mountain streams and enclosed in stone or marble embankments are now filled with rushes. I had an old man as a guide who pointed out faithfully everything and it took me nearly two hours to see it all.

I am constantly contrasting the stupidity of the Chinese coolies with the intelligence of the Japanese. The latter can all read and write. Even the boys in Japan of ten years can do so. I had only to show the rickshaw man the address in Japanese and I could be sure that he would find the place. When I get in a rickshaw here, the first thing the coolie does is to bolt off at high speed without the slightest idea where I want to go. Useless to show him an address, he cannot read. I stop him by shouting and then pronounce the words of the address in Chinese. Yesterday I went through the Methodist College for girls and boys, though it would be proper to say young men, for they are mostly grown.

I was much impressed by the magnitude of the work done by the Methodists in teaching. They were obliged to refuse three hundred students this year, but they are to build new class rooms and dormitories soon. In one of the class rooms, I gave an account to the students of my interview with Yuan Shi Kai which seemed to interest them immensely.

I went to the Calhouns' Wednesday evening at five and had a pleasant visit. When I gave Mr. Calhoun an account of my interview with Yuan Shi Kai, he straightened up in his chair when I reached the point where the President raised his glass of wine, and looking intently at me he exclaimed: "You rose then and took leave of him, did you not? It was the signal." "I am awfully sorry to say I did not. I had to be told to go. You did not tell me the glass of wine was the signal to leave, and my unaided judgment was not able to suggest it. I thought, too, the red and white cakes were to be handed me." When I had related everything that took place, Mr. Calhoun, with the instincts of a lawyer, said: "Mrs. Ware, this is a confession." I was still lamenting my stupidity when I got up to leave. There was a charming young Italian Countess present. She followed me outside, saw me into my rickshaw, and said: "Mrs. Ware, don't worry about your mistakes. You have had your interview, that is the important thing." That woman is angelic! I don't know her name, should never recognize her if I saw her again, but in my memory she will remain angelic. To-morrow Mr. S. will accompany me to the Chinese Parliament. Mr. Calhoun has sent me two tickets. The more I see of the Chinese, the more I think that this people can never be materially improved and uplifted till the principle that a man's first duty is to have offspring is changed. All classes marry os

young and so many poor children are brought into the world that the population is always too dense, in spite of all the devastation wrought by famine, floods, and pestilence. With this ever-increasing population, the struggle for existence becomes acute. The people live on the edge of starvation, and it takes very little variation from the normal crop to plunge them into it. If they could be prevented from early marriages and the population kept within reasonable bounds, there would be hope for the future. The French peasants refuse to have more children than they can provide for and in this they show their wisdom, but in the Orient it is a matter of religious belief that the first duty of human beings is to have progeny. In consequence, the people witness so much distress that they become callous to it. They know that it is impossible for them to relieve it so they become indifferent to human suffering. It is indeed the condition of their own happiness. The country is making remarkable advances but to what purpose if there are too many for the labor market and the food supply. The Chinese are dirty, in strong contrast to the cleanliness of the Japanese. They have to buy their water in Peking, so that alone would prevent their washing. None is wasted on this process. The coolies are a ragged, dirty lot. The French with their scanty population might be an easy prey to their more populous neighbors, but they are drilling a fine African army to fight their battles. In Africa the climate and soil favor a teeming population, but in this part of China the winters are rigorous.

I went to the American Methodist Church yesterday evening and the music recalled a memory of my early childhood when I nearly wept my eyes out over one of their hymns which I have never heard since: "I have a

father over yonder, I have a mother over yonder," and so on till all the members of the family had been included, besides friends. I was overcome with the poignant thought that each of the singers had suffered these dreadful afflictions, and I can never forget my grief.

HANKOW,
November 7, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

The day before I left Peking, Mr. S. went with me to the Chinese Parliament. The debates were carried on with great decorum. I often read the daily reports in the Peking papers and was struck with their moderation and good sense. I had a pleasant trip down with a missionary lady from London. She had been a guest of Mrs. S. She had the misfortune to lose her ticket, which was only second class, but had cost her twenty-five dollars in gold, she said. This made the poor woman almost ill. Indeed she was quite distracted when the conductor and inspector insisted that she must pay again. I felt much sympathy and was quite unhappy about her. At last she went off to lie down and I in search of someone to talk to. I found a young American from Maryland with whom I entered into conversation and told him the lady's misfortune. He put his hand in his pocket and quietly drew out a first-class ticket saying, "My sister was too ill to use this. Give it to your friend." I didn't wait but ran back to the lady at once. She could hardly believe her eyes on seeing a first-class ticket replace the second-class one in so unexpected a fashion. Her headache speedily left her and I was greatly relieved. I had helped pack her things the night before and she had quite

an expensive wardrobe and seemed self-indulgent, but still I should have helped her pay for the other ticket. You all laugh at me for making acquaintance with strangers. You see what good came of it in this instance.

The manager of this hotel is a young Portuguese. He is very polite and obliging to me and calls me "mother," with that extreme friendliness of the South European races that one hates to repel. I went in the rain to the steam-boat office to get a ticket for to-night's steamer. I asked the clerk to tell my rickishaw man to carry me near the burnt ruins of the Chinese native city. You may remember that the Chinese mob rose here and, aided by the soldiers, they slew all the Manchus, men, women, and children, looted the houses, and not only burnt the Manchu but the Chinese city as well. I am told the soldiers and mob were so bent on looting that they made little distinction between Manchu and Chinese property, only no quarter was shown the Manchus. The soldiers had not been paid for a long time and this probably caused much of the disorder. It was the cause of the mutiny in Peking of Yuan Shi Kai's army when he had to hide for a while. I read only a day or two ago of the soldiers in a northern province rising and looting a city, killing all who opposed them. They had not been paid. Money is sorely needed by this government.

I was much interested in L.'s account of Roosevelt's speech in New Orleans. I do pray he was not elected but it is too late to pray now. I should have prayed more before the election.

NANKING,
November 12, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I left Hankow in a pouring rain, glad to get away from the assiduous attentions of the hotel manager. He did not even use the personal pronouns in talking to me, but always said, "Mother, Mother." He would not leave me in peace to write or read the papers or an interesting book Mr. Warfield gave me. I tried to get some information out of him about the burning of the native city of Hankow, the wealthy Chinese city. I heard, on what purports to be reliable authority, that the general commanding Yuan Shi Kai's well-drilled troops posted a cordon of soldiers around the doomed city and forced the fleeing inhabitants back into their burning dwellings, thus making a dreadful holocaust, inspiring terror in all republican strongholds which were practically at the mercy of Yuan Shi Kai when he went over to the republican cause. He did this, my authority assures me, because he saw the country was overwhelmingly republican, that is, anti-Manchu, and the rebellion was bound to break out again and again until it could no longer be controlled. Well, as I said, this Portuguese could give me no information, never had heard that the Chinese hated Manchus and the Manchu dynasty. He called his compradore to verify my words, and when this man assured him that I was correct the manager told all the servants in the dining-room that "Mother" knew everything. I was glad to get away from him. He showed me a photo of a "lovely English lady" who he said was on her way to China to marry him. I hope she may bring also a mother-in-law for his sins.

The weather was dreadful on the steamer; rain, fog,

and snow accompanied us so that the boat had to tie up for hours at a time, and we reached Nanking after one o'clock the third night. I went up to the hotel through the cold, clear night, the snow lying everywhere. My rickishaw man had to pound on the door a long time before we gained admittance. The proprietor had conceived the idea that we were some low characters trying to raid the establishment. In my excitement, I left my nice silk umbrella in the rickishaw, and of course the coolie did not return it, though I had paid him, the hotel-keeper said, eight times too much. I had a comfortable night and the next day came out here to the South Presbyterian Mission feeling sure I should find that I had mutual friends with some of them. I came to the house of Dr. Shields and Mr. Stewart who live together, and was received most cordially by the two families. They insisted on my staying to dinner. That meal was a really southern one and I felt I had got to the right place. Mr. Stewart and Dr. Shields have been living here a long time. The former was a reporter for the Associated Press during all the troublous times of last year. He had easy access, as a reporter, to Dr. Sun Yat Sen. His accounts of the revolution in Nanking are perfectly thrilling. I may write some of them later, and do not destroy my letters, for I am resolved to leave a printed account of my travels for my grandchildren. Such a book would have little interest outside our family, but I want my children to follow Granny around the world. John said with such reproach in his tone: "Granny, I thought you were going to take us all around the world with you."

Mr. Stewart is wonderfully interesting. He reminds me of Dr. Daniels of Chunju in Korea, so fair minded and accurate, very moderate in his judgments. As

China is not on a gold basis, the currency is subject to all the fluctuations of a silver standard. At present, silver is rising in price, so I do not get two Mexican dollars for one as I did in Japan. Another curious accompaniment of the silver standard here is that if you change your Mexican dollar into small money, you get not only five pieces of twenty cents each, but a ten cent silver piece and some coppers besides. If you change into copper only, you get a hundred and thirty cents for a dollar. I have not asked, but I feel sure this is because the small silver coins are not as pure as the dollar. The brass and copper cents are, of course, worth still less. In buying postage stamps, I have to give four coppers for a three cent stamp, thirteen for a ten cent stamp. These coppers are too heavy to carry, otherwise they would save me much in small transactions, and I have noticed that everybody wants to be paid in silver dollars and not in fractions of a dollar, they, however, giving only the numerical number of cents in change. There is much difficulty in China over the currency. In Peking, I was told by the banker that Peking notes would not pass in the south, so I had a load of heavy silver to bring on my trip. In Hankow, I was told the same thing, that their notes did not pass lower down the river, so again I had to load myself with silver dollars. In Nanking, there is no bank, but Mr. Stewart has promised to cash a traveler's check through one of the merchants. I feel quite domesticated here in this most friendly household of two southern families. Dr. Shields is from New Orleans and his wife is a Virginian. Both the men are very busy. They are engaged in teaching, and the faculty is so small that double or triple duty is put on each professor. Mr. Stewart has, however, offered to

accompany me this afternoon. As he certainly needs the fresh air and relaxation, I have accepted this offer. He is a delightful companion, so intelligent, and he knows China so well. The Chinese night watchmen parade the streets, beating a gong with bamboo sticks. Sunday night at the hotel I had a front room and I could hardly sleep for their noise.

For dinner to-day we had the most delicious wild ducks shot by Dr. Shields. He is going out this afternoon for pheasants. All this game he finds within the city walls. Last Sunday afternoon, I had my coolie carry me through the ruins of the Tartar or Manchu city, which the revolutionists destroyed last winter. It is the picture of desolation, as dead as Pompeii, for the Chinese have pulled every piece of woodwork out of the houses. The bricks lie in heaps and the chimneys, where there are any, are as mournful as funeral monuments. The Manchus were killed and plundered. Few indeed could have escaped with their families. A friend of Mr. Stewart's counted thirty dead bodies in one pond where they had thrown themselves. Mr. Stewart often passed through the Manchu city before the revolution. He says the pension every Manchu received from the state was his ruin. They spent their time smoking opium and gambling, did no work, were slovenly in their dress, utterly worthless, and degenerate. There were few exceptions to this rule. The pension furnished them a living without work, and dissipation became their sole occupation. They were as over-ripe fruit ready to fall at the first shock.

18 QUINSAN ROAD, CAPTAIN MACKINNON'S,
SHANGHAI, November 21, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I left Nanking last Saturday after a perfectly lovely visit. I hated to leave, wanted to stay much longer in such an interesting place. We had game almost every day on the table. I, myself, saw wild pheasants walking about in the mission gardens. Dr. Shields went out any afternoon and brought in teal, mallard and black ducks, besides pheasants and doves. He told me he had brought in three deer this autumn, a much smaller variety than ours. All this game exists within the walls of Nanking, and a sportsman can go out late in the afternoon and be very successful. I parted from the two families as though they had been lifelong friends, all including the children were in the garden to see me off. Mr. Stewart was very entertaining, always ready to talk to me when in the house, but he is a very busy man, not only doing his own teaching of many hours daily, but giving an additional course in Greek in the University. This is a Union affair though started by the Methodists. My hostess here has three children who are so perfectly obedient and good that I admire her greatly as a mother. She was a medical missionary before her marriage to the Scotch captain, and she was saying to me this morning that in her medical practice she had remarked that people made themselves ill very often because they had no self-restraint, giving way to nerves and discontent, because they could not have their own way. So she determined to bring up her children in self-restraint and in obedience, explaining to them that she, herself, their mother, could not have the things she wanted for lack of means, and that they too must obey cheerfully and resign

themselves to self-denial. I have noticed at table when she denies them a second helping to dessert and fruit, they acquiesce quietly and cheerfully. They are very affectionate to their mother, and there is so much happiness and harmony among them that one never hears a voice raised to a loud key. I should not forget, while on the subject, to add a word about the mission children in Nanking. They were strikingly good looking and both good and intelligent. I was dining one day at Mrs. Price's, and going into the Doctor's study was surprised to see their little boy writing on the typewriter. When I spoke to her of it, she said the little fellow still younger could write on it also, that the two older boys in America at college had learned it very young, and they had attributed, in large part, their success in college to having learned as children to write on the typewriter. The Stewarts told me afterwards that the Price boys were really remarkable. I shall certainly get a typewriter for my children.

I am invited to-morrow to lunch at Dr. Meyer's, a lady doctor to whom Miss Ethel Moore gave me a letter of introduction. She has charge of a hospital here, but is going to marry soon the young vice-consul at Foochow. I called at the Girls' College of Miss Helen Lee Richardson, to whom Miss Moore also gave me a letter of introduction, but she was engaged in a very important conference with some Chinese gentlemen, trying to persuade them to donate the land which is very dear around Shanghai for new and more complete buildings farther out. The college is too cramped; they want to give it up for a day school, and move the boarding school farther out. They get from home \$100,000 for the new building, but they want Chinese men of influence to give the land. Among the men present at the

conference was the former Minister to the United States, Dr. Wu Ting Fang. I, therefore, did not see Miss Richardson, but am to go to-morrow afternoon to see her and the school. It is a Methodist institution. That denomination has extremely important and flourishing colleges for girls and boys as well as universities. They cannot accommodate the students who flock to them. No compulsion is put upon any one to become a Christian, nor do they wish any convert except with the consent of the parents, all of which I highly approve. Miss Moore gave me also an introduction to Miss Bonnell who is known all over Shanghai for the good she has done. When she appears in court to protect poor girls who have escaped from houses of ill fame, the magistrates listen with profound respect to anything she has to say and they adopt her suggestions. She has devoted her life to rescuing girls and slave children from wretched and evil lives. She is now in America. No one here mentions her name without some word of encomium. She is literally looked upon as a ministering angel. I went yesterday to see her work. The inmates are in three houses in the same compound. No wages are paid the first year, but the girls are taught to read and write and to work. The second year they earn wages for fine sewing and embroidering. The girls are often married from this establishment, and as it is a universal custom in China to pay for a wife, thirty-seven dollars are demanded for the institution and forty dollars for the girl to procure a trousseau. As these terms are considered very cheap, the girls are not infrequently demanded in marriage by the bargain-loving Chinese. I hear that some of these marriages are quite happy. In case of abuse, the girl has a right to return. Divorces are sometimes singularly hard to

procure. They have a girl in the house (which is called the "Door of Hope"), who was affianced to a man whom she hated. He lives with her mother and is a brutal person. He will not free this girl, as he possesses the papers certifying to the betrothal which give him a legal power over her. They have tried to bribe this man to give up the papers, but he refuses their offers and prevents her marrying any one else. She dares not leave the Home for fear of his capturing her. Perhaps Miss Bonnell, on her return, can find a remedy. I hear she is very frail, only the spirit within keeps up the feeble body. I am very sorry the letter to Dr. Morrison, political adviser to the Chinese government, should have reached me too late to be delivered while I was in Peking. Day before yesterday I went on a drive for the whole afternoon, first to a very fine pagoda some miles from the city and then through the fashionable quarters of the Concession. The houses are very handsome. Dr. Wu Ting Fang has a palatial residence. It is a sign of the times that such men, who are not Christians, are in consultation with missionaries about increasing their teaching facilities and enlarging their college buildings. They are called upon to subscribe to a work which is now recognized by all intelligent Chinese as beneficent.

While I was out yesterday getting photographs for the children, Dr. Wu Ting Fang called to see me, and I was dreadfully sorry not to have been at home. If I had more time, I should write and ask him for an interview. When I called at the American Consulate, Dr. Wilder, our Consul General, on hearing that I knew his friends in Madison, notably the Elys, asked what he could do for me, and offered introductions to Dr. Sun Yat Sen and Dr. Wu Ting Fang. These he wrote

immediately and not in merely perfunctory phrases. I felt quite grateful to him, and incidentally to my good friends, the Elys. Had I acted wisely, I should have written to each of these Chinese gentlemen asking for an interview, but without any previous intimation, I called on them. Dr. Wu Ting Fang was not at home. Dr. Sun Yat Sen was dreadfully busy, but on reading the letter from Dr. Wilder he came out, a very good-looking man, resembling a South European much more than a Chinese. I stayed only a few minutes in view of the fact that I was interrupting business. He is working night and day on railway construction in China, projecting and building, as far as his funds will permit—a hard-working man and believed to be entirely disinterested.

Saturday Morning, 23d.—I had a lovely visit to Dr. Meyer and after lunch I was taken over the hospital. In the kitchen, only straw is burned for fuel,—rice straw. At meal times, it takes two women's time to push the straw in so as to maintain an even heat. All the food is boiled and the great boilers are sunk in masonry so as not to lose a particle of the heat from the blazing straw. The range is semicircular and those who feed the flames sit inside the semicircle. All the boilers have heavy wooden tops to keep in the heat. Coal dust is burnt for the hot-water tanks as hot water is needed all the time. This is an Episcopal institution. The ward for tuberculosis patients is on top of the house with sunshine and air on all sides except on the north. There is no heating, as the Chinese are not accustomed to heated houses, but the patients have hot water in tin vessels containing at least three quarts. There is a large ward devoted to the children of criminals. When the parents are condemned to imprisonment, the

children, if sick, are sent to the hospital, so I saw little creatures with all sorts of ailments, but they have a broad, sunny veranda to play in when well enough, and good care is taken of them. Dr. Meyer told me I could easily go out and see the fine Episcopal University and Girls' High School some miles from the city, and then get to Miss Richardson's college by five o'clock, in time for the entertainment there. I thought all this would be highly interesting, so I went out to St. John's University (Episcopal), situated in extensive and beautiful grounds. Behind the University buildings are the girls' dormitories and class rooms. The matron carried me over them. They have 170 girl boarders and are crowded. Fortunately they have grounds enough. More time is given in this institution to English than in any other I have yet seen in China—three hours daily. The girls understood all I said to them and were a most intelligent lot. While I was in one of the class rooms, they all began laughing suddenly. I asked: "What on earth are they all laughing at?" "At your talk," answered the matron. I think this shows a remarkable knowledge of English, for I was not speaking to them. There were no fires anywhere but the Chinese wadded dress is said to be very warm, and as there are no fires in Chinese houses, they are not accustomed to them. There is an orphanage attached to the High School and the orphan girls are often married off from this institution. No money is demanded of the man except \$75 in silver as an outfit for the bride. This is about the sum demanded in the "Door of Hope," but \$37 is retained for the institution, the rest is used for the trousseau. I was deeply interested in all I saw. I wanted to go over the University for the young men, for the President had offered to conduct me, but I feared

it would delay me too long, so I asked Miss Dodson, the matron, to explain to the coolie where I wanted to go, telling her to be very explicit, but she said: "He says he knows exactly where you want to go," and I, with all my experience of Chinese coolie stupidity, started. The upshot was that I was carried everywhere except to the right place, and as it was very cold in the night air, I was glad to get home at last, much disappointed at not being able to keep my appointment at Miss Richardson's, where I am sure I should have been greatly entertained.

HONGKONG,
November 27, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

To-day when my eye fell on the newspaper, I saw it was Pete's birthday. It touched me deeply to think of the dear children at home and the cake with its eight candles. I had a very smooth sea trip down to Hongkong on the big Lloyd steamer *Yorick*, 17,000 tons. I really enjoyed it; the cooking very good. I like German cooking when it is at its best. A young man who sat near me at table was so cultivated that I enjoyed talking to him. At one of the meals, he was very silent and I said, merely as a joke: "How long have you been engaged, and when are you to be married?" He left the table saying: "I shall see you on deck." When I came up, he asked how I knew he was engaged. I assured him I knew nothing, not even his name; that I was only making conversation because he was so silent. But he was now so deeply stirred that he felt impelled to talk. He went on to tell me that his engagement had just been broken off in Shanghai, that he did not blame the girl (sly girl!) but others. During the talk I

asked him about his career. He spoke with great bitterness of his ill luck, but the worst came when, after having failed on account of illness, he went home to his mother for consolation and comfort, and she showed she was not glad to see him. His voice was choked when he said this and he tried hard to repress the tears welling in his eyes. I was full of sympathy, but tried not to show it too much. I wanted to give him courage for the new venture he was going into with a friend who has some capital, but he answered sadly that he was indifferent both to success and failure, as his mother had been indifferent to him, and his fiancée had abandoned him. I could see next day that he was sorry he had bared his inmost sorrows to a stranger, so I talked of other things. He is very fond of literature and poetry. His health was the cause of his want of success in more than one venture. Malaria drove him from the rubber plantations of the Malay Peninsula. He is now going to a fine climate in South Africa where some years ago he lost the savings of years through locusts. He told me how the government had combated the pests until now they are no longer a scourge to be dreaded. It was extremely interesting. He told me when he was farming there he went to help his friend to cut his wheat with a fine new reaper. They had the machine ready for use when they went in to breakfast, but when that meal was finished the whole field of wheat was covered and swept by swarms of locusts. The government could not, at first, force the Boers to kill the pests. It was against their ideas that any human force could combat a visitation of Heaven. So at first the government paid very liberally for every bushel of dead locusts, teaching the Boers how to kill them, furnishing them with the means also. But for

the succeeding years, this killing was made obligatory, the government still continuing to teach the farmers how to do it effectively. At a central station, telegraphic dispatches come from every point where a locust appears. The place is marked on a large map and forces are sent out immediately against them till no one dreads this scourge of former years. Coöperation under government direction has achieved this result. He is now returning to the fine climate of South Africa and will go into the wool and sheep industry. I do pray he may succeed. He had in his pocket a copy of Kipling's poem, "The Derelict." I asked him to read it to me, but it was too much for him in his state of mental tension. He evidently looked upon himself as a derelict.

VICTORIA HOTEL, SHAMEEN,
CANTON, November 30, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I came over here yesterday and am quite comfortably installed in this hotel. Perhaps it might interest you to hear some of the talk of a missionary I met Thursday in Hongkong. He was an American medical missionary and told me that he and his wife had gone to the southwest of Kwangtung province, in which Canton is situated, as pioneers. They were negotiating for the purchase of a building spot for the Mission when a friendly native warned them not to buy that particular tract of land, saying it was infested by malign influences and they would never have any luck there. They closed the purchase, however, and acquired the land. They noticed the villagers were very friendly and smiling and learned that they were particularly pleased with the high buildings being put up because, it was explained,

the village would then be protected from the evil spirits. These latter had been so malevolent that for years no student from that village had been able to pass in any of the examinations and they were hoping that the high buildings were going to change the situation by circumventing the feng-shui. After some months, the doctor received a silk fan from some unknown donor which he placed on his mantelpiece. A Chinese friend commented on this fan one day and took it down to look at it. The doctor said: "I do not know who gave me this. Never heard of the man." The Chinaman replied: "I can tell you. He is the student who has succeeded in passing his examination this year. The fan is a token of gratitude." Now in this case, a fortuitous event strengthened the Chinese in their superstition.

When I reached the Canton station yesterday, I found the hotel porter ready to bring me up. We took rickishaws and were fairly started when he said: "Would you prefer the launch and go by water?" I thought the water would be more characteristic, so we got out, but oh the poor rickishaw coolies. They were furious with the porter, but ten cents apiece appeased them, and we got in a sampan rowed by a woman who had her family on board, for it was her home. She transferred us to the launch and was made happy by ten cents, the regular price being five. The launch was fine, but in a short time, it transferred us to a small boat which landed us at the steps of this foreign concession, which is an island, and here all consuls and foreigners reside. It is a lovely green spot and its insular position is its protection. To go to the city, one crosses a bridge guarded by a strong gate and some police, mostly East Indian soldiers, who police most of the ports of China.

December 1st. Sunday Morning.

Yesterday morning I went out for a stroll in the streets. The landlord sent a boy with me. Never in my life have I seen such scenes of swarming humanity as in the streets of Canton. From the moment of arriving at the station or at the ship landing, one is surrounded by a vociferating, surging, seething mass of human beings. I suppose that is what makes Canton dangerous for foreigners. Where there are such numbers, excitement is easily produced, and a frenzied mob raised. I found the people not unfriendly. They have respect for age at least. Yesterday morning with a guide and two chairs, I started off for a day's sight-seeing in the city. A lady belonging to another party, hearing me ask the landlord to have the top taken from my chair, came up to me and whispered not to do so, for I should have slops from the windows thrown upon my head. I preferred to take the risk. I am in the habit of taking what other people call risks but which do not seem so to me. So the top was taken off and my only fear was a deluge of rain which threatened all day but did not fall. I saw all the regulation places, was fleeced pretty well in all the temples and indeed everywhere else, but not so much so as though I had permitted the guide to do the paying. I insisted on ten-cent fees everywhere instead of twenty, which he thought the proper thing. At the Taoist monastery, where I arrived at midday, I took some fruit out of my bag, to eat, but found that the hotel manager had had a big basket of provisions prepared for me, with several kinds of meat, eggs, different varieties of cake, and two bottles of mineral water, besides fruit. I had eaten a fine breakfast and was not hungry. The guide looked so longingly at it that I gave him some of

the meat, but he could not understand why I did not wish to be generous with other peoples' things. He wanted me to give it all to the coolies. I gave them instead ten cents each for their midday meal, ample in China, and I put everything else back in the basket to be returned to the hotel. I have taken a fancy to bananas over here, since an American lady told me that they agreed perfectly with her children in China but not in the United States. She thought them more wholesome over here. During the day, I often met the other big party and greeted them cordially each time. My greeting was returned in the same spirit except by the lady who had been so friendly as to warn me about a possible inundation from Chinese windows. She was very stiff, visibly disappointed that she did not find me in a dripping condition. At the Taoist monastery, I met an old Chinaman who spoke English well. He had traveled over Europe and America for many years as a merchant and agent for other merchants. He wanted to talk to me, so, after hearing that I had been in Peking, he asked anxiously if there was to be war with Russia. The papers had reported war fever in Canton against Russia on account of Mongolia. I told him there could be no war because China had no money for war, that the Chinese should keep quiet, and not put any difficulties in the way of the government which had the hard task of putting the country on its feet. I said that China had had its feet bound for so long that the task was a difficult one. This figure struck the old man as a fine argument. He understood so well the disadvantage of the bound feet of the women. Foot-binding is going out rapidly. The Parliament is passing some foolish sumptuary laws which it cannot enforce about the people's dress,

but I believe in the main they are making good progress.

Later. In spite of the rain, I went in a sampan around the island. I asked for one in which a woman and her children lived. I certainly got the children, but whether they belonged to the woman is doubtful. The hotel keeper ordered them and they were on hand. Although it rained all the time, I stood out in front with the woman who rowed. We took three quarters of an hour to go around the island, the woman poling instead of rowing. The manager insisted on sending a boy with me though I told him it was by no means necessary, that I felt freer unaccompanied. But with all his friendliness, I have to obey him I notice. He said: "The boy shall cost you nothing, but he must go with you." The singular thing is that a lady traveling alone and who sits next me at table asked the manager to let a boy accompany her about the streets for a short walk. He answered: "I cannot do so. That would spoil the guides' business." Now I have tried twice to get out without a boy, but the manager sends one with me. Nothing is charged, but of course I give him a fee.

FRAGMENT OF THE FIRST LETTER FROM MANILA.

December 8, 1912.

Well the three days' trip over was a horror. None of the large vessels make the crossing in this direction. My steamer was 5000 tons and it rolled like a plaything of the waves, while we passengers were the sorriest looking lot you ever saw. Before landing, it became calmer and we could pack our things and breathe freely. There were to me no interesting people on board,

mostly Spaniards. Some excited discussions took place between the captain, aided by a very loud-talking personage (only liberal in his religious convictions) and the priests and other Spaniards. The latter grew very excited when there was any question of our war with Spain. One who was listened to with great respect declared that Sagasta was the cause of the war, that he deceived the people by publishing a list of the fleet, which was all on paper and did not exist. He said if Canovas had not been killed by an anarchist before the war, he would never have permitted it. This Spaniard knew nothing of the spirit in the United States, which I think was greatly in favor of war and, no doubt, McKinley shared this sentiment. So Spain was doomed to humiliation. There was also a big argument as to whether there was as much liberty in Spain as in the United States. I said I thought there was, but that the Spaniards were so ignorant and superstitious they made no use of their liberty. When I was in Spain, I was much struck with the liberty of speech and of the press, but also with the degrading ignorance and superstition of the masses. I think the Spaniards over here have got very tired of hearing the Americans brag. I sympathize with them in this, but I told them that the bragging of to-day was nothing to what it would be when the canal was finished. I tried to prepare them for the worst. On landing, I was met by the landlord of this quiet hotel, where I am very comfortable. He was sent to meet me by Mrs. Martin Egan, wife of the proprietor of the *Manila Times*. I had written to her on the strength of an introduction from Miss Ethel Moore. Almost as soon as I arrived, Mrs. Egan came in her elegant automobile and took me for a tour of the town. She is young, handsome, and

very agreeable; has no children. She is also a well-known and popular magazine writer.

MANILA,
December 12, 1912.

The Filipino national hero is Rezal, but I am told the Americans discovered him for them. They unearthed the story of his struggle against Spanish despotism, his unselfish exertions to improve conditions on the islands, and his speedy martyrdom. He was in his early thirties when the Spaniards stood him against a wall and shot him. Spain dreaded his intelligence and his influence over his countrymen. On the spot where he was shot, a monument has been erected. I attended the ceremony of its unveiling. I got there very late, but seeing vacant seats on the tribune, I quietly worked my way up and took one. True, they were given by card, but I saw no reason why I should stand while they were empty. I enjoyed the music and heard the speakers, whereas the other inmates of this house, who went early, saw and heard nothing.

MANILA,
December 13, 1912.

The climate here is fine, but too warm for long walks. Distances are great in Manila and the sun always hot, but in the shade it is delightful. The Filipino women have attractive faces which are more European than either the Japanese or Chinese. They wear usually voluminous skirts of brilliant colors long enough to touch the ground. These skirts have, generally, a deep flounce at the bottom. Over the skirt a piece of black lace or other black material is draped like an overskirt. Then a short jacket of the thinnest material with wide

sleeves is much worn with a neck handkerchief of the same thin material. The colors are conspicuous and assorted with no conformity to our ideas of taste. Still the women are pretty enough while young.

December 15, 1912.

I called at the Worcesters' a few days ago. Mrs. Worcester is very pretty with sweet and gentle manners. Their two children are at school, the girl in the United States and the boy in Baguio. Mr. Worcester told me many interesting things of his experiences in the Philippines and gave me two of his pamphlets which I consider very valuable.

BAGUIO,
December 20, 1912.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines, is what Simla is to India. It is five thousand feet above the sea. The motor road up is wonderful and beautiful, and the fifty miles were a charming drive of which I did not weary. Darkness cut off our view just when the mountain scenery was finest. I shall stay a week in this hotel. I should love to stay longer, but I am always so anxious to get my mail that I must return to Manila. I have a comfortable room with bath and beautiful views. As carriage hire is very dear, I have resolved to rise early and make a daily excursion on foot in the cool of the morning. I love walking and it agrees with me. Breakfast is served as early as six o'clock, so my plan works admirably. I am getting so strong that yesterday I walked about twelve miles. I go up the hills slowly with frequent halts. My walk was so long yesterday because I took one of my famous short-cuts

and got lost. I finally found myself at the bottom of a ravine at a gold mine instead of at Mrs. Kelly's school for Igorot girls. This is a well-known government school, an attempt to civilize these wild mountain people, which has had very great success, that and similar ones for both girls and boys. These young people are now all speaking English and doing productive manual labor. Many of the girls weave and embroider very skilfully. The boys make beautiful baskets and are taught many trades. Yesterday at this gold mine, I succeeded in getting a boy guide who spoke English and he took me to Mrs. Kelly's school. Ten of her best scholars had gone to a rehearsal for a joint school entertainment to be given to-morrow night, and to which I have been invited. Mrs. Kelly was not at home, but her husband treated me with great hospitality, made me rest a long time, and refreshed me with hot tea, bread and butter, and home-made preserves. He told me the government supports these girls entirely, supplying clothing, books, everything. They are quite good-looking now that they are made to bathe and dress neatly. In the dormitory, it was odd to see that each had her own comb, brush, tooth-brush, and tooth-paste. The tribe to which these girls belong lives in dirty holes; no one washes, and their hair hangs in filthy, uncombed masses. When Mr. Kelly came up here ten years ago, there was only one white woman in Baguio. No roads, only trails, leading up the mountains. It was a long time before he ever saw an Igorot woman. He saw the men, but the women always ran and hid like frightened animals before he could see them. The change in ten years has been momentous. When I started back for the five-mile walk, I felt fresh and rested, and the way, though uphill, was not difficult; fine roads laid

off and built by the best road makers. I got on finely until I took another short-cut when I got lost and was forced to retrace my steps. I recalled how often Sedley and I got into dangerous places in Switzerland through this mania for shortening the road, and of that memorable walk with Nellie at Chamouni when she rolled down the mountain, preceded and carrying with her masses of rolling stones of all sizes and landing at last at the bottom among a herd of goats, the rams so excited by her unexpected appearance that she had to defend herself actively with a stick. I got back to the hotel after one o'clock and was perfectly fresh for another jaunt next morning.

I have been to see Bishop Brent's school. He has thirty boys, sons of government employees in the islands. I told the young matron, who showed me the building, that I had met one of the teachers in Japan last autumn, and yesterday he called to see me. He made himself very agreeable and I accepted an invitation to lunch there to-day. It is a mile from here, but the path leads through a shady forest. When I visited the teachers' camp, they had the Igorot boy band to play for me. They were dressed like their ancestors, but clean. They wore shirts and a "G" band around their waists, their hair cut close. These boys, who never heard any music in their lives save the beating of drums till they came to this school, played most creditably on their brass instruments. There were about a dozen. I praised their skill to please them, and indeed they seemed very proud of themselves. Filipinos proper have much taste for music, but these Igorots belong to a different race who have but recently come into contact with civilization. They are not Christians nor Mohammedans, but pagans. There is a station of

the Jesuit Fathers' famous weather bureau in Baguio situated on top of a round hill in full view from the hotel but higher up. I went there one morning. I had heard that Father Algue from Manila was visiting the station, so I asked to see him. He came down to the veranda and asked what he could do for me. I said I simply wanted to hear him talk if he could spare a few moments. He motioned me to a bench whence I had a view of a magnificent panorama reaching to the China Sea, and talked in a most interesting manner. The Jesuit Fathers' weather bureau renders important service to the shipping of the world. It has a station in Yap and another in Guam, the U. S. Naval Station. He said the typhoons originate between these two points. Their weather bureau in Manila receives immediate notice when one of these formidable storms starts on its career of destruction. All ships anywhere in reach are warned and seek shelter. The one which occurred just before I arrived was the worst in many years and destroyed not only shipping but towns and plantations. The papers are still full of accounts of it. There was a captain of constabulary at the hotel when I first came, who was quite interesting. I was sorry he left, for I thought of many things afterwards that I wanted to ask him. When I spoke of the United States giving up these islands, he grew very excited and said: "We have six little cemeteries here where our boys lie buried. They have only wooden slabs over them which will soon be gone, but every one of those boys did his duty. Some had their heads cut off by natives, some died of cholera, some of pernicious fever, and I wouldn't have those little cemeteries abandoned for anything in this world. I get so mad when I think of it that I have to clench my fists. When

I first started out from Cebu with my chum and forty natives, the general said to me: 'North, if you and your chum get back safe from this trip, I will give you the biggest and the best dinner you ever saw.' You see we didn't know whether those forty natives would work with us or kill us. One night they did all slip off while we were asleep. We heard later that they had orders to kill us but they did not do it, and after a while all but two of them came back. They had never been so well treated in their lives. Never before had they had three square meals a day, good easy shoes, and proper clothing, so they came back and did good service and that is how we started the constabulary ten years ago." Baguio was then a wild settlement with a few faint trails leading to it. Now it is a beautiful summer capital with splendid roads in every direction; town lots at top figures. One day I walked to the beautiful summer home of Governor-General Forbes, about two-and-a-half miles from here. No one was at home, but I walked around and admired the superb view,—range after range of mountain tops rising from deep valleys, billowy masses of green reaching to the far-off horizon. I then went to the hospital where soldiers and officers are sent to convalesce and recuperate. The surgeon advised me to visit General Franklin Bell's fine villa before returning, so I climbed up that hill also. No one at home. I walked around the veranda and found at the back a Greek theater which the general is having constructed. It is quite unique and nearly finished. All the concentric semicircles are formed into raised flower beds about two feet high, I should judge. These flower beds are made of two walls of rough stone filled in with rich earth and planted thick with colored leaf plants of which there is a great variety in these islands. The

effect is most beautiful. The seats for the spectators are to be between these flower beds. Several pine trees have been left standing, one very large one at the end of the uppermost tier of seats has a wall built up from below half way around it which adds much to its picturesque effect. There are some private boxes with chairs cut from the stone found there. It is a perfectly unique open-air theater. It is not so grand as Mr. Howard's creation at Berkeley, but I dare not say which is the lovelier. The whole country is in such a peaceful state that I have not the slightest fear in these solitary strolls. All the people I meet seem to take pleasure in showing off their knowledge of English. I passed a house yesterday and heard a perfect chorus of good mornings and good-byes. I really believe the Americans have done more for this people than was ever done before by any civilized nation for an inferior race; fine roads and schoolhouses everywhere with peace, order, and prosperity. After the typhoon which caused such immense loss of property, the Americans were on hand immediately with help which prevented hundreds from starving, and they work with such disinterested zeal that I have concluded our country has sent its best men to take charge of these islands. An American lady tourist told me that a friend of hers living in Manila one day called her house boy to reprove him for some neglect. When he appeared, he had a lighted cigarette in his mouth. "How dare you smoke in my presence?" she asked. "You would not treat an English or Spanish lady with such impertinence." The boy answered: "The English and Spanish are our superiors; the Americans are our equals." The indignant lady complained to her husband who only laughed at her, so she went for sympathy to an English lady who said:

"You should have seized that fellow by the neck and shaken him well. My husband would have beaten him till he could not sit down. I myself once struck our boy, and he threatened to appeal to the court. I told him he could do so but he would then have the worst beating he had ever had in his life, that I should pay the fine, but he must take another beating after each fine. He then said he would quit his place. I said: No you are going to stay and do your work. I have trained you to do it properly and I don't propose to worry with another. You will stay and behave yourself. And he has stayed and behaved himself. The way to treat them is to beat them." This is the prescription of the English lady to settle the labor question here in the Philippines, but it does not appeal to American husbands as a rule, nor to many of their wives, I hope.

We often have fern-leaf salad at dinner. The buds are gathered, boiling water is poured over them, then they are cooled and seasoned; cabbage is often added. It is quite good. We have hardly any fruit except bananas up here. I miss the papayas; I was growing very fond of them. Baguio means typhoon. From June to November, these storms rage. Often the roads are all washed away and it is then impossible to get supplies. This morning a Bontoc man came down to sell some spears he had made. He was entirely naked except for a "G" band and a small bag hanging at his side to hold money. On the back of his head he had a very small basket partly as an ornament and partly to hold tobacco. It looked like a chignon. All the Bontocs wear these little ornamental baskets on their heads. These tribes prefer dog meat to any other food, so every summer dog merchants

bring up packs of yelping curs to sell to these wild men.

MANILA,
December 29, 1912.

My last was from charming Baguio. The night before I left, I went to one of the most remarkable entertainments I ever attended, at the Teachers' Camp about a mile from the hotel. Twenty-one of the Igorot girls from Mrs. Kelly's school and many of the Igorot boys from the Teachers' Industrial School were the actors in the entertainment. They recited poetry, they sang a cantata, and they acted a little Santa Claus play, besides going through a kind of ballet with graceful movements accompanied by music. The boys were resplendent in red jackets and fringed gold bands, their entire lower limbs naked as is their wont in their native haunts. The girls had on white dresses with white bandeaux on their heads, all barefooted. The girls in the ballet carried long white scarfs, the boys red ones and red caps on their heads. When Santa Claus appeared there was a spontaneous shout of laughter from the Igorot boys and girls in the audience. After all the acting and singing were over, a Virginia reel was danced and very well danced by the boys and girls. It was difficult to realize that all this had been accomplished within a few years. Next day I took the automobile at an early hour and had a grand drive down the mountain, but the railway journey was very hot and dusty after the bracing climate of Baguio.

We have all read of Bilibid Prison, and all travelers visit it. I have been there twice, the first time in the afternoon to see the drill when the day's work is done. This is conducted to the accompaniment of fine music

by the prison band. The spectator stands on a high platform in the center of the grounds towards which converge the long rows of dormitories. Between these airy buildings are open spaces in which the drill evolutions take place. As there are now about three thousand men in the prison and each squad of fresh men is required to spend the whole of the first four weeks of their imprisonment in learning this drill, it is performed with great perfection and is a very fine sight. I am told that since the men have been required to perform these daily exercises, their health has improved wonderfully. In particular there is a great falling off of tuberculosis. The exercises are very varied, the men lying down and rising, holding each other's hands, or marching in columns four abreast. Their dinner plates of metal, which they hold, add much to the picturesqueness of the drill. Each division has a drill master, who, I am told, is an American prisoner. There seems to be very few women prisoners and they are, of course, not with the men. I was told there are only about 100 to the 3000 men, put in for theft and adultery mostly. I never heard of the latter being a penal offense in modern times, but the Filipino Assembly is composed of Filipinos exclusively. Both men and women are sentenced to Bilibid on this charge when preferred by husband or wife. I returned to the prison one morning in order to see the inmates at work. I had to get the consent of the director who furnished me with a guide, and it took nearly one and a half hours to make the inspection. The men are allowed to smoke and to talk freely both at work and during recreation. When they enter the prison they are asked what trade they had rather learn and their wishes are invariably respected. Blacksmith work is

considered the most disagreeable, but as it is very well paid in this country there are always plenty of volunteers. Some choose hospital nursing, some music, some carpentering, some carriage making, or painting, or laundry work, furniture making in its various branches, machinery, cooking, wheel making, etc. They all get a wonderful training even to fine silversmith and goldsmith work. They fill orders from the outside too, but all is arranged so as not to offer an undue competition to outside workers. Prices are not cheap, but the quality of the goods is fine, very solid. I was never in a prison before, but I feel that I can now judge of other prisons. The women I saw at work were embroidering. The American prisoners were kept as much out of sight as possible. I hear, and fully believe, that a man who has been as many as three years in Bilibid has acquired not only skill in his chosen line of work but good habits and a healthy body which should keep him straight for the rest of his life. I was interested in the kitchen where, in huge caldrons, pork and beans and rice were boiling, not polished rice, however. Since reading that the scrapings from rice (in order to make it white) were the most effective cure for beriberi, I am prejudiced against white rice and I wish our children could eat the natural article. My conductor at last said, "Now I am going to show you the best of all," and I wondered what this fine-looking American in his fine white suit and speaking the most atrocious English, as far as grammatical construction was concerned, but having the best of intentions and the best of hearts—I wondered what this stalwart son of America would call the best of all. It was the schoolhouse where every prisoner is taught English, one hour every day and two hours every evening, three hours' study

daily. The teachers are taught by Americans, the men by other prisoners. I stood some time listening and saw what zeal both prisoners and teachers put into their work. I think all prisons should have schools and teach trades too. Prisons should not be for punishment but to make good men of bad ones. Really no one with a soul can visit these islands and not feel the deepest enthusiasm for what our countrymen are accomplishing here. I am intensely proud of the Americans who are working for the uplift of these peoples with the zeal of apostles. At Baguio I was talking to a Scotchman, now living in Australia, and an editor, of all the wonderful things we were doing in the Philippines, but I could not elicit one spark of appreciation. Jealousy between nations is too deep rooted, except among the *élite* few to enable them to recognize generously and fully what another people are doing. I believe that Europe still doubts our intentions in Cuba.

I dined at the Egans' Friday evening. They sent their automobile for me and sent me back. It was the 27th of December, which happened to be my birthday—70 years old. We had a fine dinner and some good Rhine wine to help digestion. After dinner, General Pershing and his wife called. He is to go soon to the Moros. You read, of course, of the killing of Captain Watson by a fanatical Moro. I judge from accounts of these crimes that the Moros who run amuck are ruined men who wish to commit suicide. They or their families may be hopelessly in debt or they may be obsessed by the idea of some real or fancied dishonor put upon them. Now, according to the Mohammedan religion, a suicide cannot enter Paradise. Mohammed has made Paradise so attractive to his followers that he had to forbid

suicide, so they run amuck. Their first object seems to be to get killed, their second, but very important one, is to kill as many unbelievers as possible, for death to a Mohammedan, with his hands dripping in the blood of unbelievers, is a passport that admits him straightway into Paradise, where houris are eagerly awaiting his coming. Why should he then suffer on earth when he can exchange this suffering for such triumphant bliss above? The desperate man must perform certain ceremonies which prepare him also for burial. The Datto, who represents in his person both spiritual and temporal authority, adds his sanction to these ceremonies, and if the motive to the crime is debt a release from it is promised to the family. The man's limbs are so tightly bound that the flow of blood is greatly impeded even after mortal wounds have been inflicted, thus enabling him to slaughter still. I hear that American influence is reducing the number of amuck crimes. Many of the Dattos have pledged themselves to discourage the custom. With the opening of good roads and schools and assured means of livelihood, the same marvelous results may be hoped for with the Moros as are transforming the pagan tribes under Dean Worcester.

January 2, 1913.

I went to see the Normal School the other morning. The matron is a Mrs. Burton, a widow, whose husband was once very wealthy I am told. She has very prepossessing manners and is most agreeable. She invited me to come back to tea. I returned late in the afternoon and was introduced to the assembled young Filipino ladies, who looked very pretty and graceful in their native dress. Some of these girls go to the

Normal School and some to the University. Some are pensioners of the government, receiving enough to pay for board and education. They bind themselves to teach for two years after they graduate, but if they marry they must repay the government for its outlay. In case they teach the two years, they receive a salary just the same as other teachers. Mrs. Burton says there are many very clever girls among them. They study law, medicine, and other modern languages besides English. In the Bureau of Education, there are employees who teach the Filipino teachers scattered through the islands by means of correspondence. There are not enough American teachers to meet the demand for more and more schools, industrial and agricultural. We are certainly doing noble work for these islands, but I believe it will eventually be said that the greatest boon we are conferring on them is our language, which will bind them together into a real nation if we remain here long enough. When I went around the world in 1897, Sedley and I found it necessary to speak other languages as well as English. There is no such need now, for English has become, as it deserves to be, a world language and no other can compete with it. Those Americans who deserve, perhaps, the greatest credit for spreading this noble speech throughout the world are our missionaries with their fine schools.

I called at the Worcesters' the other day. They were spending the holidays at the leper settlement. They took Christmas presents with them, among other things a moving picture show. The leper settlement under Mr. Worcester's management is such a success that when people find they have the disease they voluntarily present themselves. If greatness be measured by the good one does and the happiness diffused, then Mr.

Worcester is one of the world's great men. His record of service among the wild tribes is perhaps the most notable achievement of the American occupation. The lizards, which frequent the houses here, chirp as merrily as crickets. Often they get into a squabble on the ceiling and then they fall. More than once in the dining-room, they have fallen on one or other of the small tables during meal time. Everybody is patient with them, for they make war on mosquitoes and are harmless.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER AT ZAMBOANGA,
MINDANAO ISLAND, January 10, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Friday the 3rd, January, when I arrived on board the steamer, I learned it would not sail until next day. I told the steward that as I had taken the trouble to come on board with my belongings I should prefer to remain. This was permitted. In some respects I liked it quite well. The meals all taken on deck and much to see going on, where many vessels were loading, all in the little river Pasig which cuts Manila in two sections, one the old town within the walls, the other the new one beyond the Pařig where are all the good shops and big business houses. The post office is near the steamer landing and I had the good fortune to get three letters which I should have missed had we sailed on time. This quite reconciled me to the delay. Having time on my hands, I went to see the big Government Hospital. While going through one of the corridors, I heard a rapid step behind me and my name called. I turned to meet an American nurse who seized my hand and told me how glad she was to see me. I thanked her gratefully and kissed her, but it was impossible for me to recall

her face. "I have been watching all the arrivals in the hotels since the first of December hoping to see your name, but could never find it. Where are you and when did you come?" I gave her this information, but was afraid to ask her any questions. It would have been such a blow to this generous, warm-hearted girl. I would have given anything to recall her name. She asked me to come to see her at the Nurses' Home, but I told her I was on the ship ready to make the tour of the southern islands. "Will you go to Iloilo? If you do, Dr. and Mrs. R. are there." "You don't say so! Certainly if the boat stops there I shall look them up." Alas! I had no idea who Dr. and Mrs. R. were, much as I racked my brain. I do not believe the steamer stops there, however. The dear girl begged me to come to see her on my return, but I do not see how I am to find her without knowing her name.

There was only one other lady passenger on this steamer, a missionary who stopped at Dumaguete in the Island of Negros. I was very glad of her society and we had our beds made on deck where all the first-class passengers sleep. I missed her last night but I slept on deck all the same. I wear my dressing-gown and it is really all I can do to dress and undress in the stateroom. We were all very seasick the first two days till we got to Cebu early Tuesday morning. That town suffered severely from the typhoon. I took a drive in the morning and a long walk in the afternoon. I wanted to see hemp growing and the Nipa palm. A young Irishman now living in New Guinea but who calls himself a New Zealander took the walk with me. The weather was cool and showery. When it rained we found shelter, and got on finely, for the roads are superb. My Irish friend was sure he knew Nipa and

hemp, but I soon lost confidence in him and asked an American going by on a bicycle. The latter devoted himself for my information, and as he knew the country thoroughly his conversation interested me greatly. He cut long branches from the Nipa and showed me how the natives make roofs and the sides of their houses with it. This palm grows in swamp land and is a bush, the long branches rising from the ground and not from a trunk or stem. I have never seen such perfect palm branches, twelve and fifteen feet long, and each leaf nearly two inches wide. The branches do not curve in those graceful lines like the date and cocoanut palms, for Nipa is only a bush palm and is not so picturesque in the mass, but cut one of those long perfect branches with its fresh color and beautiful, perfect leaves spreading out on either side of the stalk and one becomes enamored. It is marvelously useful, making roofs impervious to sun and rain and costing nothing. This palm with the bamboo and the rattan are nature's choice gifts to the tropics for building purposes. I did not see hemp growing but learned that it resembles very closely banana trees. I was much struck with the length of the hemp fiber and the beautiful cloth woven from it. It is perhaps the most valuable agricultural product of the islands. The hemp tree is cut down, but others spring from the roots so a hemp plantation costs little or nothing to maintain. The long walk did me good for I had been very seasick. We walked about five miles. During one shower, we went in a native schoolhouse and I got one of the boys to read his English reader. He did so remarkably well, but his teacher could hardly speak or understand English, mine at least. Early Wednesday we reached Dumaguete in Negros where my missionary friend left the ship, but on going ashore I met all

the mission and was invited to lunch which I accepted. They are Presbyterians and have a very fine college, the Silliman College. The houses of the missionaries are grouped around it, the grounds filled with cocoanut palms loaded with fruit. I said I had never tasted unripe cocoanut so they gave me one at lunch and I took a great fancy to it. From one of the flowering trees I plucked some big white blossoms and long white buds. I never saw them before. A student told me they made good salad, so Mrs. Glunz, my hostess, had salad made of them for me, which all liked. Mrs. Glunz carried me to the Government Industrial School for Girls. The house was made entirely of bamboo, rattan, and Nipa. The rattan is used to bind the other materials together. The girls all spoke more or less English and were quite a pretty lot. They embroider, make lace, weave beautiful baskets, make hemp slippers, bags, and a variety of other articles. At the Silliman College, I saw a nephew of Aguinaldo. He has a son also in the school, and I was told that another young man whom I met was a grandson of Admiral Cervera, by a Filipino woman, of course. One sees much Spanish blood in the finer features and paler color of the people. In strolling about the town, I went into a convent kept by French sisters. The Mother Superior was so handsome and had such charming manners that I was quite captivated. She, with great politeness, insisted that it was a treat to have a visitor who spoke French. She sent for all the sisters from their class rooms and we had a big talk in the cool hall. I had to see and admire the younger children, some of them beauties, and we all became so intimate and on such friendly terms that I was voted a grandmother to the convent. I said I liked that rôle best of all. The

ladies of the mission were very cordial and warm-hearted and I enjoyed my day very much.

We reached Zamboanga yesterday. When I went ashore I asked as usual for missionaries and was directed to the home of Mr. and Mrs. McCutchen, Episcopalians. I found them on the veranda. Mrs. McCutchen kindly said she had just ordered her carriage to go to the weekly meeting of Moro girls from the public school and would take me with her. The ladies give up their time to these girls one afternoon in the week in order to teach them some simple arts. The Moro girls wore little jackets and bloomers but the bloomers are hidden by the sarong, this latter containing, I imagine, about three yards of cloth draped so as to conceal the bloomers. The girls sang, danced and played games. I did not think these Moro girls as fascinating or as picturesque as the Filipino girls I saw in Manila and in Dumaguete. I saw a young Moro with his wife dressed in native costume, every article the woman had on a different color, the man in the tightest possible trousers as though moulded in them, a tight-fitting jacket with tight sleeves, a great many buttons, a sash tied in front, and a colored handkerchief knotted around his head. This couple looked very well; though neither was tall, they had a certain graceful, swinging walk. The captain told me some blood-curdling stories of Spanish times (he is Spanish and has lived in this country twenty-two years): of how a juramentado crept into the post-office of Jolo when the Spanish mail had just arrived and the officers were busy reading their home letters—six of them were killed before any resistance could be offered; of another case when a Moro was displaying his dexterity in arms, all were pleased and laughing when he began to throw his weapons at

the circle of his admirers. It is very hard to deal with these cases because death is what they are courting, and slaughter is such wild delight to them, such supreme intoxication. I asked Mrs. McCutchen if the Moros made good servants. She thought they did, but she had brought her servants from the mountain province of Luzon. I did not think to ask her whether they were Christians. They came from the non-Christian or Igorot tribe, north of Baguio, where the McCutchens lived a year or two. The Irish New Zealander who lives in New Guinea left the steamer here to cross over to Borneo. He was violently opposed to missionaries because, he said, they did so much harm to his business in New Guinea. I hated to hear him hurt the feelings of the lady missionary on board. I told him how glad I was when visiting the missionaries that they lived in comfort, for comfort means health. I said it did me good and I knew it added to their efficiency. He said he had to pay a heavy tax in New Guinea to buy certain things from the natives, whereas the missionaries bought them without paying the tax and thus made a good deal of money. Then they paid the boys to go to Sunday-school and gave tobacco to the men to go to church, whereas a New Guinea man will only work to get tobacco. I made a point against him by saying that he had confessed to beating his servants whenever he saw fit, which was rather often it seemed to me, while the missionaries were opposed to striking the natives. I had to help the kind-hearted missionary lady, especially when he said that while he was roughing it and working like a dog, the missionaries were living in luxury on handsome incomes and so on. The papayas are perfectly delicious, here, so sweet.

OFF DAVAO SOUTH COAST OF MINDANAO.

January 15, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I wrote last from Zamboanga which is also on this island in the extreme southwest. From there we sailed to Jolo in the Sulu Archipelago, head center of the Moros. I suppose you know these people were called Moros because of their religion, it being the same as that of the Moors with whom the Spaniards were familiar. Not many days before our arrival in Jolo, a Moro had gone amuck and tried to kill indiscriminately. He only succeeded in wounding two persons badly, a policeman and another Moro. Some said the latter wore no distinctive article of Moro dress but others say that often when a Moro goes amuck he is so crazy he doesn't know whom he kills. I was told that if I wanted information, I should go to the head customs officer, Mr. Roddy; but before going there, I took a walk and speaking to a cavalry soldier, he accompanied me and talked very freely. His conversation amused me greatly but I found afterwards that the cavalry man was ill informed and that I could not rely on what he said. I then went to the hospital and asked to see Lieutenant Edmonds. You must have read of Captain Watson's being killed in the neighborhood of Jolo by a Moro who crept at night into his tent and severed his head while he was sleeping. Edmonds was in the same tent. The Moro, however, lost time thrusting his weapon into the pillow, but he slashed the knee-cap of the lieutenant and wounded him in the other leg and in his hand. The two men were grappling together when Captain Wells, hearing a noise, ran in from another tent and shot the Moro dead. I was admitted to see Lieutenant Edmonds, but found him so nervous and

ill that I remained only a few minutes. I then called on Mr. Roddy and found him very entertaining, courteous, and intelligent. He has been in the islands many years and quite a long time in Jolo. He takes a very hopeful view of the situation among these fanatical people. He says they are now applying for work on the roads; formerly they tore up roads and bridges as soon as they were built. Jolo Island, he says, has hitherto been handicapped by debt but now that has been paid and they are going to commence work in earnest on the roads. They pay the Moros fifty cents a day in silver for their work. Undoubtedly there is no more potent influence among a barbarous people than good and easy means of communication. Only through the advantages of intercourse and trade do they become familiar with civilized beings and their methods. After my visit to the Roddys, I called at Colonel Swift's house, the highest officer in Jolo. I found Mrs. Swift very charming and had an invitation to lunch. After lunch the colonel came in and unfortunately I repeated the cavalryman's conversation just for fun, but the man was in the colonel's own regiment. He asked his name which happily I was ignorant of. I had a delightful visit to this family; saw their two lovely daughters. The colonel is a fine man; makes a most pleasing impression. Mr. Roddy told me the difference between a juramentado and a man who goes amuck. It is substantially what I have already written you. The juramentados go through the most solemn religious ceremony presided over by the head man, Sultan of the district. The word means one who has taken an oath. He is vowed to die but engages to take as many lives of unbelievers as possible. It is for this reason that he binds his legs and arms tightly so that the

blood will flow slowly after he is wounded. When mortally wounded, he often has the strength to continue to slay. He generally belongs to a family who has become hopelessly in debt and by this means he is able to redeem them from slavery. Mr. Roddy said the last case of a juramentada occurred in 1904, and since then the Dattos had refused to perform the rite, which, in itself, marks a distinct progress. The case of the Moro who went amuck a few days ago was as follows: His brother-in-law was in jail in Jolo and the man came in to get this relative released. Through an interpreter, he pleaded his cause, but in vain. He then departed greatly depressed and after moping around went to the market where he suddenly started up in wild rage and began to slash right and left.

This steamer returns to most of its ports of call on its way back to Manila, so I shall see Jolo again and the Swifts and Roddys whom I have found so interesting. Mr. Roddy said I reminded him of his mother. I had to confess to him that I hated custom houses as much as the French of 1789 hated the Bastille and that if I had my way I should pull them all down. When I was a child, my father had an odd volume of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. I had little else to read so I became an advocate of free trade in early life. Mr. Roddy showed me some interesting things he had seized as contraband and was going to sell at auction, also a good deal of opium which, of course, is not to be sold but sent to be manufactured into medicine. The climate is delightful everywhere on the coast of Mindanao. I sleep every night on deck and I am the only white woman on board. The Swifts accompanied me on board at Jolo and were surprised to see hanging over my sleeping place a quarter of beef, several bunches of

bananas and cabbages tied with strings. At the next landing I fell into the hands of a young American, a school inspector, not long in the country. He told me that forty-five miles in the interior, a rich Datto had offered to build dormitories for two hundred Moro boys and to feed them if the government would send them an American teacher, that the Moros did not like a Filipino teacher. They hate the Filipinos who, as a rule, are Catholics. I thought this proposal of a Datto the most hopeful indication which has yet appeared in the Moro problem. When they beg for schools (non-sectarian, of course) and are willing to build the houses necessary, it is an infallible sign of progress. This, with the applications for work on the roads in Jolo, seems to me the solution of the whole question. We arrived at this place, Davao, this morning at about nine o'clock, and as the steamer must go from here to various points and then return, I have accepted an invitation to spend the two or three days at the house of a lieutenant of scouts. The captain of these scouts came on board at Jolo, just returned from a leave of absence to the states, and he insisted on my visiting the wife of his lieutenant. I felt very doubtful of my right to trouble this lady, but as soon as we landed all the captain's friends came on board to greet him and I was welcomed most cordially by them. The lieutenant in question would take no refusal of the captain's invitation so I begged off to-day to write, but they are to come for me this afternoon. There are a good many mixed marriages with Filipino women in this island. The American husbands are called squaw men, and such marriages are not regarded favorably by the government, for I hear the squaw men are seldom promoted. In Spanish times they were encouraged. One often hears complaints

of these people not working regularly, but I feel much satisfaction in the thought that there is no suffering here as in India, no famines. Typhoons and volcanoes exact a certain toll of lives, but nature is very lavish and there is no crowded population to press on the means of subsistence. Where the people have artificial wants, they work to gratify them. They all smoke and love adornment, but they do not have to work to exhaustion as in civilized countries to support their families. There is then much happiness among the poor, if freedom from want constitutes happiness, and certainly where want exists there can be no happiness. This is a source of much satisfaction to me after the suffering I saw in India in 1897 during the horrible famine.

SULU ARCHIPELAGO,
January 21, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Last Wednesday evening at five o'clock, Captain Charlton, Lieutenant Rackley, and Mrs. Rackley with her sister all came driving down from Davao to the ship to get me. I felt a little doubtful about accepting Captain Charlton's invitation to his friend's house, but it was repeated so cordially by all of them that I no longer hesitated. Mrs. Rackley said: "We are all invited to a ball at the Governor's house to-night, so bring your best dress."

The road from the landing to Davao is about a mile through a beautiful forest of cocoanut palms. The houses are built high from the ground with steep Nipa palm roofs, a fascinating-looking place. After dinner the Lieutenant told me incidents of his scout life among the pagan tribes, but Mrs. Rackley called me to dress for the ball before he finished. The Governor's house

was very near, and his premises were beautifully decorated with great quantities of Nipa palm branches. These are split about half-way down and thus made to adapt themselves to fancy decoration with wonderful effect. The Filipino beauties and beaux were out in force in their graceful native dress. They danced the rigadon and I heartily wished Miss Russell could have seen it. I was introduced to some of the belles and had a chat with them. Refreshments were handed from time to time. The white ladies danced waltzes but did not attempt any other figures. Governor Richmond is a bachelor and a fine-looking American. I understand he came out as a private soldier. As soon as I reached the Rackleys, I had a call from a missionary and his wife to whom I brought a package from Dumaquete. They invited me to stay with them. I met them again at the ball and I was extremely pleased with Mrs. Black and her husband. There was something so sincere and genuine about them. I consented to go to their house for the rest of my stay. Captain Charlton pretended to be hurt at my leaving, but charming as Mrs. Rackley really was she had her house full. The gentleman carried me to see their company of Moro scouts and I heard some of their wild music in their barracks. I reached the Blacks' in time for lunch. That afternoon her friends called to see me. Mrs. Birchfield invited us all to lunch next day and Mrs. Sibley asked us all to dinner on the third day, so I found myself in a whirl of gaiety. I was told that Davao had few visitors from the outside world. The Blacks have one child, Richard, a name endeared to me through Laura's two Richards. This child of seven is so remarkably bright that his parents do not send him to school. Mrs. Birchfield told me that a young

man on a visit to her son asked Richard if he knew anything about physiology. Richard answered deliberately: "I know very little about physiology, but I have done quite a bit in practical hygiene." The Birchfields think Richard a world's wonder.

I lost some of my enthusiasm for Nipa at the Blacks'. Unless the roof is extremely steep and the Nipa put on carefully, the wind gets under it and pulverizes it so that it drops over everything. The old Nipa roof at Mrs. Black's covered the house with litter. She says when she has guests to dinner, if it is windy, the table gets entirely covered with trash while they are eating. Once, she said, a big lizard fell into the soup of the guest of honor and she had to give him hers, which happily had not been tasted. All kinds of creatures find lodging in the Nipa roofs and help to tumble down trash. At Dr. Sibley's, I heard nothing against such roofing. Theirs was put on so well that the wind only packed it down and it was many years old too. Next morning, the Blacks proposed that we should eat our breakfast in picnic fashion on the hill where the mission is building them a new and very substantial house, so we got in the calesa with the eatables, Mr. Black on horseback, and drove out a mile or more from Davao. The climate of all this country is very fine. We slept under a blanket every night, and the days were not too hot, though it is so near the equator. Trade winds modify the heat. The problem in this part of Mindanao is the white ant and the malaria. Both Mrs. Black and dear little Richard are infected with malaria and I was a little afraid of their house mosquitoes. Mr. Black has the posts sustaining his new house made of molave, the hardest wood I ever saw. The cost of the molave is the time it takes to cut and saw it. These posts are

embedded in cement which the white ants do not relish. They will eat a house or a ship from the inside until it is ready to crumble to pieces.

Mrs. Birchfield's lunch proved to be a delicious dinner. She has an extremely amusing monkey which is very vicious to strangers, so he has to be kept tied. He made the most frantic jumps at me, chattering angrily and trying to catch me with his hind feet as well as with his front paws. He would tire himself out in his endeavors to get at me so as to enjoy the pleasure of tearing me to pieces. Then he would creep up to Mrs. Birchfield, put his arms about her neck, pat her with one paw while telling his troubles in a childlike, half-crying voice. It was teasing that had made him so vicious. The Birchfields came out with the volunteers during hostilities, he being a captain. He now has two plantations and a large store in Davao. They live most delightfully and Mrs. Birchfield is a very superior woman in every respect. The Moros do not live near Davao; the natives near here are pagans. Captain Charlton's scouts are Moros and very faithful to their officers, whom they respect and honor. Dr. Sibley is going soon with his family to the United States, on leave. He wants to take a course of study at the School of Tropical Medicine in London if the mission will pay for it. Everybody speaks very highly of his skill and his successful work among Americans and natives alike.

The men whom I met here are much excited over Dr. Wilson's policy of abandoning the Philippines. Those who have important interests have decided to throw in their lot with the Moros, who declare they will never submit to a government of the Filipinos. There is no homogeneity in these islands, and among neigh-

boring cities there are such jealousies and hatreds that even during the war against the Americans cities were intent only on ruining each other. Governor Richmond told me the idea of independence in these islands is purely local, not one of federation. I believe the Democrats will make a great mistake if they grant independence to these peoples now. The result will inevitably be to disrupt the country and bring on civil wars, with a return to savagery, whereas there is now great prosperity, as much freedom as in any country in the world, and rapid progress. Every man can obtain justice under the law and security for life and property. The Americans have a clean government over here. The Governor told me that if any American were suspected of not being the right sort of man, one whose principles were lax, he was quietly told to get out of the country. He told me also that a Mr. William Filene, vice-president of an anti-imperial league, had visited these islands at his own expense and without putting himself in the hands of the prominent men of either party in Manila, had gone off on a tour of inspection through the islands. At every important place, he sought out the provincial officials, the treasurer, the district auditor, etc., and put his questions to them, examining their accounts and learning how the revenues were spent. When Mr. Filene returned to Boston, he spoke before his anti-imperial league, saying: "Gentlemen we are making a mistake. The American government in the Philippines is a clean one, caring for the natives in the best manner, educating and preparing them for self-government. I can no longer call myself an anti-imperialist." These people, for the first time in their history, are prosperous and making money. All would be contented, it is confidently believed, if the

politicians at home did not make the question of their independence a party question, dangling it incessantly before their eyes. It would bring disaster on these people, who are like children in their ideas of liberty. They would seize the offices and would soon have a government like that of Haiti. It is said, and I believe with justice, that the people here are better governed than those of the United States. Why should we not show the world what we can do toward uplifting an inferior race. After the cruelties and mistakes of the war, when volunteers, the riff-raff of our cities were turned loose on these people, there is now one of the best governments in the world, and an immense and augmenting volume of trade between the two countries. The Americans have men over here as able as any the West ever gave the Orient and one of these, Mr. Worcester, is looked upon as an authority on colonial subjects the world over. He is said to be cordially hated by the Filipinos but looked on as a protector by the wild men whom he freed from slavery which the Filipinos had imposed on them, cheating them always in trade and obtaining their lands by fraud. Mr. Worcester says these islands are not prepared for self-government and no one knows better than he.

This morning when I got up from my bed on deck, the view was so beautiful in the early dawn among the islands of this inland sea that I forgot for the first time to take my valuables from under my pillow when I went to my stateroom to dress, but before I missed them one of the servants brought them to me intact.

The Filipino hemp interests me very much. I cannot tell it from bananas where they grow together, but Richard said he could. I stripped one of the stalks and examined it. It resembles an onion in its con-

centric layers, each one containing finer and finer fibers. In the center is found that wonderfully fine hemp which is sold to be mixed with silk. One evening while I was at the Blacks', Mr. Black went as usual to his class of English conversation for advanced students. When he returned he told us that only two were present, and on inquiry he was told that as they were to have independence so soon they believed that English could be of no more use to them. The conversation lessons are given free. I believe that nothing will so effectually bind the Filipinos to the United States as the bond of a common language. I have seen here effusions of sentiment in beautiful Spanish towards Spain in spite of her inefficiency, tyranny, and bad government. A very intelligent German in German colonial service told me that the Americans were always thoroughly informed of the English point of view in every question concerning England and Germany on account of the community of language. He spoke bitterly of it. Well, we should not be satisfied until these islanders have the English language.

ON BOARD STEAMER BOUND FOR MANILA,
January 25, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

On Wednesday last our ship called again at Jolo in the Sulu Archipelago where the Moros are so bad. I went first to the Roddys', who invited me to lunch. This I promised to take with them and then went for a call at the Swifts where I promised to dine if the captain would permit it, for the steamer was to leave that evening at seven. I was treated most cordially at the Roddys', and after the siesta, they proposed to take me out to the camp in the army bus. The two

daughters of Colonel Swift went also for a game of tennis. Each man in the bus was well armed, Mr. Roddy, the driver, and two other Americans, the distance being about three quarters of a mile. We passed the spot where poor Lieutenant Rodney was cut to pieces by a Moro in the presence of his little daughter who tried to defend her father. There was undergrowth on each side and I felt uneasy, but we had enough armed men. The grounds at the garrison are beautiful, a cocoanut grove and well-tended grass. A band was playing. I met an officer who knew Ward Dabney and who spoke highly of him. I wish he were here now. He used to call Sedley and me "the slaves" at Sewanee. The captain having agreed to wait for me till half-past eight, I dined at the Swifts' where I enjoyed both the company and the dinner, but the Colonel being detained by business, we were so late that I had to leave before coffee was served. I pleaded in vain to be allowed to go alone to the steamer; the whole family accompanied me. They are rare and charming people. We reached Zamboanga very early Thursday morning and as I had met the Pershings in Manila, I went to their home. I was received with such cordiality that I regretted much not having visited them on the downward trip. The General and his wife had engagements, but they arranged for the Superintendent of Education to accompany me about town in their carriage. I was much entertained that morning by a scene between General Pershing and his little boy, Warren, just three and a half years old. I had asked the child his age before I saw his parents and he had answered the question each time by saying: "I am thinking." Then the orderly whispered his age to me, which I tried to get little Warren to repeat after me, but he would not. When I related

this to General Pershing he called up Warren and said: "Stand at attention." The child stood with every muscle rigid, looking his father steadfastly in the face. Then the General tried every means of coercion short of violence, to force the child to say he was three and a half years old, but he refused. Each time the father asked, "How old are you, Warren?" the same answer was repeated: "I don't know." The scene became quite painful, and General Pershing was visibly much annoyed, but no threat could move the boy to give any other answer, though I saw his lips quivering. At last his father had to give up the struggle and then little Warren ran to the shelter of his mother's arms and asked in a whisper: "How old am I?" When she answered, "You are three and a half years old," he came immediately and voluntarily to tell me his age in a clear voice. After all, the child was right and his father was wrong. I had fallen, as it were, out of the clouds into his home, and he couldn't understand that I should know anything about his age, so he refused utterly to say what he did not know to be true. It seemed to me that boy has a very strong and a very fine character. I was invited to lunch and had a delightful visit. On my return from the drive with Mr. Cameron, the Superintendent of Education, the orderly marched the children into the big hall single file and made them go through a little drill. Then they advanced to greet me. Helen was told to tell me a tale. She is six. She had a tired look in her beautiful brown eyes and seemed to speak with difficulty. I was told that adenoids had been removed from her nose one week before and that very morning it had been burnt out, but she obeyed the orderly and told me a little tale. Then little Anne was eager to tell one also. There was a lovely baby,

four beautiful children in all. General Pershing spoke to me very freely of conditions in the Moro province. He said the Dattos and headmen generally were loyally sustaining the Americans as far as their authority would permit, but running amuck is a feature of Moro life. A Moro is then mad and his one idea is to kill. He will kill Moros as well as Christians. The juramentado, however, is not mad and kills only Christians, but the Dattos no longer perform the solemn rites of juramentada over these men. General Pershing told me that what I had heard in Cottabato about the Datto who had offered to build dormitories for two hundred students and to support them if an American teacher were sent to him was perfectly true and that the offer had been accepted. The General is both civil and military governor of the Moro land, Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago. He is now disarming the Moros, and naturally there are disturbances, but he is thoroughly optimistic as to the outcome. They are asking for schools and for work on the roads. Two hundred Moros were working on the roads just outside of Jolo when I was there. That province is now out of debt and is undertaking road building in earnest. More Moros apply for the work than can be employed. They dread the man who goes amuck as much as the Americans. All this I have from General Pershing who knows the Moros and their country intimately. He suggested to his wife that they should take me that afternoon to the model farm and penal settlement twelve miles distant, but alas, my steamer was to leave at three o'clock, so I took my leave at half-past two, wishing that my visit could have been longer. Friday afternoon we arrived at Dumaguete. I had to be carried ashore by two natives as the surf always breaks on that coast.

I was invited to dinner by my missionary friends after which we attended a rehearsal of a musical comedy by the students. Silliman College furnishes a large percentage of teachers for the islands and is considered a very fine institution. I was told that one of the students had said seriously, in speaking of their possible independence: "We want the Americans to kill all the Moros before withdrawing their troops." Dumaguete suffered much from Moro raids in olden times, so before being thrown on their own resources they prefer to have these formidable antagonists exterminated by their American friends.

We reached Cebu, the last port before Manila, yesterday. I went out to see the mission in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap. The Dunlaps gave me an account of the great typhoon in October. The family escaped from their house in such inky darkness that, but for some tiny electric lights sent as toys from America, they could never have found their way to safety. Drenched to the skin, cold, and carrying nothing but their little boy, with the aid of these lights they reached the concrete house of the constabulary guards. These concrete houses alone withstood the storm. Once in safety, Mr. Dunlap left his family and hurried out to help bring in other drenched and half-frozen persons. He says the trait in Filipino character which unfits them for independence is that, after the elections, the defeated party keeps up a bitter hostility to the successful candidates with no desire to coöperate and no feeling of loyalty to a government not elected by their party. They are in fact separated into hostile camps, and if the Americans were not on hand to keep the peace, there would be fighting after each election. The Dunlaps have a dormitory for boys

attending the high school, and as he is a fine athlete he has acquired great influence over them by training them in games. At Zamboanga, we took on the Filipino belle, with her maids of honor, who is to be queen of the carnival. A fine band came down to serenade her and the governor of the district came on board, a Filipino refined and cultivated apparently. I was introduced to him. When the ship started, an American on board asked if I had noticed the attitude of the crowd toward this governor, some scowling at him, others showing themselves his partisans. One is obliged to admit that civil wars must ensue if we give up the islands at the present time.

BANGKOK,
February 14, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

On landing at Bangkok, I came straight to Mrs. Irwin's house. It is small but has very broad verandas where we all sleep. Medora, a girl of twelve, is the only child. She is a beauty and remarkably intelligent. Mrs. Irwin has excellent servants of whom the cook is very good. Bangkok is an expensive place for housekeepers. Excepting fruit, almost everything is brought here from a distance. Mrs. Irwin has two young Scotchmen boarding with her. One, Mr. M., is a ripened man of liberal views; the other, lately arrived and just twenty-one, is a rigid Presbyterian. He believes all that is taught in the old Bible, and is rather too narrow to be very interesting. Last night Mrs. Irwin said at the dinner table that she had heard at one of her neighbor's the report that in this house the inmates beat the servants. She naturally was distressed at such a report being circulated about a Chris-

tian establishment. Mr. R., the young Scotchman, had to confess that he was the offender, but he had only done it twice, he said. The second time was yesterday afternoon. It was under *extreme* provocation. The Chinese boy had brought his new rain coat to him wearing it over his shoulders with the sleeves tied under his chin, but even this might not have provoked him seriously had not the boy laughed. This was really too much, so he just hit him on the back of the head. He had, however, paid him as a salve for his feelings. Mrs. Irwin got him to promise her that he would not beat the servants again. She said she never had more satisfactory ones. I trust he will keep his word and it will be a good training for him. I try never to offend his convictions. No doubt he will be more liberal in ten years more, but I hate to hear him express such contempt for the religion and morals of these Oriental folk. I said to him that neither Chinese nor Japanese had ever needed a law for the protection of children and animals, that they were gentle and kind to both, that they revered the old, were obedient to authority, and were singularly honest and reliable. I am convinced that only the Americans treat the Orientals with respect. At least that is what I saw in the Philippines. Before leaving Singapore, I found in the library a book called *British Malaya* by Sir Frank Swettenham which was very fascinating and I did not rest till I had finished it. He was one of the pioneers in founding the Malay federation of states. Before the work was begun, he had lived among the natives, learned their language, sympathized with them, and gained their confidence and friendship. The killing of a British agent necessitated a punitive expedition. This was undertaken under every disadvantage in a

country without a single road, only rivers and creeks, and elephants to cross jungles and swamps. When its objects had been accomplished (all this was in the seventies), the British colonial secretary suggested to the governor of the Straits Settlements that British Residents might be sent to the courts of the various sultans, but with no support from the government in London. They were to understand that they were not to go as rulers, merely as advisers. In this capacity, they were to see that the revenues were justly collected and disbursed and the surplus devoted to paying up the debts caused by the punitive expedition. These utterly illogical instructions had the happiest results, for the agents selected to carry them out were men found on the spot, who knew the country, the people, and the language. There was nothing to tempt men who crave political recompenses. The pay was small, the responsibility was great, obedience to the instructions an impossibility. The first thing the Residents did was to train a police force strong enough to make their advice respected and then, having a free hand, they went boldly into debt. They borrowed and began to build roads. They reasoned that if they waited for a surplus it would attract attention and most probably be drained off into other channels, as they had observed in similar cases. They were besides heavily handicapped with debt, but they borrowed boldly where they could get credit, and the roads they built were built with the cheapest labor and the best material. The little railway connecting the tin mines with the nearby coast paid immediately 25% on the investment while taxable property was opened up all along the line. Men came forward to buy or rent land which had never been used before. When the colonial office woke up

to the state of things in the Malay Peninsula, it was amazed to find that an immense work had been done. Railways, substantial bridges, trails followed by metal roads had been constructed. The Malay Peninsula had a budget and an important income. Not to be left out of so notable an undertaking, the colonial secretary wrote to the governor of the Settlements that the Residents must employ engineers from London for all future railways and bridges and other public works. Sir Frank Swettenham devotes a page or two of rare irony to the methods of these government engineers living in London and sending out labor and material, the sum of which is that after a cost so excessive that no dividends were possible, the roads and bridges were washed away, because built by men ignorant of local conditions and of unsuitable material. The men on the spot, the Residents, such as Swettenham, continued their activities till they got the federation of Malay states established, schools founded everywhere, but no English taught; that is the unique merit of the Americans and makes their colonial undertaking superior to all others. In justice, however, I should say that we have only eight million inhabitants in the Philippines. The English colonies teem with many millions more, while Java alone has five times as many inhabitants as the Philippines.

Siam is a Buddhist nation, and in their religion any one who builds a temple has the right to the title "temple builder," which is as much prized as the rank of earl, or duke, or prince. But he is not required to keep his temple in repair. I imagine the government does this here, for all the temples look in fine order.

BANGKOK,
February 22, 1913.

We have great discussions at the dinner table every night. The strict Presbyterian had a letter by the last mail from his father in Scotland. It was so well written that I was charmed when the young man read it to me. He is a supporter of home rule for Ireland and of the other measures of Lloyd George. The young man had been arguing against home rule for Ireland because of his intense distrust of Catholics and what they might do to Presbyterian Ulster. I think his father's words have converted him now. It argues well for the old man's head and heart, and for his brand of Christianity too, that though a Scotchman he can judge generously on the Irish question.

The other afternoon, Dr. and Mrs. McFarland called for us in their delightful automobile and gave us a beautiful drive in the vicinity of Bangkok. The national costume is not beautiful but it is practical and suited to the climate. The women wear their hair cut short, with few exceptions, and as both men and women dress alike, it is hard to tell them apart in the laboring classes.

The Eurasians here as in India are an unhappy class in that they are neither regarded as Europeans nor natives. I am told that if a European lady goes to an entertainment given by Eurasians she loses caste in her own set forever after.

A German warship is now in this harbor and I read a few days ago in the paper that the German business men of Bangkok were to take the officers on an excursion up to Ayuthia, the old capital of Siam. I had been talking of going to Ayuthia but was told that to go alone without a guide would be a mistake. I had given up the idea on account of the heat and unknown conditions up

there. My hostess had never been there and could tell me nothing. When I read of the German excursion, I knew if I could join it I should have every advantage. So the night before I telephoned to the German Consulate to ask if I could go, but I could neither understand the man talking nor make him understand me. I was told later that the personnel of the Consulate were all absent that evening, but I resolved to attempt it anyway. My hostess and I both got up at five o'clock as the train left early. I arrived much too early, got my ticket, and found the car intended for the Germans. I took my seat in a corner and waited for them to arrive. At last, they came. I kept very quiet but finally I addressed myself to one of them, saying I had telephoned the evening before to the Consulate but could get no answer. I asked permission to be of the party, giving as excuse that I was traveling alone around the world, and that the trip to Ayuthia under the circumstances was so tempting that I could not resist it, and that I should try not to give trouble. The gentleman was perfectly courteous and extended a sufficient welcome to me, but there was no enthusiasm over this accession to their ranks. Indeed in acting thus, I showed more effrontery than I thought I possessed. After receiving his courteous answer, I subsided into my corner, gazing out of the window. Suddenly I thought I had no right to so good a seat, so up I got and asked the gentleman sitting inside to change seats. He said: "Of course, if you prefer my seat." When I had got it, I answered: "I do not prefer your seat, but I have no right to the best place on this occasion." He laughed and said he had been ten years in the country and knew it by heart. I was glad to get my good seat again and began to talk to the three men near me.

We whiled away the time very agreeably and on reaching Ayuthia one of them asked my name so as to present me to the rest. There was only one lady in the German party, and I feared her more than all the men, for in matters of etiquette, ladies are often merciless. I was presented to her and she was quite courteous. We got off at the river and took little steam launches up the stream to see the elephant kraal where those huge beasts are entrapped. I was helped into the launch with care and courtesy. We had a short pleasant walk from the landing to the kraal and saw the strong stockade to imprison the elephants, with its exit and entrance arrangements for one beast at a time. We stood on a cool veranda, and if the kraal had been filled with elephants it would have been very exciting. One of the gentlemen told me he had been on an elephant hunt not many months ago when they had caught, by means of tame elephants, over one hundred. Only three had been retained. The others had all been released. Another told me that the train to Ayuthia had once been wrecked by the engine running over a wild elephant, one of a great herd in an adjacent field. We again took the launches to go to a museum. Each time we were on the river I was greatly entertained by all I saw. The stream is the high street, lined with shops on either side. These shops are either in covered boats or in houses built out over the water. A market was being held in boats, all filled with fruits and vegetables, a striking and animated scene. At the museum, we saw many objects which had belonged to the late king, but of most interest were three enormous mirrors in magnificent frames, presents from Louis XIV. to the then King of Siam, brought over in a sailing vessel from France. Some of the grand monarch's gifts had gone

down in storms, but these magnificent mirrors are still well preserved. The grounds around the museum contain many images of Buddha collected from ruined temples. We then again took our boats to visit the ruins of the old city and capital which was destroyed by an invasion of the Burmese who border Siam on the north. Among these ruins, some huge pagoda towers are very impressive. In one ruined temple whose columns of brick are still standing and are very high, there is a huge Buddha, not a work of art as the Diabutzu of Kamakura, but still very impressive. The Siamese reverence their images greatly, and we found pieces of broken statues stuck in every conceivable place for fear they might be trodden upon if left on the ground. We returned these to their niches in deference to the gentle-minded Siamese devotees. After all these visits, we went to an open pavilion on the river where the lunch table was spread. There had been a refreshing breeze all day, very grateful, for walking up and down hills and climbing towers is hot work. I was thinly dressed and wore my pith hat, but alas! I had forgotten my handkerchief, and the whole morning I was trying to conceal the fact that I was wiping my face with the back of my hand. When I was pressed to take my seat at the bountiful board, I welcomed the clean white Japanese paper napkins as much as the food and drink. After we had been at table a while, some belated Germans arrived in a rowboat. I said I had eaten enough and left the table to help make room for the newcomers. I took my seat at a side table where I opened my own lunch and found some fruit and nuts which served as a dessert, but my German friends saw that I had a cup of coffee. There was speech making and toasts which I followed as well as my deafness would

allow. After this we took the launches and visited still another temple near the river where there was an enormous Buddha on whose face the light fell so happily that it looked quite interesting. We then took the launches for the last time for the station where the Germans were devoured by thirst and brought out boxes of beer and soda water. I too was fearfully thirsty so I got some Siamese fruit vendors to open two enormous green cocoanuts. The milk of green cocoanuts is sweet and highly flavored. I enjoyed that drink more than iced champagne, but I feared from the quantity I had drunk that it might make me sick, but it was most wholesome. One of my German acquaintances told me that he had returned from a visit to Germany last year and that now if a man is not very pious there is little chance for him of promotion in the German service. We spoke some time on this subject, I saying that I believed the Kaiser imagined his dynasty and the Church to have their fortunes in the same boat. The gentleman said the Kaiser believed himself Emperor by divine right, was a romanticist in politics, and he, the speaker, was afraid the country would go to ruin under this intolerable régime. I told him when I first went to Germany there were so many convictions for *lèse-majesté*, but that now such convictions had dwindled to almost nothing so that I had great hopes for Germany. He agreed that this was a decided progress, but still the Kaiser's strict religious convictions tended to exclude the best talents from the councils of the nation. The Crown Prince, he thought, was more liberal. We had to wait some time at the station as the train was an hour late, but two chairs were produced for me and the German lady, whose name I did not catch. I had not only got up at five that morning, but the courage it took

to join a company of strangers on their picnic had prevented me from sleeping, exciting my brain so that I was very tired, but I talked German or English, as I thought would give most pleasure to my kind hosts and was awfully glad to see the train at last. There was no car specially reserved for the Germans as in the morning, so I placed myself in a first-class compartment where there were four young Siamese women with an old woman chaperon. They were dressed in fine native costumes, but none looked so pretty as Medora in hers, for she and her mother have not only good taste but she is so extremely pretty. She has deep blue eyes, dark eyelashes and eyebrows, with light curly hair, beautiful complexion and teeth. Some of the Germans came and talked to me in the Siamese compartment but said it was against etiquette for them to sit down in the presence of Siamese ladies. We got to Bangkok after dark, and my German friends asked if any one was to meet me. I determined they should be troubled with me no longer and said I needed not the slightest help. I got off quickly and jumped into a rickshaw. The man turned to know where to go and asked something. I nodded and off we went, I knew not whither. When we got into the crowded streets, I began saying right and left to the passersby: "Do you speak English? Do you speak English?" After a long time I heard a voice say: "Yes." I called out: "Please come here." A young Chinaman came up and though he spoke poorly he understood my address and told the coolie where to take me. I was glad to get back to my quiet, peaceful quarters and slept like the dead.

P. S. Nothing pleased me so much yesterday as to have one of the Germans, perhaps two, tell me that I

had added to their pleasure on the excursion. Thank Heaven for that!

SAIGON, FRENCH INDO-CHINA,
HOTEL CONTINENTAL,
March 4, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I came up from Bangkok in a small ship which rocked like a nutshell on ordinary seas, but we had high gales all the way over, so the ship plunged first headforemost, then lurched helplessly from side to side till the frantic plunge was repeated. It was simple torture. All loose articles were thrown with violence from their places. Happily we had few passengers, so I was not sickened by the woes of others. I lay on the sofa in the upper saloon where our meals were served. Two men, one English the other French, beguiled the five weary days with their traveler's tales. My headache and bad eyes permitted me to do nothing, but I must go back to Bangkok and take up my narrative there.

Sunday afternoon Mrs. Irwin, Medora, and I went to the Episcopal Church where the minister preached a sermon against modernism in which he declared in the most beautiful and musical voice, that modernism would analyze the tears of a mother, besides doing many other horrible things, that our duty was to hold on to that which the ages had consecrated, a sermon in short very musical but quite unreasonable. Through one of Mrs. Irwin's English friends, we were invited to the school for the daughters of the Siamese nobles. One of the king's cousins has charge of it. We were received by this princess and very pleasantly entertained. Refreshments were handed, tea was served in a monstrous Siamese faience

teapot, holding very much over a gallon. The princess spoke English very well and we had a long conversation before going to see the closing exercises of the school. The girls went through all kinds of evolutions accompanied by music, and I was especially pleased with the smallest class who acted with song and gesture the planting and gathering of crops. Their supper was spread on long tables, and I remarked that they had spoons for their rice. A few years ago fingers were considered good enough. In the midst of these exercises a party of English arrived and, as nobody was introduced, a general feeling of stiffness pervaded our circle from that moment, and we were glad to go.

The night before I left Bangkok, Mr. R. got very worried with Mr. M. at dinner because Mr. M. had uttered some mildly advanced idea which, coming from a Scotchman, Mr. R. thought peculiarly reprehensible and began to quote the Bible on him with great evidence of authority. Mrs. Irwin becomes very nervous on such occasions, but I enjoy them, for I have become quite fond of Mr. R., and his illogical talk amuses me.

To return to my trip to Saigon. The Frenchman told me he had traveled for years as mining expert for different companies. He says that the Annamites are utterly incomprehensible to him. This peninsula has the great river Mekong flowing through it from north to south. Between the Mekong and the sea on the east is a chain of mountains. Along the coast between the mountains and the sea, the Annamites live. He had to take them with him as bearers up to the mountains from time to time, and on such occasions they invariably fell ill and always said it was the "blue water"

that made them sick. "That blue water," said one of them, "makes us all sick. It gets its color from the leaves of the forest, and that is why it is so unwholesome. The leaves fall into it and make it blue." The Frenchman could not make them give up this idea and they fell sick in fact. Accustomed to drink water charged with mud and other impurities, the clear water, fresh from mountain springs, was repugnant to them. He says they are weaklings both morally and physically. He relates that once when traveling on the Red River in Tonkin he was sitting on the upper deck when he thought he saw a coolie, who was pulling up a heavy bucket of water, topple over into the current, but when his comrades began to laugh he concluded he was mistaken and kept still. Soon another European ran up and cried: "Coolie overboard." He then looked back and saw the poor fellow struggling in the water. The steamer was stopped and the man rescued. I told this story to the Englishman who did not understand French. The Englishman said: "I have seen the very same thing several times, for being a contractor employing hundreds of Chinese and Malay coolies, I have often witnessed their apparent heartlessness. But the laughter is, I think, forced and nervous to conceal their feelings. They have the superstition that if Fate intends a man for death, he who saves him must take the responsibility and care of him ever after. This is the superstition of the southeastern part of China, south of Canton." The Englishman related then that on one occasion a heavy weight from a crane broke loose and pinned the hand and one foot of a coolie fast. Not a single Chinaman would move to help him. Europeans had to be called, not only to rescue the man, but to nurse him in

the hospital. His hand had to be amputated and he was permanently crippled. The company, however, gave him an easy place. On another occasion, he saw a launch upset a sampan and throw a Chinaman into the stream. Again the Europeans had to intervene; not a Chinaman would lift a hand. On another occasion, some coolies went into an empty benzine tank where the gas became ignited from the pipes. It exploded with violence, killing five men inside and wounding others outside. The Europeans had to take out the charred bodies and carry off the wounded to the hospital. Even dead, the Chinese refused to bury them, so Chinese had to be hired from a more northern province to do this. He said one day his Chinese servant looked so wretched he asked him what was the matter. The boy burst out laughing and said his father was dead. It seems the Chinese conceal their real feelings as a matter of etiquette and good manners.

I arrived in Saigon this morning, and as I wished very much to visit the celebrated ruins of Angkor, I went at once to the consulate hoping to hear of some party of tourists going there, but could hear of none. The proprietor of this hotel advises me to go to the Director of Navigation for information. The celebrated ruins of Angkor are in Cambodia which is under French protection. I had a visit from the French interpreter of the American Consul. He stayed some time and praised Mrs. Joblin, the Consul's wife, so eloquently and advised me so earnestly to pay that lady a visit that very evening, that I took his advice and went yesterday to the Consul's residence. She was out but I waited while reading some French newspapers. They have only old French newspapers at the hotel. At last the lady came and received me with great cordiality.

After a while the British Consul called and they talked about Mr. Joblin's trip to the country. He has gone on a tiger hunt, and his wife, who has only been married two years, is very uneasy about him. I told her that modern weapons gave the lions and tigers no chance against the sportsman. The British Consul advised me to give up the idea of going to Angkor as March is the worst month in all the year. It is at the end of the dry season when the water is so low that no decent boat can make the trip, only wretched little sampans which take eight or ten days to make the round trip. Mrs. Joblin invited me to remain to dinner but I preferred to return to the hotel.

This morning at the unceremonious *petit déjeuner*, I got into the American moving-picture crowd who got back from Angkor two days ago. It cost their company \$2000 in gold to send them and after paying that sum they had to furnish their own food, and one was taken very ill and they were robbed of all their valuables, money, watches, jewelry, etc. They hate the Annamites and say they are inveterate thieves, that they surpass in this respect all other nations, because an Annamite, they affirm, is born a thief and a liar. I had a long conversation with them after which I went to the manager of the French Navigation Company and said: "Monsieur, I come to you for encouragement. As to discouraging advice, I have been surfeited with it." He advised me to visit Pnom-Penh, the capital city of Cambodia. The steamer leaves here to-morrow night on its weekly trip to that point, and I have decided to go. When the water is high, the company sends tourists with comparative comfort and cheapness to the ruins of Angkor, but the waters are not now navigable. I am unfortunate in arriving in the worst month of the year.

ON BOARD MEKONG STEAMER
LEAVING PNOM-PENH, CAMBODIA,
March 9, 1913.

DEAR FAMILY:

I hasten to get off a short letter informing you that I am on my way to the ruins of Angkor. I had given up the idea entirely, but on the boat from Saigon to Pnom-Penh, I found the Frenchman with whom I came up from Bangkok. He travels second class on steamers but is allowed to sit on deck where I talked to him. He was going to meet his wife in Saigon and said they wanted to see the ruins of Angkor. I told him if they would join me in this expedition, I should willingly pay half the expenses of the trip, for I did not have the courage to undertake it alone with native servants. This he agreed to do and we were very busy all day buying supplies and hunting up a good cook. Our landlord in Pnom-Penh, who had just been paid \$2000 gold for the trip of the moving-picture company, refused to help us at all in this expedition. We not only had to buy our provisions but beds, mosquito nets, cooking vessels, etc. The Frenchman knows exactly what to buy. We give our Chinese cook one dollar silver a day. We hope to finish the trip in ten days, but everybody says it is impossible to fix the duration. I feel some uncertainty, but with good spirits and good company I can stand pretty much anything. I left my best clothes in the hotel, but I brought the pictures of our children. The boat shakes so I can hardly write and I must stop to look at the scenery.

TRAVELERS' BUNGALOW NEAR THE
RUINS OF ANGKOR, CAMBODIA,
March 17, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I wrote last on the little steamer which brought us from Pnom-Penh to Kompong Chenang where we were to take a sampan for our further journey. Just before leaving Saigon I took dinner with Mrs. Joblin, and had a charming evening. The Consul and another Englishman called after dinner. The latter undertook to tell me about the ruins but he did not know they were Hindoo. He thought they were Mohammedan and built after a conquest by one of the Grand Moguls of Delhi. These ruins are purely Hindoo and built under the influence of Brahmanism. Buddhist priests subsequently converted the princes and peoples of these countries and added Buddha to the sacred images at Angkor Watt. Mrs. Joblin's dining-room boy had just lost his wife with genuine plague. He was not permitted to return until certain days of quarantine were over. He had also been vaccinated by the doctor to insure his immunity from the disease. Nobody seemed to be afraid of it. Science has relieved the world of a great part of its former terrors, but I must confess I am much addicted to being afraid. Mrs. Joblin had a delicious salad made of the tender top-most shoot of the betel nut palm. I don't know the name of this palm. The French call it Areca and the nut it bears Arak. But it is the leaf of a certain creeper in which a piece of the nut is enveloped, with one or two other ingredients, which is called betel, and this is chewed very generally all over the Orient. I shall now resume my narrative at Kompong Chenang. We got there in the afternoon and found the sampan

destined for us, but the Frenchman was persuaded to take passage on the postal service sampan. He was told they had the right, master and crew, to allow one native passenger to go also, but four others were smuggled in, making five native passengers, besides a crew of six and our party of four including the Chinese cook. We were to have started at six o'clock, but as our steamer was to remain till nine that night, we decided to take dinner on it and leave at eight. We counted, however, without consulting our Oriental companions. There was a fête going on at Kompong Chenang. Madame C. (wife of Monsieur) and I took a walk in the village and saw a good deal of it. There were a procession and an open-air theater, on the stage of which the personages of the procession, dressed gorgeously in tinsel and real embroidery with odd and picturesque headgear, acted, with the crowd looking on. It was highly interesting. The evening was cool and we felt fresh and ready to be amused. I regretted leaving when called to dinner. After that meal we wished to start, but found no crew on board, only a watchman, so Monsieur C. went off in search of the men. He was gone a long time and told me later he had to call in the police to help him. They found some of the men smoking opium in a den, others at the theater. The men said they had decided to stay in the village until next morning, but, by the help of the police, he rounded them in. However, they kept escaping, he running after them and hauling them back. At last he sent for the French customs official, and this gentleman very kindly came to our assistance. I heard him lecturing the men in loud tones, and threatening to send for the head of the police force. I felt sure the men couldn't understand him, but Monsieur C. explained

afterwards that a loud and menacing tone influences the natives greatly. So the amiable customs official kept up his menace of sending for the chief of police a long time and his tones were loud and threatening. With all this good help, we succeeded in getting off about twelve that night. The sampan had a sail but the men did a good deal of rowing for lack of wind. They slept partly on the top of the sampan (I don't know what kept them from rolling off), and partly obstructed the tiny prow and stern. Others slept in one end of the boat, so that once when I woke in the night I found the head of a native on the foot of my bed. The nights were too warm to use our mosquito nets so I put mine under my head. We did not, however, suffer too much from heat at night, but in the daytime it was very trying. We could not get out in the air till after five o'clock. We couldn't stand up in the sampan so we had to lie down all day on our quilts and fan ourselves. It was simply a question of endurance. I had imagined I should be able to write and read, but it was so dreadfully hot and the recumbent position so bad for my eyes that reading gave them too much pain. The mosquitoes bit us night and day so those three days and nights were no fun for us. I remember, however, sitting out in the little prow with a fresh breeze when the others were asleep, and feeling very comfortable and happy eating sugar cane. Such hours restored my strength, and the nights grew cool after midnight. We had quite a number of those small lizards that catch mosquitoes, useful and inoffensive companions. On the wall near my bed was a big spider which could have easily covered the palm of my hand. I looked upon it as a friend also, for it only wanted to catch mosquitoes. We left Kompong

Chenang on the 9th and reached our landing on the 12th. We had stopped once during that time to deliver mail and had gone ashore for a walk. I saw in a native garden string beans a yard long. I looked to find some ripe enough for seed but all were immature. We had some for dinner one day, but they were not so good as our short ones, perhaps they were too old. Our Chinese is quite a good cook. Monsieur C. bought some excellent canned vegetables and fruit. He invested also largely in wines and mineral waters. I think he drinks more wine than is good for his health, but as far as the expense to me is concerned he more than earns what he enjoys. He is the manager of the party and I am saved all care. His wife is the housekeeper. Of course, I should not shirk any duty, but he would not share his responsibilities with any one, for he is very keen to keep down expenses. I find too that it pleases Madame best to have an undivided authority over the cook. Under these circumstances I often feel that I am some grand personage traveling with a companion and a manager, or steward of the household. Of course, I have to do exactly as I am told, but this also is the rôle of grand personages who, I believe, are more or less slaves to those they employ. Monsieur C. had telegraphed for bullock carts to meet us at our landing. It was really a picturesque sight to see the four carts, each pulled by two bullocks, come down into the lake to meet the sampan. We had, before landing, to leave the postal sampan and get into a much smaller one as the lake is now very low. Monsieur C. told the head man of the big sampan that he would not pay him the sum agreed upon because he had crowded into the boat four extra native passengers. This disconcerted the man very much, though he did

not raise a row as many people would have done. The Cambodians are gentle in their manners. I was sorry the man was not paid in full, but possibly Monsieur C. was within his legal rights. When the bullock carts came down into the lake, they were all unhitched and the drivers pulled the carts alongside the sampan so that we got in very conveniently. It was already late when we finally got well started on a drive of thirteen miles. Our carts were narrow, set far within the two big wheels. Outside the wheels and all around is a framework of wood. The bullocks are hitched rather far apart each in front of one of the big wheels. They are lively and often vicious because the drivers prod them with a sharp iron fastened into the end of the whip. I could not get into my cart except from behind where it is highest from the ground, because the bullocks wanted to kick me. The driver prodded one so cruelly (I did not know at the time the whip contained the sharp iron prod) that the animal kicked the wooden bar in front of the wheel till it made itself temporarily lame. I thought its hatred was directed against me until I examined the whip. Once, at a stopping place, Madame C. and I were seated in the same cart, she in front of me. The stupid driver, when he wanted to hitch his animals to the pole, lifted it so suddenly that he upset the cart. I caught Madame C., who was thrown violently against me. We just did manage to keep in the cart though in the most uncomfortable position, the pole high in the air, having escaped the hands of the driver. When we reached Siem Réap it was dark. I was so stiff and so covered with dust and perspiration that I was in perfect misery. The carts have no springs, the bullocks were forced to trot, the breeze was behind us the whole way, so that we were enveloped in thick clouds

of dust—a suffocating drive in which I had to hold on to prevent myself being hurled out, and keep my mouth shut for fear of having my teeth smashed together. At the village of Siem Réap the solitary French Resident, M. Mercier, came out and asked us to dine with him. No invitation could have been more welcome. Madame C. and I were carried to the bathroom where we got rid of many layers of dust by shaking and washing. It was a perfect delight after three days in the sampan to sit at a clean, well-ordered table. We enjoyed it hugely. A big punka kept us cool and free from insect pests. At the end of the dinner, M. Mercier brought out a present for Madame C. and me, the very thing I had longed for and which I wanted to send home to the children, a description of the ruins of Angkor by Pierre Loti, published in the “Illustration” of Paris with most exquisite pictures. I shall send it on from Saigon. Our carts were sent on by M. Mercier to the bungalow, so after supper he ordered out his nice carriage and horses and sent us here in very short time. This bungalow is delightful; large airy rooms and verandas all around, each room with private bath. It has been lately built by the French to make the trip more attractive to tourists. There is a well-appointed kitchen for our cook and plenty of good, clean water. We are charged nothing except for service, towels, lamps, etc. We are really living here in luxury, and I wish we could stay a couple of weeks, but Monsieur C. has decided that we can remain only six nights and five days. We enjoy the luxury of our private bathrooms so much. That first night when I got to bed I was just composing myself to sleep when I heard a noise under my pillow. I was much startled and thought of a scorpion or snake. I put the pillow at the foot of

the bed and waited—again a sudden running underneath my head. I lifted the mosquito net and threw the pillow out. I lay down again but again the same running, rustling sound under my head. I was so afraid I wanted to knock on the wall for help, but I have discovered that Monsieur C. is not a person to bear patiently with what he thinks is foolishness, so I said to myself that I had to stand it without annoying others. I concluded very justly that it was a lizard running under my mattress. As the net was tucked in all around I hoped it could not reach me, and tired out I fell asleep not waking till morning. After that I saw that the net was well tucked in every night, but night before last a frightful odor began to develop itself, an odor of carrion. I hardly slept at all, but I thought if I hunted for it I should let in a host of mosquitoes which came in swarms at night and I was not willing to risk them. I might too have slept a little, as there was so much air in the room, but for some Cambodian women in the adjoining room who talked till a very late hour, making me very nervous. Next morning I turned back the mattress and found quite a large lizard, not the small kind we see on the walls catching mosquitoes, but a much larger variety. I believe the creature was wounded against the bed-springs the first night, for it ceased its movements from that time. It had big jaws and a long body. It would have frightened me very much had it got in the bed with me. The morning after our arrival, Monsieur C. said to me that as the ruins were near and the bungalow in full sight, there could be no danger in my visiting them alone, and he wished me to do so. I was much astonished at this and answered: "But I am afraid to go alone." "No danger at all," he replied. I asked: "Could I not keep

you and Madame in sight without your being conscious of my presence?" "Impossible," he retorted. I then said, "All right," and started off. Till that moment I had been simply bewildered because taken by surprise, but on leaving the bungalow my senses returned, and I felt sure there must be a guide somewhere. I called for the manager of the bungalow, an Indian from Pondicherry, and sure enough his cousin was ready to accompany me. No sooner did I find myself with a guide and entirely independent than I saw that Monsieur C. could not have done me a greater favor than in insisting on our seeing the ruins separately. He is a very nervous man, is infected with malaria, and the expense of this trip with the consequent loss of time means much to him. He wanted to be absolutely free to go and come without having to consult any one. Then I saw that I needed help, scrambling over great blocks of stone and getting up and down enormously high stone stairways, quite dangerous in places. I needed a guide all to myself. I was so happy when I found how very wisely Monsieur C. had decided, that I said so to his wife on coming back, and since then there has been a little more cordiality on his part than hitherto. We are not congenial, and he has traveled so much for mine owners and corporations, has been so accustomed to guide himself with charts which he often makes himself, that he had no need for a guide, nor did he want to spend his time helping me, keeping me from breaking my neck. His wife is from Poland and is one of the best wives I have ever seen. She helps him wherever possible but never exacts anything from him, is always trying to spare him, in fact. He has a care-worn face and I should feel real sympathy for him were he less hard on others. He has had several stormy scenes with our cook. He says the man is not

straight in his accounts. I can understand this point of view, but he is always hard on servants, speaks harshly, thinks that is the best way of managing them. I do not. I want them to like us and serve us willingly, but as I said, he works as hard for me as for himself, for we are sharing expenses. Madame expressed a wish one day to take a ride on an elephant and I said I should willingly bear the expense, but she told me each person had to pay separately, two silver dollars for a half day. I spoke to the manager to engage an elephant for Madame and myself for yesterday afternoon. I asked if he would object to Monsieur accompanying us. When he understood that I alone intended to pay, he consented readily, but afterwards got me to change the afternoon as he wanted to take his family to the yearly fishing festival on the two elephants. When Monsieur C. heard the afternoon had been changed as a convenience to the manager's family, he was strong in his condemnation of the man whose business it was to please the tourists. I looked upon it as a very simple thing for us to change the day, whereas the manager could only take his family on the day of the yearly fishing festival. Then Monsieur C. dislikes the Chinese and he has heard me say that I like them, the same with the Japanese. One other thing: some American tourists, those moving-picture people, acted very offensively to the French officials. The government has instructed them to do what they can for tourists, but their well-meant courtesies were mistaken, and the French heard them warning each other against being cheated by the officials. This has thrown the Americans under a cloud. I have often had reason, when abroad, to regret the rudeness of my countrymen. It is always those who cannot speak the language and who are ignorant of foreign customs.

A day or two ago, the guide was carrying me through the little village near here to show me some creepers bearing the betel leaves, when my attention was called to a raised platform covered with a roof. On this platform a crowd of Cambodians was gathered. They were busily cooking over several fires. I asked for an explanation and was told there was to be a native wedding. I immediately wanted to see the preparations and secure an invitation to the wedding. I ascended the platform by a ladder and was politely received by the natives, all of whom, men and women, were engaged in preparing every known Cambodian delicacy for the wedding which had been fixed for the following day at six o'clock in the morning. I was offered by each cooking group some of these delicacies, but as the natives offered them in their fingers I had a prejudice against eating them. However, not wishing to give offense, I took a little each time and tasted it, accompanying the action by facial expressions denoting intense satisfaction and exclamations of enthusiastic delight. This was greeted by the crowd with loud laughter and genuine pleasure. I became immensely popular, a desirable guest who appreciated everything thoroughly but whose bad digestion did not permit any excess in eating. The guide explained this to them and told them how delicious and tempting I found the food. Next morning I was on hand at the early hour to witness the ceremony, but I then learned that it had been postponed owing to the funds having given out, and that the bridegroom was off trying to negotiate a loan. I was surprised, for I had seen so much material for cooking the day before: flour, grated cocoanut, vermicelli (a native product which looks very pretty and is said to be mucilaginous), fowls, and every kind of vegetables. I began to fear

I might not see this ceremony after all, for if the bridegroom had as many difficulties to overcome as Yuan Shi Kai with the Chinese loan I should be elsewhere when the wedding took place. Happily for me the loan was successfully negotiated, and next morning at six o'clock, on my arrival, I was carried into an adjoining house to see the bride. She had on a "penoong" and jacket of various and conflicting colors, her headdress was extremely gaudy with dangling ornaments hanging about the forehead, her black hair rising in a cone from the crown of the head. I gave her a silver dollar as my modest contribution which seemed to satisfy the women attendants, who all wanted to talk to me. I then went out for fresh air. We had to wait a long time for the bridegroom and his clan, but they came at last. He was immediately taken in charge by three men of importance, one being the mayor. He was seated under an Areca palm which bears the nut chewed so generally in the Orient. The whole ceremony, at which no priest was present, seemed to combine a "cult" of the betel with the civil ceremony of marriage. In front of the groom, placed on the ground, were three small, prettily formed pyramids made of the tassels of the Areca and its nuts in all stages of ripeness. A cooked pig's head on a brass platter and many other dishes of food were placed in a circle around him. His seat was a low stool so that he could have the pleasure of smelling all these viands and convincing himself that his money had been well spent. Two of the men in charge then took him by the hands and led him up the ladder where he was received by a young girl, representing the bride's family. Water was poured on their joined hands and on his feet (not enough, I thought) from a small vase. Then his conductors took him to

two mats spread side by side on the platform, each provided with a small cushion covered by a white cloth. Here he was put in a painfully cramped position, leaning forward with the palms of his hands spread out on the cushion. In this constrained posture, he was left for a long time, while his friends drank white liquor, ate sweetmeats, and chewed betel at their ease. From time to time, one would kneel beside him and repeat a prayer to which nobody paid any attention except perhaps the unfortunate groom. The onlooking crowd laughed at every incident and made their remarks thereon; the old women, as befitting their age and experience, vociferated advice at every moment. A dog fight occurred. All the food, including the grinning pig's head, was brought up the ladder and placed in a circle around the tortured groom. To these things were added some live ducks and chickens, a cock and a hen, all on brass dishes and extremely dissatisfied with the arrangements. Musicians were seated just outside the food circle and played continuously. I rather liked the music, the drums were not too loud and the instruments were all extremely curious, but the tom-tom man made a horrible din from time to time. From big boxes and hampers packages of food done up in fresh banana leaves were distributed to the crowd. A notary was inscribing something to one side and taking up a collection of copper coins from all present. My guide told them I had already paid a silver dollar, which was no doubt considered munificent and befitting my rank. I was offered cigars, betel, and fruit, all of which I declined very politely, signifying by gestures that my stomach was very full. I had breakfasted before I left the house. My guide smoked and ate freely. He was absurdly ignorant on every subject, and by nature pro-

foundly lazy and stupid, but so invaluable to me that I almost loved him. At last the bride was brought and put on the other mat in the same painfully crouching position. Her advent did not stop the laughter nor the eating nor the drinking (the latter only by the select few), but it was a hopeful sign to the much-enduring groom. Now more praying to which nobody listened except the young couple. Then tallow candles were lit and extinguished, the smoke therefrom blown into the face of the groom, this repeated several times, and as a finishing touch, the smut from the wicks smeared on the faces of both. The groom's face was already ornamented with dots of white paint with which the bride's was also smeared. A ring of persons was now formed around the couple, and lighted tallow candles passed from hand to hand many times. Everybody was gay, full of laughter and talk, even the three officiating chief men were boisterous at times in their mirth. Only the young couple was serious—the groom from long endurance of the torturing posture, also, perhaps, from the journey he had been forced to take in order to raise the supplementary loan. At last the sorely tried couple, after the performance of many puerile ceremonies in which the betel played a conspicuous part (the pyramids of tassels and nuts having been dismantled), were allowed to enter the cabin and repose on a mat, having been declared man and wife. I left the scene while the music, the feasting, and the noise were still going on, and were likely to continue for a long time. The bridal presents were baskets of rice, bundles of vermicelli, and such like produce. There were quantities of cooked chicken and the body of a cooked pig, huge caldrons of boiled rice which I was pleased to see was of the dark kind, and bananas, besides packages and boxes of provisions—

a very aristocratic wedding which feasted everyone connected with the two families.

Among the many kindnesses of M. Mercier, the French Resident, at Siem Réap was the change of our bullock carts for others with cane-bottomed seats. They hold two persons. The driver sits on the tongue or pole. They have no springs, but the seats have a back and the cane bottoms are a great improvement. That first evening we had to sit flat on our belongings in the most cramped and uncomfortable positions. My guide told me the other day that last December a tiger came into the court yard of the bungalow and killed his dog. He heard the noise, as it was only half-past ten at night, opened his door and raised such an alarm that the tiger ran away, leaving the dead dog. I don't know whether the tale is true or not, but at night I believe it and am afraid a tiger may enter the open door. We sleep with doors and windows opened wide. I asked the guide's cousin, the custodian of the bungalow, if there were any truth in the tale. He said a panther had indeed come into the court and killed a dog, but that did not reassure me, as the panthers over here are big and fierce. Monsieur C. told me that in traveling in Laos, a province in the north of Siam, he heard of a district entirely deserted by its inhabitants because they could not withstand the tigers, which were too numerous to be resisted. Monsieur Mercier told me that the French government paid four dollars for every tiger or panther skin in order to reduce the number, and Monsieur C. who went down to Siem Réap to see M. Mercier, returning late after dark, said the odor of wild beasts was very strong in the woods. It seems, from what he tells me, that tigers and panthers give out a strong odor at night in the tropics. Well, I am glad the two Cambodian

dames took the room next mine. I now have persons on either side of me. I laugh at my fears during the day but never at night. I look upon the mosquito net as a protection, hoping it will frighten off the tigers.

When the custodian of the bungalow told me he wanted the elephants to go to the fish-catching festival I immediately decided to go also. The guide warned me it was too severe a trip, his cousin also said it was only possible on elephants, but I persisted, not believing either of them. I took the guide with me in the cane-bottom bullock cart pulled by two lively and vicious bullocks. The custodian put all his family on one elephant while a party of his friends were crowded into the howdah on the other. I had to stop at Siem Réap to change carts, as mine was about to lose a wheel. When M. Mercier saw me he was amazed to hear I was going to the festival, a distance of thirteen miles each way from our bungalow over dreadful roads. He said: "Stop on your return and let me hear how you stood the trip." I said I should, but I did not for very good reasons. Of course I did not understand that not a single person of all our numerous party knew the road. The elephants carried huge loads in the oddest looking howdahs I have ever seen, shaped like a double fronted poke bonnet. One of the elephants had a young one a couple of years old following it. My cart began by fording the river, and the bullocks were nearly swimming; my feet got under the water but I held up my clothing. Then off we went at first on a good road, but soon we lost our way and got into rice fields with the filthiest water. The bullocks lashed this mire all over me with their tails. They had such unnaturally long tails with bushy ends, seemingly made to besprinkle and bedaub with. The driver tried to hold their tails

but had to give it up. I was a sight to behold, and such jolting and plunging in the loose ooze as I never experienced in all my life. The young elephant was supremely happy. He ate his fill of the ears of rice, and like all young creatures was insatiable. He did great damage to the crops. At last the custodian took a horse from one of the outriders and succeeded in finding someone to guide us. We then went across fields where no roads existed, thumped and bumped until I felt in a state approaching dissolution. The driver kept pointing to his haunches to indicate that he was very sore indeed. He was seated on the plank at the end of the tongue. I had no time to consider the state of his bruises or to offer any remedy for them. On such occasions, only the primitive instincts of self-preservation remain. After what seemed an eternity, during which the driver kept assuring me the cart could never reach the fishing place, we did get there, and it was happiness not unmixed to tumble out and hobble on my feet. We saw about three hundred men out in the shallow waters of a lake left in the woods by the recession of the great lake. They had hamper baskets in their hands and drove the fish into nets and dipped them out with the baskets. I never saw so many fish in my life. The scene was picturesque, too. The governor, a native, was there to see that the administration got one out of every ten baskets of fish. They were cut and salted and laid out to dry in the sun. The governor offered me a chair and the custodian's wife introduced me to her select circle of friends. She, too, is an Indian from Pondicherry. She had her three children with her and a young woman help, half Annamite and half Chinese, who was almost white; the custodian's wife was very dark. There was also a lady

cousin from Pondicherry with pretty features and exquisite teeth, and two Japanese ladies. I was asked to dine with the party. Indeed they all treated me with extreme courtesy. The dinner was very good; hot fried fish, a cold capon, a curry made of wild duck, with dainties for dessert. The ladies at dinner spoke with great disparagement of the Cambodian ladies and their customs. I think they were jealous of them. The wife of the custodian had the best manners. She was the dispenser of hospitality and an attentive hostess. One of the Japanese ladies was extremely pretty with a very handsome gold watch and chain. She bears a French name. At least so she was introduced to me. After dinner quilts were spread for the siesta, which is the universal habit over here, but I wanted to get back. I had seen everything and the way was long. My watch, too, deceived me. The many thumps and bumps may have deranged its mechanism. At any rate it was an hour and a half fast, so I packed up two fine fishes, still living, in the bark of the Areca and took my seat in the cart. The reluctant guide and driver, the latter still patting his bruised muscles and appealing for sympathy, had to follow me. He now knew the road, the bullocks had already done their worst. We avoided the rice fields and the greater part of the roadless way. It was, however, very hot, but we drove fast enough to have a breeze and avoid the dust. When at length we reached Siem Réap, though I longed to stop and have a cool drink, I was too afraid of being seen by M. Mercier, so we hurried through the village. Bullocks are so much stronger than horses. Our bullocks kept up a lively trot and we made the thirteen miles in good time. The sun was still shining brightly when I got back to the bungalow, and I had time to bathe, wash out

my dress, clean my hat, change my clothing entirely, and then at last rest before dinner. The jolting wore a hole in my dress behind. It washes like a rag and does not need ironing. I hang it out at night and the creases all fall out.

PNOM-PENH,
March 23, 1913.

The day before we left Angkor, we took our elephant ride—my guide and I on one beast, Monsieur C. and Madame on the other, with Master Elephant following and eating branches the whole three miles. We went to Siem Réap to see the cremation of a Buddhist priest or bonze. On arriving, we followed the crowd and saw the float very gaudily but pleasingly decorated rising in tiers to the casket, which occupied the top of the tall structure. It all glittered with gold and silver leaf ornaments. The people were pulling it and extremely happy, for there is no more popular festival than the cremation of a favorite bonze. I believe they think there is nothing more becoming in the life of a bonze than his taking leave of it. It is necessary, however, to wait seven or more months before the fun begins, during which time the remains are preserved in oil. For many consecutive days they haul their beloved pastor on his float to the sound of music, of jest, and of laughter, with much eating and drinking thrown in. There are also sports of acrobats and the dancing of young men and maidens in fantastic costumes resembling their architecture. The present festival was not so grand as the one Sedley and I witnessed in Burma where two superior bonzes were cremated. At Siem Réap, a very old bonze was still hanging on to life. He was carried in a suspended palanquin borne by many men with a great

red and yellow umbrella held over him. He looked very grave, the only serious member of the company. I did not, however, have the satisfaction of seeing the cremation ceremony. As in Burma, we had to leave before the final act. Monsieur Mercier overwhelmed us with kindnesses. He sent us home in his carriage and ordered the driver to spend the night at the bungalow so as to bring us in next day to lunch with him, after which his carriage took us a long distance on our return journey. We blessed that man who seems the soul of generosity and courtesy.

As there were parts of the ruins I wanted to see again, I was up that last morning before daylight, had my breakfast, and was off in my cart to Angkor Thom, two miles distant. Angkor Watt is near the bungalow. I was back punctually at eight o'clock and paid a last visit to Angkor Watt and then had a rest before the carriage took us to Siem Réap to lunch. The lunch was fine and we enjoyed it in much comfort. M. Mercier gave Madame and me each a panther's skin, very prettily spotted. I had second choice, so mine is not quite so pretty as Madame's. I shall send it to John Davis. He will have to pay duty on it and pay to have it made into a rug with teeth and stuffed head, but I imagine he will like it. We left M. Mercier's house in his carriage which took us to where our carts were waiting. They had carried our luggage very early that morning, and having cane-bottom seats, the drive did not compare in discomforts to our first one. The dust was terrible and again the wind was at our back. We reached the lake shore at sundown. The bullocks pulled us out to our sampan, but it was a neat little sampan all to ourselves. It belongs to the government and M. Mercier rented it to us. It was not only

much cheaper than our postal sampan but far more comfortable. We were again three days on the lake which is very large. At high water, it is 125 miles long and 25 broad, but in the long dry season it shrinks and becomes very shallow, averaging a little over a yard in depth. It is also traversed by sand banks which render any kind of navigation troublesome. At this season of low water the fishermen build their houses on posts of bamboo over the water, and the fish they catch is something almost incredible. We were given all the fish we wanted to eat, both going and coming, free of charge. The fishermen would dip a basket into an enclosure staked off in the water and offer us our choice of the struggling fish. On our return, it was a great relief to be rid of the native passengers we carried on the postal sampan. Monsieur C. has lived so many years in the forests hunting for mines for various companies in many parts of the world, in the Ural Mountains, in Asia, and in Russia, and all over this peninsula that he has acquired curious habits. For instance, he never wore shoes and socks on the sampan. I did not object to this, though I did not imitate it, but what I objected to was a nervous habit he had of always playing with his toes, pushing his fingers between them, and running his finger nails under the toe nails. At meals, he continued this between each course and then cut the bread for his wife and me. I tried to obtain permission to cut the bread myself, but this he would not permit, saying it was too hard, which indeed it was, for it had all been baked in Pnom-Penh before we started. Then I tried to tempt him to wash his hands before each meal, hoping to get my slice of bread cut immediately after, but it was no use. I washed my hands ostentatiously and then filled the basin with fresh water and made the proposal for

general handwashing. He paid not the slightest attention to it. Then I would say to myself (I always fly to the Bible in time of trouble): "Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment," and choke down the stale bread. It is true he bathed every day in the muddy waters of the lake, jumping in and wading around. He uniformly behaved in a very modest manner, excessively so in many respects. But for this habit of toying with his toes all the time he was seated, which was particularly objectionable when we were at meals, there would have been nothing in his conduct to criticize. Since our return, he has given me a bill of my expenses and has acted very honorably, debiting me with only one-half the expense of the elephant ride when I had offered to pay it all. He worked hard to keep down expenses, and while I thought him unnecessarily hard on the coolies and on the cook (he had no sympathy for Orientals), I owe him the trip which I could not have taken alone. I feel very grateful to him and peculiarly so to his wife who is an admirable woman. She showed me many little attentions en route in the sampan, when the heat was almost unbearable during the day. He is a silent man and she lends herself to his every humor. I told her that all the men should go to Poland for wives.

The photos I send will give you a better idea of the marvelous ruins of Angkor Watt and Angkor Thom than anything I can say. They are perfectly beautiful in their setting of tropical forests. I was completely fascinated by these forests and longed for the leisure to go deeper and deeper into them. Some of the trees are exactly like fluted columns, for they are formed of three or more which have grown together with the most perfect symmetry. There are other white barked trees,

figus of India, I think they are called, which look like dancing girls spreading their skirts around them in the dance. This effect is produced by the tall, thin white roots which have arranged themselves in strange swirls and curves about the stem. Angkor Watt is the best preserved and most beautiful ruin I have ever seen. It is a marvel of Indian art. It has three encircling walls, each enclosing a higher courtyard, till upon the third and last one, which is entirely paved, rises the imposing mass of the great central temple, built of huge stones. Its four façades are approached by immensely high flights of stone steps, three to each side, making in all twelve gigantic stairways leading up to this Holy of Holies. At each corner of this massive temple rises a splendid tower, while from the middle springs the greatest tower of all over the central dome under which is the sanctuary, where one sees still many idols preserved. But so many bats have taken refuge there that I was afraid to enter it. Around the second encircling wall is a gallery wherein are huge bas-reliefs representing scenes from the Sanskrit poems. Outside the first wall is an enormous moat making an island of the grounds on which stand these superb ruins. Angkor Thom is two miles distant. It has been invaded to such an extent by the tropical forests that in many places it has been devoured by the trees, while in others the long roots and creepers still hold the stones together. But everywhere the rich vegetation threatens the remaining ruins with destruction. The French are cutting it all away and propping up the stones, but these efforts to preserve necessarily destroy much of the charm. Every tower at Angkor Thom has a huge bas-relief of Brahma on each of its four sides. These faces of Brahma, which Pierre Loti seems to take

for those of a woman, are extremely interesting and well carved, some in perfect preservation, others dislocated by the vines and trees, growing on the towers. Many of the carvings at these ruins, particularly those of Angkor Watt, possess much delicacy and charm, together with such a lifelike grace that they must rank high as works of art. When I went through India with Sedley in 1897, I do not remember seeing any such beautiful carvings.

KAMPOT, CAMBODIA,
March 26, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I wrote last soon after reaching Pnom-Penh on my return from the ruins of Angkor. While I was still in the bungalow, a French photographer, who was taking views of the ruins, told me that the caves of Kampot were very remarkable and that I should certainly visit them. As the place is easily reached from Pnom-Penh and I had time to spare, I determined to do so. This photographer came to the bungalow with two Cambodian women who had the room next to mine and who so tranquillized my mind apropos of the tigers till their incessant talk made me realize that real troubles are worse than imaginary ones. I got out of bed in the night, put on my dressing-gown, and found the photographer on the front veranda where, on hearing my complaint, he straightway caused the Cambodian ladies to shut up so effectually that neither by day nor by night did I ever hear the murmur of their voices again, so that indeed I began to feel very sorry for these poor mute creatures. Monsieur C., too, complained of them to the poor photographer. I believe they were his assistants in his photography, for he always called

them *mes Cambogiennes*. Monsieur C. said they often walked the veranda in front of his room and always looked in, so they were reprimanded for this also. I was truly sorry for them.

Well, as for the caves of Kampot, they are not worth visiting, but they may have made pretty pictures for the photographer. To return to Pnom-Penh, Monsieur and Madame C. left for Saigon, and I missed them very much, for we always had merry conversations at table. Monsieur's manners were all that could have been desired as soon as he got shoes on his feet. After they left I felt quite isolated. I went one afternoon to visit the royal palace. It was about five o'clock and the aide-de-camp of the king received me. In a little while a jolly-looking man came into the room and advanced with extended hand. I asked: "Is this the king or the minister of the palace?" "The king," answered the aide-de-camp. He has a fine open face, eyes full of good humor, is seventy-three years old, I heard, and takes life very easy. His duties are shadowy, his pay never withheld, his palace and grounds ample. It was he indeed who asked for a French protectorate, as his neighbors were threatening to invade him. The kings of Cambodia trace a direct descent from the royal race who built the marvels of Angkor Watt and Angkor Thom, and the present king has an easy dignity and good humor which inspire liking. He asked me to take a seat and the aide-de-camp translated for us, but he soon went off to take a drive under a big yellow silk umbrella. I walked about the grounds and went into the royal pagoda. It is paved with plaques of solid silver, is big too, and there is a little image of Buddha carved out of a solid emerald, but it is in such a lofty shrine that I could not see it well.

Between Pnom-Penh and Kampot there is a regular

automobile service twice a week which takes the whole day for the trip. Then there is another private auto service which competes with the post machine. The chauffeur came to see me and charged twenty dollars for the trip. I told him I had decided to take the post for six dollars for the round trip. He then said he was making the trip anyway and would take me at the same price. We left yesterday at seven o'clock in the morning, I sitting in front with the chauffeur, and the body of the vehicle filled with native mothers and babies. On the way we took a good many more passengers with luggage and packages. The chauffeur worked so hard to satisfy his patrons that he quite enlisted my sympathies. I think he is the owner of the machine. The babies paid nothing and took up much room. There were also boys who expected to travel at half price, so there was hard work for the energetic Frenchman. One discontented passenger in a fine "penoong" and white linen jacket refused to be packed like a sardine. He refused also to be seated on a leather valise at the side of the machine between the wheels, so I offered him a place at my feet. This seemed to him befitting his dignity and his fine clothes, so he put his bundle down in front of me and sat on it. I enjoyed the drive very much. The road was very fine, no dust, no necessity of talking to any one, with a delightfully cool wind. The distance is ninety-four miles and we got here by twelve o'clock. I got out and walked a little at some of the villages where we stopped to deliver packages. Our coming along the route was like the arrival of a circus. All the people turned out to examine the machine and talk to the passengers. The Cambodians dress like the Siamese. The women wear their hair cut short, their teeth colored black. It is hard for me to tell the men

from the women. This hotel kept by a Chinese is most primitive, not clean like the Japanese inns, dirty tablecloth, and dirty towel for a napkin, but at least I have a clean, new mosquito net and my room has a balcony. The village is beautifully situated on a tidal river, and there is nearly always a pleasant breeze from the sea. After lunch I started out for a walk. I saw the fishing boats come in laden with fish. Then I visited the market after which I watched the natives building a bridge. The French gentleman in charge of this work invited me into his house, which was very near, all the French residences are on the water front. Late in the afternoon, I went to call on the Resident. He was absent, but his servant at the Residence told me to call on his "chancelier" and guided me to the bungalow. There I found a beautiful little girl swinging in the garden. I went up to the swing and said it was a very familiar object in my home. The young man, M. Lalaurette, was very courteous. He was, in fact, the "chancelier" I was seeking. He fills the place of the Resident in his absence. When he heard I wanted to see the caves, he offered to send the trap of the Resident to carry me there, which he did this morning. The driver brought also a note from him inviting me in Madame Lalaurette's name to lunch to-day. I had a pleasant drive to the caves in the cool of the morning, but they are of little importance, as I said. On my return I mended my dress and went to the lunch. I had brought scarcely any luggage as I expected to see no society, merely the caves, and then return, for I knew the Chinese inn would not tempt me to stay. I had not seen Madame Lalaurette until to-day. She is very handsome and the little girl is a beauty. The lunch was deliciously dainty, with different kinds of

wine. I took the photographs of my children to show to the little girl. The parents were much interested in them also. I had a truly delightful visit, but I do not know whether I have done right in accepting their invitation to leave this hotel and go to them this afternoon. They were really very pressing in their invitation which I refused repeatedly because I don't know how I can ever repay them for their generous kindness, and it is embarrassing to accept so many favors.

I have not told you that at the palace in Pnom-Penh I was told that on the 11th of April there will be the great festival of the Cambodian New Year, at which time the king would order his ballet to dance in a pavilion built for the purpose. Now, the king's ballet is celebrated, and I think I had better stay and see it for I shall always repent it if I do not.

March 27, 1913.

I came to the Lalaurettes' late yesterday afternoon and they took me for a sail on the river. The tide was unprecedentedly high so that many streets of the village were submerged. M. Lalaurette said he had never seen it so high in all the years of his residence here. He told me this morning that he was born in the Island of Martinique and lost many members of his family in the dreadful eruption of 1902. He was then seventeen years of age and by chance happened to be at a country place belonging to his father. I was asking him last night about the want of sympathy of the natives for each other when they meet with accidents, more especially of the Annamites and the Chinese from the southern provinces. He told me that when they are condemned to death they laugh, that when they are being executed they laugh likewise, that with them laughter does not

mean the same thing as with the white race. He said also a well-bred Chinaman never shows anger. It would be in the highest degree plebeian and unworthy of his rank. He informed me that 30% of the criminals among the Annamites were Christian converts. When one considers what a small percentage of the population the Christians are, this is startling. He says when they abandon their ancestor worship, which imposes a strong moral restraint upon their actions, they lose their moral balance and become utterly untrustworthy. The form of Christianity here is Catholic, of course. I am very happy in this cultivated and charming family. The little girl is angelic in appearance and behavior. We paid a visit this morning to the wife of the gentleman who invited me into his house the day of my arrival, and afterwards, at my request, we went to the market. I bought a big pomolo, also some inferior papayas, not like the superb specimens in the Philippines, and some strange fruit I wanted to taste. Madame protested strongly against these insignificant purchases, but the dear child was amused. She is just four years old. Madame said the natives charged me treble prices but what I spent was insignificant.

Yesterday morning, while driving to the cave, I was greeted by a broadly grinning native. It was he of the bright penoong and white jacket whom I had permitted to sit at my feet in the motor. His smiles were so friendly that I was pleased. Passing the hotel on my way to the market, I was again greeted by friendly grins. It was the Chinaman who had served me in that dirty dining-room on the ground floor. I had paid him well for abominable fare: greasy onion soup, fish (broiled on the coals) too dry to swallow, potatoes, with infinitesimal bananas for dessert.

Everybody tells me here that all the work is done by Chinese or Annamites. The Cambodians refuse to work for others. They love to fish in the great lake, and the soil yields bananas and grain. They have rice fields which they cultivate for themselves but not for sale. None of these people, except the Chinese, is capable of continued effort. Monsieur C. said the French have to be very indulgent to their native soldiers, for if they are subjected to rigorous discipline they age quickly and lose what vigor they had before. When one considers how happily these people can live with but little labor, why should Europeans try to introduce the unremitting toil of their working classes among them. M. Lalaurette confirms all that Monsieur C. told me. He has more general culture than Monsieur C. and it is a great pleasure to talk to him.

Friday, March 28, 1913.

I had engaged my place in the automobile for tomorrow to return to Pnom-Penh, but Monsieur and Madame Lalaurette have persuaded me to stay three days longer. I want to stay and yet I dread to wear out my welcome. We were invited out last night to play auction bridge.

KAMPOT, CAMBODIA,
April 5, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I am still here with the Lalaurette family. I was to have gone last Wednesday, but Madame Lalaurette was again so pressing that I agreed to stay until tomorrow, Sunday, on condition that nobody should press me to stay longer but permit me to depart in peace. I shall have been here eleven days. It has been extremely

pleasant for me, for when I decided to wait for the Cambodian New Year, which it seems will not be until the 13th of this month, I dreaded the long stay at that hotel at Pnom-Penh. I do not feel pressed for time, as I have the whole summer for Java, but I am longing to hear from home, and my mail is waiting for me in Bangkok.

Kampot is a very pleasant place, with a breeze from the sea and the tide which comes up to the town. Along this river are the houses of the French inhabitants. The house of the French Resident is very handsome. We were invited there to a very elegant lunch a few days ago. His wife, Madame Poiret, is young, handsome, and very aristocratic in appearance. She has her first child, a boy of scarcely two months. I have got acquainted with all the French Residents, and we visit late in the afternoon very informally. I have told them all good-bye with many good wishes and compliments so often that I am ashamed to recommence it to-day. Monsieur Poiret and his wife are to dine here to-night, together with the French doctor and his old mother. The latter is three years younger than I am but stoops so badly it makes her appear older.

I am ashamed to confess that I brought no dresses except my old traveling dress and a dressing-gown. I was far from expecting to be entertained in this charming manner. Monsieur Lalaurette is one of the brightest and most agreeable men I have ever met, so broad minded and cultivated. He lost his mother, grandmother, a brother, and some other relatives in the dreadful eruption in Martinique. He has still a younger brother and a sister. His father is also living in Martinique, a broken man since that terrible time.

This colony is going through a period of terror owing to bombs being found and incendiary placards posted in Saigon and in Pnom-Penh. In Saigon four bombs were discovered on one day, and the police tear down posters exhorting the people to poison and assassinate the French, or kill them in any other way most convenient—not very pleasant reading these hot days. If I can judge by M. Lalaurette, the officials here are worked very hard. He works nine or ten hours a day and rarely has time to accompany us anywhere. He tries to find a little time to read a few pages of English with me daily. He understands it wonderfully well, appreciates its humor and wit, but he cannot speak it fluently. I tell the little girl the French stories I used to tell Mary. She is only four, very intelligent and beautiful. Madame Lalaurette promised to have some Annamite dishes prepared for me to-day. She described to me a famous Annamite sauce prepared in this way: In a barrel are placed alternate layers of fish and salt; when full this is placed in the tropical sun where it remains until the fish is entirely decomposed. Then the liquor is drawn off as clear as white wine. This sauce is used on nearly all Annamite food. Madame Lalaurette says it is delicious. Her table is so good that I am inclined to eat too much. Then there are quantities of fruit now, bananas, papayas, and grapefruit. The grapefruit is prepared as a salad with mayonnaise. M. Lalaurette is so conservative that he will not eat this salad. He also turns up his nose at the Annamite fish sauce. The other day during a walk we saw in a Malay village some natives pounding rice. I said: "This is surely natural rice, unpolished. I advise you to buy some." Madame L. immediately purchased all we could bring home. Monsieur L. had

a laugh at our expense. It was rice the Malays had boiled and then after drying it they were pounding it to put aside for what we should call a rainy day.

When I get to Saigon, I hope to find something suitable to send to this dear family. I have been treated with so much cordiality and that without any letter of introduction or my intimating in any way that I was other than what I am, a simple tourist of modest means. Little Simone needs books and I hope I can find some good ones for her. Monsieur L. loves to read English books. I shall send him some from Singapore.

It appears that it is not the Cambodians who are dissatisfied at this moment with French domination, but the Annamites, who occupy all the east coast of this peninsula. The Cambodians demanded the French protectorate, as their neighbors were too strong for them. They are not numerous and cannot be relied on to do much work. They love to fish in their waters which supply them in lavish abundance. One has only to look down from the bridge into this river to see the fish in great numbers.

PNOM-PENH,
April 6, 1913.

I did not get here until nearly three o'clock this afternoon. The automobile took in a town off the route for which I had to pay extra and spend eight hours on the road. After a bath and tea, I seized on the newspapers, all pretty old, and now it is half-past seven, but I am not hungry. The Lalaurettes dined very late, which I like. Yesterday they gave me a real Annamite lunch, rice with a meat gravy and the famous sauce and various other native dishes, among them a great delicacy consisting of the sprouts from beans gathered when they

have just pierced the earth so that they are white like salad. I liked everything; most of it was slightly flavored with garlic. I think I should have liked the famous fish sauce but Monsieur prejudiced me against it.

P. S. A French gentleman who lunched with us yesterday told me about Cambodian funerals. I asked him about them for I had never seen one. He gave a very animated account of those he had attended in high Cambodian circles. The master of ceremonies hires the mourners and gives them directions when to raise and when to lower their voices during their demonstrations. He will cry out: "Now I am going to uncover the body. Weep with violence! Utter loud lamentations!" And the band of hired weepers shriek and howl and beat their breasts. The master of ceremonies is like the chef of an orchestra which he governs by voice instead of by wand. All the parties, apparently, honestly endeavor to earn their pay. I said it reminded me of the claue in the Paris theaters. The gentleman said he thought the claue had been abolished, but I am sure it has not, and what is more I do not think it a bad idea, for it encourages the actors and points out the finest passages to the audience.

We had a delightful dinner party last night. Madame Poiret, the wife of the Resident, has much grace and ease of manner and dresses in perfect French taste. Her toilets are all made in France. Madame Lalaurette is extremely pretty too. She is quiet and serious, very sincere, and I became very much attached to her, indeed to the whole family. When I parted from them this morning, they invited me to come again so cordially it touched my heart. I was delighted on reading the colonial papers here this afternoon to see that the

bombs were not dangerous ones, more intended to frighten than to cause injury. These Annamites have been greatly wounded in their feelings by the conduct of some of the French authorities in Hué, capital of Annam, not long ago. Believing a rumor to the effect that there had been buried in the ancient tomb of the kings considerable treasure, excavations were undertaken to find this supposed wealth for the government. Now the Annamite religion is a pure ancestor worship, and this desecration of the tomb of an ancestor of the young king of Annam hurt him terribly and his people sympathize with him. He wept bitterly on visiting the excavations and reproached his ministers so severely that they wept also, but he forced them to resign. The British almost lost India by violating religious prejudices in 1857. The French should take warning, and I trust the agitation against them will open their eyes to the dangers they are incurring.

Apropos of the Cambodian funerals, the French gentleman told me that the members of a family who have lost their nearest and dearest ones always laugh before strangers or when they think themselves observed, but if one watches them closely they will be seen to go aside and indulge in real grief. Their laughter is only a mask required by good manners.

PNOM-PENH, CAMBODIA,
April 14, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Monday I got off some inadequate presents for the Lalaurette family. I enclose Madame's charming letter acknowledging them. Having time on my hands here, I visited the government school for native boys and that of the French friars. Both told me

that the religion of the Cambodians was a very serious handicap to them and was causing them to be thrust aside in economical competition with Chinese and Annamites. These latter have the ancestor worship of the Chinese, and both races appreciate fully the advantages the schools give, especially in teaching a knowledge of French. The Cambodians, like the Siamese, are devoted Buddhists. They put their sons in the hands of bonzes at an early age, where they remain for several years. They are taught very little and are grounded in the crude notions of science which existed many centuries ago, for Buddha preceded Christ some five hundred years. The morality taught is said to be very good, but the boys leave the monastery school at the age of fourteen or fifteen with their intellects atrophied, and with fixed habits of indolence and reverie. They then go to the government school to learn French mostly, but find themselves so inferior to the Annamite and Chinese boys of nine or ten that they grow discouraged and give up the struggle. This is the testimony of both the friars and the French professors. The administration, with a view to remedy somewhat this state of things, has sought and is still seeking to introduce into the schools of the bonzes books containing elementary notions of science, history, and geography but the bonzes are raising obstacles to this. They incited the natives, fathers and mothers of the pupils, to a revolt in an important town on the Mekong River. They say the government is trying to undermine the Buddhist religion, which as taught by them explains eclipses as being caused by the swallowing of the moon or the sun by some fabulous monster which is chased away by their incantations. They are thus able to render themselves extremely useful. The bonzes do not work, and go out

once a day to beg their subsistence from rich and poor alike. One can see them with their bowls taking rice, fish, or bananas from the poorest peasants. They lead lives of poverty not acquiring riches and, I understand, give no occasion to scandals. But they are very numerous, for the Cambodians love this life of repose for mind and body. Meanwhile the Annamites and the Chinese occupy all the paying positions, and the Cambodians as a race are retrograding both in numbers and importance. The affair of the violation of the tombs is still discussed in the papers, and the disorders it has provoked cause double work to French functionaries. I have found out, however, that the great outcry raised against the French Governor-General is not entirely due to his authorizing the desecration of the royal tombs at Hué in search of buried treasure, which is in itself sufficiently reprehensible, but he came to this colony bringing ideas of *égalité et fraternité* to the natives. I find that the French here, like the English in India, will not admit for an instant such doctrines. They say with absolute conviction that the native must be kept in his place, that blows suit his state of mentality better than any reasoning about the rights of man, and the man who gives these blows is the man they respect, not the indulgent and considerate master or employer. A lady near me at table is very eloquent on this subject, also one of my acquaintances at Kampot; both tell of ungrateful and thieving servants. Monsieur and Madame Lalaurette treat their servants with great kindness and were never robbed. They complained, however, that every cook in the colony knew the exact income of his employer and regulated the percentage he took on his purchases accordingly. Madame compared from time to time what her neigh-

bors paid (each lady keeps her accounts), and what she was charged, and those whose salaries were inferior to that of M. Lalaurette paid less. The Resident paid most of all to his cook. As soon as there was a promotion, the cook was the first to have intelligence of it and expenses increased accordingly. There is no way of avoiding this, and the philosophical simply submit to it. The Lalaurettes paid their cook ten dollars in gold, he being supposed to furnish his own food, for they do not care for European cooking. I imagine they eat all the chicken and meat that is left over. Indeed, Madame told me she did not in this hot climate try to keep things over-night. As so many more servants are required in the Orient than at home, the final cost may be said to be the same as in our country. The Lalauettes, in addition to their three servants, employ two prisoners, one of whom seemed as efficient as their "boy." The French employ the word "boy" for a house servant who waits in the dining-room. They have abandoned the use of *garçon* for the English word pronounced a little oddly. The French professor spoke with respect of Buddhism, saying it was a moral religion, but the friars denounce the religion of all the natives as being purely an effort to propitiate demons and genii. They repeated several times with conviction that these religions were founded entirely on fear, as though fear were not an element in our religion. In both schools I was told that the boys smoke very young, from three and four years of age. One of the friars told me he had seen children smoking before they were weaned. He said he did not believe it interfered with their health, but the fact remains that old age comes very early here. I asked the priests if they taught Catholicism to the native pupils. They said "no," the

parents would not send the boys if Christianity were taught them. I think this shows a very laudable liberality, for the boys certainly need teaching and couldn't get it otherwise. The professor said the friars were only intent on making money. I think the competition between the two systems of education salutary to both. The friars seem extremely zealous to give good instruction, especially in French and in arithmetic. The government schools wish to emphasize elementary ideas of science. In the French paper I read there is an article every day about a village school teacher and his wife in Auvergne in France. He tried to employ the manual of history that the Department of Education furnished, but this manual had been placed on the "index" by the Pope, and the village curate ordered the pupils to refuse it saying it taught that our ancestors lived in caverns and were rude barbarians, savages in fact, which was contrary to the account given in Genesis of the creation of Adam and Eve. The school teacher represented that he was not able to reject a book imposed on him by his superiors. In consequence of the feeling among the villagers and the incitement of the curate, an attempt was made to assassinate the teacher and his wife, who assisted her husband in the school. The attempt failed. Then they received a letter signed by the little girl they had just lost telling them where their conduct would lead them and how it distressed their child in Heaven. The attempt to assassinate was made last November, but justice was so powerless against the unanimity of the populace that no action was taken by the court till pressure from Paris was brought to bear on it. I had more than one argument with M. Lalaurette on this subject. He says the government has no right to

force a book on parents which, according to their belief, will carry their children to eternal damnation, since the Holy Father has placed it on the "index." I think the first duty of the state is to watch over the healthy development of the minds and bodies of children. I do not carry this doctrine to any extreme extent, however, as much must be allowed to individual liberty. Still I hold as an article of faith that the state should watch over the young and protect them as much as possible from ignorance and vice. It is a very difficult situation in Auvergne, but I think the authority of the state should be maintained. It is very likely that the male portion of the population has been terrorized by the curate and the women. The hotel keeper there told one of the teachers that she must not expect to stay in his hotel, as he could not draw on himself the hostility of the curate. The only defense the state has is in education, and when one sees what ignorance has brought Spain and Mexico to, one must sympathize with the French government in its campaign of enlightenment. The Catholics in this colony gain no little influence by their fête days which are highly appreciated by the natives who call Christmas the Catholic 14th of July. While I was having such a delightful time in Kampot the king gave a very grand Cambodian dance in honor of the marriage of the chief Resident, M. Outrey. When I heard this I was certainly discouraged, for I have been staying in this country long over the time allotted in order to see these celebrated dances. I was told, however, that on the 13th, yesterday, would fall the Cambodian New Year and most probably the dances would be repeated on such an occasion. They were indeed appointed for the 10th and 11th but a violent rain occurred on both days. Had it been given in the Palace,

it would not have mattered, but a pavilion had been flimsily constructed in the park near this hotel and it was inundated each evening. However, Saturday was a clear day throughout, and late that afternoon I found the pavilion ready for the dances so I went at eight, but they did not begin until ten. All around the pavilion was stationed a compact mass of native spectators, while inside in a circle were seated on mats numbers of native women and children. Among the women were some dozen, perhaps, who had formerly belonged to the ballet of his majesty. These wore a scarf of colored silk to distinguish them. They were dressed in the usual penoong, barelegged and barefooted. When I entered the pavilion, I noticed a white boy of perhaps seven striking with a stick as hard as he could right and left among the mass of native boys who did not dare to retaliate. He had no doubt heard it preached that only by blows could the natives be kept in their places. I was about to interfere when the boy, tired perhaps by the violence of his exertions, left off and went out. Seats had been provided for the Europeans, and I amused myself watching the crowd. Near me were some native women with children of mixed blood. These children took the chairs provided for Europeans, but the mothers mostly stood behind them. I only saw one such woman seated who held a pretty little half-breed girl on her lap. All these evidently enjoyed a rank superior to the other natives. The children wore shoes and stockings, a very distinctive mark, and foreign clothing. The little natives were mostly naked or nearly so. It was after ten when the king arrived with quite a suite of ministers and attendants. Handsome upholstered chairs were arranged in a row in front. The king took his place in one after saluting the foreign

visitors shaking hands with each of us. He wore several conspicuous orders pinned on his white linen coat, the sleeves of which were trimmed with gold lace. His ministers took seats behind us. A table was placed near his Majesty covered with a gaudily embroidered velvet cover on which stood a carafe of incrustated metal, very handsome, then a singular looking idol in metal which must have contained something, also a very peculiar wide-brimmed vessel which I asked to know the use of and was told that its usage did not bear being talked about in mixed company. Soon after the king's arrival we heard the *Marseillaise*. We all stood up as we had done for the king, and the chief Resident entered with his beautiful wife. He was divorced from his first wife. He had married this fascinating creature, an actress, and the Cambodian fête had been given them while I was in Kampot. If I had a handsome dress, I should call on reception day at the Residence. It is my place to pay the first call, but in case I did so I should find myself in a salon full of exquisitely dressed ladies, and that would be embarrassing. The chief Resident and his wife took places by the side of the king. Madame Outrey was kind enough to arrange her seat so as not to obstruct my view of the dances and said something to me to that effect. She was dressed in exquisite taste. The dances were a disappointment to me because they were not performed by the king's regular troupe but by young people who are being trained for them. The toilets were in most cases not very handsome; only two were really handsome costumes. Of course, I could get a pretty good idea of the dances from them, but I think I missed a good deal in being absent on the special occasion when his Majesty did his utmost in honor of the French bride. The king gave a good

deal of money to the performers and to the dames in the silk scarfs, his former dancing girls, who went in twos and threes to kneel before him with supplicating hands. His Majesty laughs all the time, has a big, good-natured mouth. I have heard it is the custom in the royal family to marry sisters, as any other wife would be inferior to the sacred person of the king. I have inquired about this but no one has been able to inform me correctly. I shall have to go to the friars, I suppose, to get this information. I had a second letter from Madame Lalaurette to-day. I shall enclose both, as she writes so charmingly. She is more like home folks in her ideas and manners than like a foreigner. There is no kind of coquetry about her although she is so pretty. She makes all her own dresses, and makes them well too but, of course, they have not exactly the same "cachet" as those of Madame Poiret, which come from France. Madame Poiret came to Pnom-Penh last Monday and called on me next day. She is extremely pretty and dresses in exquisite taste, which makes her quite fascinating. Madame Lalaurette's postscript refers to a jest of mine which she apparently took seriously. We had discussed the advantages and disadvantages of being a woman. In writing to her I said I had forgotten the most important argument in favor of being a woman which was that were I a man I should be dominated by some woman whereas I was free because I was a woman.

April 16, 1913.

Yesterday afternoon I went to the palace to see the boxers of his Majesty. Seats were arranged in the great pavilion with its enormous roof under which all the breezes entered. Four flights of steps ascend to this

pavilion and I had my seat just behind the king, the French Resident, and his wife. When the boxers ran out two at a time from opposite ranks and began to spring and dance around each other, I little thought of the danger of the sport, I was so full of admiration for their lightness and grace, but after these preliminaries, never did I conceive of such volleys of blows given and received both with fists and feet, their heads vibrating like reeds under the whirlwind of blows. When one was thrown, I noticed, without taking in its sinister significance, that the umpires would go and tap him on the head as an inquiry as to whether the brain was still performing its functions, and seeing them spring up again and again to kowtow to the king at the head of the wide flight of steps, I began to think that those boxers were not made of the vulnerable stuff of our white humanity. I learned, however, that my imperfect vision prevented my seeing the wounds on their tawny skins and their eyes mashed inwards. When two and two they came up to receive the few dollars from the king or Resident, one of his Majesty's ministers sitting near me asked if I did not notice the wounds of the men and added: "It is a very dangerous sport, and they often die from it." At last one of the men who was tapped on the head could make no response and coolies were called to carry him off, his head hanging helpless to one side. The wife of the Resident got up saying she could stand it no longer and went off with her husband. All the ladies followed till I was left alone among the men. The king laughed always and gave the two or three dollars to the men who were able to mount the steps, and really they nearly all did so in their eagerness to get the money. The crowd was massed in a great circle around the court, the trees and high scaffolding were

packed with human beings, who yelled their applause as the young athletes kicked and hammered and gouged each other as though possessed with the demons of rage and hatred. When I got back, for the first time I realized the whole brutality of the scene, for my imagination is stronger than my vision and I could hardly sleep that night for thinking of all that mangled humanity groaning the night away. Such sports should be prohibited, but perhaps they are left to take the place of excitements more dangerous to the government. The official reception has been put off till tomorrow when I leave, so I shall not see that. I met yesterday the French professor at the "Box," as the French call it. He said if I came to his classroom to-day at four o'clock he would tell me all he could of the customs and institutions here. He is very intelligent and having only Cambodian and other native races in his class, he has peculiar opportunities for informing himself. He has advanced students and some of them are kin to the king. There is still controversy in the papers as to who was responsible for the violation of the tombs at Hué, nor has the agitation caused by it among the Annamites subsided. It was a criminal act in every sense, as the inviolability of the tombs is guaranteed in the French treaty with Annam. Dean Worcester told me that the secret of his influence over the wild tribes was that he kept faith scrupulously, nor ever put any measure into execution concerning them without discussing it with them thoroughly beforehand. What an error the French have committed, and for buried treasure, a motive which none can be proud to acknowledge.

Wednesday night.

I had a pleasant talk with the professor under the

trees in the school garden. He told me the king, according to custom, could only marry his own sister; that when there were not enough brothers to furnish husbands for all the sisters, some of the latter remained unmarried for this custom also prevails among the princes of the blood. The French have had a hard task to take from the king his power to inflict death without trial. They say he still does this within the palace walls, but customs are slowly ameliorating. Another great difficulty which the French encounter is to prevent torture of the accused persons by the native governors. I had to ask the professor not to tell me the horrors which he had heard from a French lawyer about this abuse, which in the interior is very difficult to prevent. The Buddhists are divided into sects, the differences being mainly in the asceticism practiced. In speaking of France, the professor said there was a great reaction going on in that country. The Catholic Church is violently hostile to the government. It has allied itself with all the reactionaries who are urging the three years' term of military service, and trying to push the country into a war with Germany believing that such a war would be successful and that it would lead to a dictatorship. I cannot believe in a war with Germany, because that country would have too much to lose in such a conflict, with Russia aiding France. But if these warlike preparations are carried too far, the people may prefer war as a solution of the question. I shall now close with oceans of love to all.

BANGKOK, SIAM,
April 24, 1913.

DEAREST FAMILY:

On the ship coming from Saigon were a French

gentleman and his wife who had been in a hospital in Saigon and were returning to their plantation home. When we reached their landing, they were met by the most tragic news. They had left two young Frenchmen on the place who came out last year gay and full of life. While in the hospital letters were received from them reporting that all was going on well on the plantation. Both young men were dead, one buried, the other just dead. They had perished miserably of lockjaw. No doctor within reach. One had begun a letter to his mother which was not finished. A year ago another employee of this planter was assassinated. When I saw the gentleman writing telegrams to the families of these two young men in France, I was deeply moved. The captain went ashore to see if there were any evidence of foul play. He came back saying they seemed to have died from natural causes. I feel very skeptical about that. The coincidence of their both having lockjaw with identical symptoms seems to me to indicate poison.

I found a warm welcome awaiting me here. Yesterday the American Minister took us to the palace compound to see the royal temples and pagodas. I don't know how much time the king spends in this particular palace, very little I fancy. On entering the enclosure, one is struck by the rows of beautiful trees, the branches cut in flat surfaces one above the other, an airy form of tree architecture. As the trees are in great numbers, the effect is quite picturesque, but attention is at once diverted to the wonderful display of coloring. The roofs of all the buildings, palaces, temples, barracks, and cloisters, the latter formed by the encircling walls, are of different shades of green and ruddy brown. Then the pagodas with their tall shafts pointing heavenward

are of gold and blue and gray porcelain encrusted with scintillating stones. Such a chaotic assemblage of colors with wonderful monsters guarding portals and elephants on pedestals and life-size statues of cows and grotesque images of lions, half-human, half-beast and enormous birds all guarding something, I never saw anywhere else in my life. It made a wonderful ensemble. The cloister walls were gaily frescoed, airy little pavilions nestled mid blossoming shrubs, the pillars of the temples are encrusted with colored stones, everywhere such a riot of color and form that one did not know where to look for fear of losing something. I take a deep interest in this young king of Siam, almost the only Oriental ruler who has preserved his independence. He wants to break with the past in the matter of marrying his sister, but the queen dowager is resolutely bent on it, I hear. No one else has a right to be queen in Siam. But the young king has traveled in Europe and revolts against this custom. His mother, however, has much influence, and with the sanction of immemorial usage and popular prejudice behind her will no doubt prevail. He is said to wish to marry a Japanese princess. I can see quite a difference between the Siamese and the inhabitants of Indo-China. The latter are no longer free. The Siamese are gentle and soft mannered, but they are firm when the foreigner demands more than they are willing to concede. Yesterday in the temple, I was anxious to enter a part where service was going on, but the young Siamese acting as my guide laid a firm hand on my arm and would not permit it. In Cambodia I went into every part of the temple among the worshipers. The soldiers I saw drilling here have a manly bearing and hold their heads high with a proud look, the look of free men not afraid of the

white race. When I was in India in 1897, I was always shocked at the haughty bearing of the English toward the natives, and while the French in Indo-China have more suavity of manner and more politeness, still there is always a show of conscious superiority. How different is the attitude of the Americans working among the Filipinos. Their whole effort seems directed to helping, teaching, elevating those backward people without a thought of exploiting or dominating them. We are giving the old world a lesson in the art of conducting colonies, and if we continue the good work as it is now being carried on and those islands are kept out of home politics, we shall astonish the world more by our achievements over there than by digging the great canal.

ON BOARD SHIP *Delhi* FOR SINGAPORE,
May 2, 1913.

DEAR FAMILY:

Before leaving Bangkok, Mrs. Irwin wrote to the Siamese princess, principal of the school for the children of Siamese nobles, to say how much I regretted not being able to attend the closing exercises of her college and that I wished to call upon her before I left for Singapore. We received a prompt and cordial invitation to call on Saturday afternoon. We were entertained in the garden on the green grass under leafy trees. Various refreshments were offered: iced drinks, luscious mangoes peeled and cut ready to be eaten, glutinous rice served with the thick milk of fresh cocoanuts and a syrup. I believe the mangoes here are the best in the world. At the end, tea and cakes were served. In this garden was the open-air theater for calisthenic exercises as well as for theatricals. The princess had the various curtains lowered for me to see. They had been painted

by the older pupils and were extremely decorative. During our conversation I said I was sorry not to have tasted the "durian," as I understood it was not yet perfectly ripe. She said it was and that she had been sending it to the bonzes and would send me some. In Kampot, a small durian had been offered me for fifty cents gold. It was not a perfect specimen so I refused it. M. Lalaurette bought it twice for me but it was not good on either occasion. The next afternoon, while Mrs. Irwin and I were out walking, a "boy" came from the princess with a tray loaded with gifts. There was the famous durian peeled and ready to be eaten, quantities of the most delicious mangoes, glutinous rice, syrup, and thick cocoanut milk. When we returned from our walk, we found the house deserted, Medora only lingering at the front gate. The durian had possession and though the offensive odor is said to reside only in the peeling, there was enough of it left to be all-pervading. Medora had tried to force Mr. M. to eat some, but he had taken to flight. Her father had fled likewise. Mr. R. had not yet returned. I was thirsty and hungry, in ideal condition to sample a new fruit, so we began on the durian, which was certainly perfect of its kind, and it is the costliest fruit of the Orient. I fancied I liked it a little, but being extremely fond of mangoes, I gave it up very soon. Unfortunately the mangoes were impregnated with the smell and flavor of the durian, and so was all the food coming from the pantry that afternoon and evening. We sent out a goodly portion to the servants. Medora tried to force young Mr. R. to taste it, but he fought against it vigorously and escaped. He said he tasted it once in Singapore and was in bed the rest of the day with nausea. Medora does not like to be defeated so she consoled herself by

forcing Mr. M. to taste of this forbidding fruit. It is very popular with the natives and in time Westerners learn to like it, I am told. The odor is very trying. It is so persistent that one gets very sick of it. The evening before I left, I was invited to tea at the elegant home of Mrs. Hayes, and later we had a delightful drive in her motor.

On this ship I have met a foreign employee of the Siamese government who has lived in Bangkok twenty-four years. He tells me the young king is not so popular or so intelligent as his father. He says he will be forced to marry his half-sister, as that is the custom and the law of Siam, not the whole sister, as in Cambodia. The young king would gladly break with the past but he is not popular enough. There was a conspiracy in the army to assassinate him at his coronation, and he is now making every effort to increase his popularity. Therefore, he dare not disregard so sacred a custom as that relating to his marriage. This custom exists only in the royal family. It is held a crime in all others. The people have some sort of a tradition that Buddha married his half-sister.

The other evening at table, Mr. M. said, in speaking of his firm: "We never send any money to England to pay for our goods. We send teak logs." I said: "In those words you have disclosed the secret of England's immense trade. She admits the products of all nations and countries duty free, therefore her ships sail on every sea and are at home in every port." I have not seen an American flag since I left the Philippines.

9 KÖNIGSPLEIN, WELTEVREDEN, BATAVIA, JAVA,
May 14, 1913.

DEAREST FAMILY:

I have had no time yet to see Batavia. During the

voyage over I sat near a German at table with whom I talked to freshen up my German and amuse myself. I tried to straighten out some of his queer ideas. He is employed on a large "gambier" plantation in Sumatra, owned by a company. I said I had never heard of gambier and asked to know all about it. He said "It grows like tea. We cut the leaves and young twigs about twice a year. These are boiled and the concoction reduced to a certain degree of thickness. It is then shipped all over the world to silk factories where it is used to weaken the fiber of silk." "Weaken the fiber of silk!" I exclaimed. "Yes, that is what it is used for. You see but for gambier a lady's silk dress would last for a hundred years. How could the silk factories live at that rate. They have to use gambier in self-defense." Well, you may think this young man was joking but he was not; he was in dead earnest. I told him he was engaged in a very nefarious business, and then for conversational purposes I explained the folly of such an idea, how small the supply of silk was in proportion to the demand of the world, the many substitutes and mixtures used to eke out this supply, and also the impossibility of uniting all manner of men in tricking and cheating the public. He said he had talked to chemists on this subject and they had assured him of the facts as he stated them. He was good looking and took a daily bath but could not be shaken in this belief. I should think it would injure his character to believe that he was constantly assisting in a fraud. I had no trouble with the customs on landing. When I took the train I asked for a ticket to Batavia instead of to Weltevreden as I should have done, so I got out in my ignorance some miles from the residence portion of the city. Seeing a string of queer little conveyances ranged

outside the station, I took the first one. They have only one broad cushion which must serve for two seats and the passengers sit with their backs to the driver so that they have only a rear view of the scenery—no partition across the seat. You can lean against the driver if so inclined but I did not do so. I had paid my luggage bearer liberally, according to coolie notions, which inclined him to linger after seating me in my vehicle. This proved lucky for me, for I had unwittingly secured a very rare animal in the tiny pony attached to the cart. All of these animals were tiny alike, the smallest I had ever seen used for draft animals, but mine, no doubt from hard experience, had developed a stubbornness out of all proportion to his size. When all was ready, he refused to budge. The coolie pushed from behind, the driver, on foot, tugged frantically in front, the bridle was strong and stood the strain. In this guise I was starting for one of the most fashionable hotels in the Orient. The coolie pushed for all he was worth, the driver would only stop pulling from sheer exhaustion and then begin to beat to which I put an instant stop. I began to wonder if I should ever get to the hotel or if I had enough change to pay the coolie for his violent exertions. Finally, however, the sight of his last comrade leaving him behind induced him to start. The driver leaped into his seat and we were off. We were some miles from the Hotel des Indes. My steed only balked once more but that was on the railway track, and I got very uneasy during the struggle. Arrived at the hotel, I found it crowded so I was forced to seek another, the Hotel Java. It is built like a Virginia watering place—a magnificent dining-room and appurtenances all to itself and then rows and rows of cottages with verandas in front. I was very hungry

for lunch. There were many dishes on the menu but I only ordered soup and "rice table." After helping myself to the rice, I thought the servants would never stop bringing all the dishes that go with it. I had seen rice table in India, Ceylon, and Singapore but never imagined the development it could attain until I got here. I was afraid to try experiments with my digestion, so I only took the gravy from a chicken stew. Too much chutney (a delicious and very hot sweet pickle always served with rice table) had disagreed with me in Singapore and also on the ship, but I am very fond of it. It is made very hot with red pepper and ginger. Dinner in these hotels begins at eight-thirty or nine. It is true you can get it at eight, but you will scarcely see another soul. Just as my dinner ended that night, the band struck up and the rooms began to fill with guests. It seems strange, but in this tropical land people eat more than I have ever seen them eat in colder countries, and the food too is far richer and heavier. Perhaps that is why I see so many fat people. At lunch the ladies wear loose flowing robes, mostly white, but in the evening at the late dinner when it is cooler, they wear very elegant toilets. After a few days, I looked up this house. I was too lonely in the hotel sitting at a small table all to myself, no Americans or French to talk to, all Dutch. I came to this delightful house yesterday after first going to the bank. At the bank of Java, the official declared he could not cash my checks as he did not know the New York bank issuing them. I went to another bank, same experience. I now tried to find a Cook's Agency. There was none, but I found an Information Bureau for travelers and was advised to try the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, the same which I thought charged me unjustly high

all through China, but I gladly turned to them now. I was thoroughly alarmed. Both the banks I had visited advised me to get my checks endorsed by the American Consul. I said I should never ask that favor of any one, that another way must be found. However, the Hong-kong and Shanghai Bank was entirely satisfied with the papers I presented and cashed one of the checks. I was infinitely relieved and forgave them their past delinquencies. I paid my hotel bill and came here thirsty, hungry, and hot, to be welcomed into a cool, big, clean room with a cooling drink and a bath, then at two a nice lunch. There are only men boarders here, all Dutch, but Mrs. Van Rossem has a grown son and daughter. All three speak English well, for they are Boers from South Africa. They left there before the war and lived a while in Holland before coming to Batavia. The son is fine looking and plays on the piano wonderfully. The daughter works, has some position in the city. She told me she was called "chef de bureau" which pleased her very much till some one asked how many employees there were under her, when she had to confess there was only a native messenger boy. She and her brother do not come home to lunch. There is also a married daughter with children who lives in Batavia, and another, a trained nurse, now in Japan. I am already on cordial terms with this English-speaking family. I do not understand the conversation of the Dutch boarders. The rainy season is now drawing to a close. It has rained heavily nearly every day since I reached this house. It is very warm at times, but last night I had to cover with a counterpane. As usual in Dutch houses and hotels out here, one sheet and a white counterpane are furnished. I have decided preference for two sheets to my bed but I do not get them. This

house has a large garden at the rear, full of trees and flowers. It looks on the famous Königsplein, an enormous open space with avenues surrounding it. It contains a race track and parade grounds and around it are the fashionable drives and walks. The great open space is now green with grass, but I fancy in the dry season it must be bare and dusty. Mrs. Van Rossem has just come from market bringing some fine papayas. I wish Laura could see the odd flowering shrubs and trees and ferns, but I shall never see any tree so glorious as the "flamboyant" at Bangkok; from a garden it throws a pink glow into a room. That place is also the home of the mango; the markets were full of the finest I have ever seen when I left. There are none here. I like this house very much and as soon as I get my letters written, I shall begin sight-seeing. The Consul, Mr. Rairden, who has been here twenty years, has a delightful house. He wishes me to meet his wife so I shall call again soon. When I went to the Consulate for my letters I got there before the family had breakfasted.

From Singapore I sent M. Lalaurette some English books—*The History of the Malay States* by Swettenham. I added *Uncle Tom's Cabin* which I have never read myself, not from prejudice but because I know slavery so well myself that it is a painful subject. I take a very light breakfast, tea and toast at seven-thirty. I think the Dutch eat too much. They take little exercise and get very fat.

May 20, 1913.

DEAREST FAMILY:

Mr. Rairden and his wife are coming to-morrow evening to carry me to a concert at one of the fashionable

clubs. Some days ago, I went to the Consulate, announcing on my arrival that I had come to brag about the United States; that I could not do so before foreigners because they put on such a sour look, not even wishing to hear about the Panama Canal as the greatest work ever undertaken by a nation with free labor, totally disposing of the theory that governments were more inefficient than private corporations for great undertakings. When I reached this point in my indictment of the attitude of foreigners towards the United States, Mr. Rairden said: "We can talk of that later. Let me present my friends to you." Whereupon he introduced two British sea-captains and a Dutch lady and I saw that it would be prudent for me to postpone my bragging to a more convenient season. This amused the guests, yet it is perfectly true that there is nothing more unpalatable to foreigners than to hear other nations praised. The French are very polite, still they do not relish it.

Mrs. Van Rossem took me driving yesterday behind her two ponies. Batavia is like a great park interspersed with dwellings. There is a winding river running through it and various canals. All have a good current and keep clean. The rain has made everything very fresh and green and beautiful.

I spent this morning at the museum. I got acquainted with the young Dutch lady employed in the library and she carried me to the wing of the building where her parents reside. They, too, have an important collection of objects of art of various kinds and, as they explained everything, it was made very interesting to me. The young lady is to be married soon and is so happy that she told me all her plans.

Yesterday I had another charming letter from Ma-

dame Lalaurette. She says her husband was so interested in *The Great Illusion* which I sent him from Saigon that she was going to read it too. As for little Simone, she could hardly be got to the table, so eager was she over the French picture books. I intended writing a great many letters from here, but the family life is so agreeable that I have allowed it to steal my time. The weather is charming; the dry season is supposed to have begun, but it rains very often and cools the air. Our summer is the dry season here and for this reason it is the hot season. Batavia is just south of the equator. Young Mr. Van Rossem plays every evening on the piano as soon as he comes in from his business, and the whole house is filled with music, the most beautiful music, and one can listen or not as one chooses, but I listen. Mrs. Van Rossem and I went this morning to visit the opium factory and were conducted through it by an enthusiastic employee who spared no pains to show us the entire process of manufacturing the dangerous drug. The finest machinery in the factory is from America. I got very tired at the end of the two hours though I was greatly interested. Many little boys are employed, which made me think with a pang of ours, but the little fellows seemed eager to earn money and worked well. Last night we had a German couple to dinner who are engaged to be married. She came out alone and prefers, she says, to take her honeymoon before marriage. The bans have to be published which will force them to wait two weeks, so they are going on a bridal trip and then return to get married and settle down. We spoke German because the bride has not yet learned Dutch (she was pleased to compliment my German which seemed to gratify the Van Rossem family). We are all such good friends now that I hate

to leave them to wander from place to place and hotel to hotel.

SINDANGLAYA, HILL STATION IN JAVA,
May 26, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I spent two delightful hours with Mr. and Mrs. Rairden at the open-air concert at one of the clubs. He tells me that the German Consul here gets \$10,000 yearly against his \$4000. It is possible he confuses thalers with dollars but even so the discrepancy is great. The Rairdens keep eight servants but no coachman, as he finds it cheaper to hire carriages. Mrs. Van Rossem keeps three horses with two vehicles, but they are a great care. Her coachman is so dishonest that she has to count every bundle of grass she buys. Indeed, she has to watch all her servants so closely she can scarcely be called free. I was promised a letter of introduction to a prominent personage in Djokjakarta, but I hear the Sultan receives no ladies and that I shall not be admitted to the palace. On reaching Buitenzorg I went immediately to the botanical gardens, perhaps the most famous in the world. I had a boy to guide me who showed me the fern and orchid plantations, lotus ponds, brilliantly tinted water-lilies, *Victoria Regia*, some grand avenues of trees, their tall trunks covered with creepers, palms, bamboos, and rattans. I had to go to bed after all this fatigue. Next morning I returned to the gardens and in the nurseries asked a question of a gentleman who proved to be the Curator of the gardens, a very learned man. He took immediate charge of me and from 9:30 to 1:15, conducted me around. He told me many curious facts about plants, explaining to me how to distinguish orchids from other flowers, and

he let me try experiments on his fine orchids. He showed me orchids which formed excrescences on tree trunks. These become the home of ants which do no harm to the plant but protect it from other insects. He tapped on some of these and out swarmed the ants. On finding no enemy, they retired again into their dwelling. He showed me the vanilla creeper which is an orchid. When it gets a good start, it abandons its roots in the earth. I saw fine specimens of the fan-shaped palm. The entire tree is arranged in the shape of a gigantic fan. He told me that this is the traveler's palm, because a thirsty man by cutting one of the leaves close to the stem can obtain water. I saw also the palm from which Panama hats are made. The leaf is cut before it unfolds and so is already bleached. From this is made the fine and flexible plaited work. He showed me the curious pitcher plant and the Burbank cactus which was procured from California. He says Manila hemp thrives in these islands. We talked among other things of the position of the half-castes. He says they are better treated here than in English colonies, for a half-caste can rise in Java by his talents. I pleased him, I imagine, by speaking of the glorious history of the Dutch who had broken the worst tyranny that Europe had ever suffered, that of Spain and the Inquisition. I said it could even be argued that Spain might have conquered England had not the Dutch broken her power. He showed me how cocoanuts are propagated: not in the earth as one would suppose,—there they would be devoured by wild animals,—but hung from the trees until the sprouts are quite strong, then they are placed in small boxes of earth where they root. He said he had read everything Darwin had ever published, enjoying especially his *Voyage on the "Beagle."* We discussed

the immortality of the soul, I saying I did not consider myself in any way worthy of immortality, but that if the good Lord granted it to me, I should enjoy it, perhaps, more than those who had always expected it. I was so fascinated by those gardens that I returned repeatedly. The great "lianes," creepers, tying trees together, were so interesting. I tried to trace some of them through all their windings. It was amazing over what aërial heights they sprang, climbing higher and higher to make a fresh spring to some distant tree. Sometimes they form huge loops or swings, sometimes hang in showers of wavy lines. Perhaps the undergrowth that once sustained them has perished, leaving these gigantic black cables, some nearly a foot in diameter, stretching across space. I met at the hotel a charming English lady, wife of the Dutch Minister to Persia, who is now on a mission to these islands. She has lived three years in Teheran, and advises me not to think of going to Persia. She told me of startling crimes committed almost daily, of the wretched conditions which make traveling impossible. She told me of one missionary lady who was twice stripped and left literally naked on the road. Two ladies whom she knew were leaving Persia. When far advanced on the road their driver tried to blackmail them. On refusing to pay his exorbitant demands, he unhitched the horses and went off leaving them stranded. Fortunately they were rescued by some passing travelers. The curse of Islam is over that land. To the worst political corruption is added the fiercest religious fanaticism. The Dutch of Java are excited over a propaganda carried on by a society called "Sarekat Islam." The natives of Java are Mohammedans and I did not know so mild a form of that religion existed as theirs has been until

very recently, when a puritanical governor tried to force their children to attend Christian schools which provoked this wave of fanaticism. I left Buitenzorg yesterday morning at 6 A.M. with three horses to my carriage, taking on two more to bring me over the high pass to this place. The way was lovely, partly through primitive forests, impenetrable to the eye, but the great crowns of the trees in the background, the tree ferns along the road, and the poinsettias making brilliant splashes of color everywhere, made the drive most beautiful. We came through coffee and tea plantations and along the celebrated rice terraces which formed an ever-changing scene with mountains everywhere in the distance. The air is very cool and bracing up here, and I am very comfortable, with pleasant people to entertain me. An old German gentleman, who sits on the wide veranda with us, is very talkative, and we get on very well together. He abuses the Javanese terribly, calling them thieves, but more especially he accuses them of ingratitude. I find the latter charge a very usual one from employers of labor. I think sometimes the employer might feel a little grateful for faithful service with humble wages. The young man who manages the hotel is an Austrian, and I got him and the old German into a stiff quarrel yesterday without intending it. The young man contended that the society, Sarekat Islam, had a right to exist, that it was an effort to obtain more rights for the people, that the farming population lived in debt and were ground down by usury and taxes, that the government left them a prey to Chinese money-lenders who bought up their crops at low prices and resold the rice to them later very high, thus keeping them in debt; that the government, when it lent them money,

charged 18% for it. They had a very hot dispute interrupted fortunately by the dinner bell. I walked so much yesterday among the mountains on my way here that I had to lie down after lunch, but this morning I was up early for a ride of one and a half hours to an experimental station of the Buitenzorg gardens. The ride was delightful through rice terraces in all stages of growth and ripeness bearing heavy crops, also through tea plantations and marvelous forests. This station covers about fifty acres, but I devoted myself to the part containing blooming plants. The head gardener is a German and showed me around. He gave me some seeds too, but I fear our climate may not suit them. I am now reading Dutch papers daily with the help of a dictionary. Otherwise I should get no news. The old German gentleman and the Austrian manager are both talking to me while I am writing on the veranda in front of my room (it must be 18 or 20 feet wide), which makes writing difficult.

I did not mention a charming walk I took in the Governor's park at Buitenzorg. It contains huge specimens of the waringen trees, a kind of banyan. Their trunks are formed of a mass of stems caused by the branches throwing down rootlets which gives them a most striking and imposing appearance. There were a great many deer in the park.

There is a great tree in view from this veranda in the garden, the trunk of which is ornamented with a mass of blooming orchids, most exquisite ones which fall in big bunches around the stem. The men have pulled great numbers of these flowers so that I have been able to try the experiment taught me by the curator of pushing off the head of the pistil without injury to the orchid. I have very beautiful mountain views from this veranda.

My dearest Susan Smedes and Laura are such lovers of flowers, but they could not stand the fatigue that I undergo. I was from seven till one-twenty in the Buitenzorg garden and the Governor's park during my last walk there. A gentleman of whom I asked some information accompanied me for some hours. I was admiring the giant bamboo which, planted in bunches, makes the most magnificent trees either for avenues or singly. He said this giant bamboo has a kind of husky sheath, near the ground, which is covered with barbed hairs. These the natives are said to use to poison people, as they set up inflammation in the intestines. Children have to be prevented from handling them.

DJOKJAKARTA,
June 3, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

My first stop after leaving Sindanglaya was Garoot, where, during a drive, I lost my traveling bag. I soon missed it and had the driver turn back when some boys pointed it out to me lying in the road. None of the numerous passersby had touched it. I have met with such honesty in the humblest classes in the Orient that I could not help thinking of what a certain priest told his faithful followers. "The devil," he said, "feels so sure of getting these people that he doesn't take the trouble to tempt them, but he is so ingenious in his devices to entrap the poor Christians that they often succumb." The day after I reached Garoot, I took a very strenuous excursion into the mountains with a young Dutch lady whom I met in the hotel. We started at 5 A.M. in a carriage. After two and a half hours we reached the foot of the steep mountain slope we were to ascend. Here we hired horses, but I had hardly

mounted mine when he became so frightened by an automobile coming up from behind that he was absolutely frantic, and I marvel that I was not killed. I threw hat, bag, and all of my belongings to the winds clinging desperately to the horse's neck. My coolie clung to the bridle, but the horse plunged so violently it was with the utmost difficulty I could keep on his back. My heart almost stopped beating and I was in real danger from terror. The Dutch lady changed horses with me when the danger was over, as my horse and I had lost confidence in each other. I was able to go on though badly shaken. We toiled up the steepest slopes for two hours more. Often the ascent was in the form of steps, but we got up somehow to the foot of the sharply rising mountain peak. After resting here and eating lunch we climbed to the crater of an extinct volcano. I have seen much grander craters but it was interesting nevertheless. The sulphur fumes were strong and the various deposits rich in coloring. Coming down was worse than going up, for the steps jolted horribly as the horse plunged down them. I was sore all over. I am now in Djokjakarta in a nice hotel with a delightful room. Everybody sits on the broad verandas and at night doors and windows are left open. This is the state of a native Sultanate. I carried a letter of introduction to the Dutch Resident, and when he asked me what I wanted to see I replied: "I wish to see the Sultan's daughters dance in fine costumes before their father and a choice company of his wives and offspring." The Sultan's court just now is in deep mourning for the Crown Prince. Although the Sultan has sixty-five other children, still there is no material among them for another Crown Prince, for he must be the son of the Sultana, and this increases the grief of the old

Sultan. In fact, the Dutch are going to claim the right to choose a new Crown Prince among the sons of the inferior wives. His oldest child is fifty-six and he has some children only a few months old; more than a hundred have died. The Sultan is seventy-five years old. Yesterday I went to the palace or "Kraton" as it is called. My escort was a young Dutch gentleman whose acquaintance I made in the hotel. We exchange language lessons. He had previously gone with me to see the ruins of the temple of Boroboodoor. The first view of these famous ruins is a little disappointing, not so grand as those of Angkor nor so beautiful, but when we reached the topmost terrace we could appreciate the grandeur of the whole. The bottom terraces are square; the three last are circular enclosing the top of a round hill. The temple which crowns it has some remarkable bas-reliefs and other ornamentation. Foreigners speaking English use the word "nice" till it becomes absurd. After my Dutch friend had called the ruins "nice" and the mountain peaks "nice" and a story of touching heroism "nice," I turned upon him and told him he would never learn English well until he gave up the use of that word, because it not only could not stand the strain he put upon it but proclaimed his poverty of language. He was as sorrowful as though he had been told to give up his most cherished possession. After lunch at the inn, we went to look up another ruined temple of no great importance. Not feeling sure of the route, we called at the house of the Burghermeister for directions. His wife offered to show us the way, so with her charming little daughter and a servant, she joined our party. The walk to the little temple was lovely under cocoanut palms and tree ferns. On our

return to her house, the little Javanese lady insisted on serving afternoon tea. We enjoyed our visit to her so much that we came near missing the train.

At the Kraton, we saw some little daughters of the Sultan and of the late Crown Prince. They all wore golden ornaments to distinguish them from the servants' children who played with them, four to each little princess. Perhaps their own fathers might not have known them without the golden ornaments. The Sultan is passionately fond of fighting cocks. He has sixty-five of them, each with a man to take charge of it, give it exercise, and prevent it from fighting at undue times. We saw the large reception rooms in the Kraton with marble floors, also a dining-room which seats one hundred and fifty guests. I shook hands with two of the Sultan's ministers so as to get a chance to inspect them more closely. I told them I was anxious to meet some Javanese ladies of rank, that up to this time I had met only the servant class, and asked to be permitted to call on their wives. This request caused something like consternation and was promptly refused. The Harem is impenetrable. As the court is in mourning, the royal princesses do not dance. In the afternoon, the Dutch Resident sent us in his motor car to a large sugar plantation eighteen miles in the country. Here we saw cane in all stages of growth while the making of sugar went on in the mill. They do not cultivate sugar cane as we do. No work animals are used, only human labor. The whole field is dug in parallel ditches, the earth piled up between. The cane is planted in the bottom of these ditches, and as it grows the earth is pulled down upon it till the whole field is level again. I never tasted better sugar cane; it is so sweet. The young gentleman and I shared all expenses and his

society was quite agreeable. I was sorry when he left yesterday evening. Near this hotel is an exhibition of native arts and industries where they explained to me the process of making the famous batik work so prized by the Javanese. I bought a piece. It is made of cotton cloth with the patterns traced on it by hand in the most elaborate and troublesome manner possible, and after all not so pretty as that done by machinery. Still I gave \$3.60 in gold for a small piece as a specimen.

ON BOARD SHIP OFF ISLAND OF CELEBES

AT THE PORT OF MAKASSAR,

June 11, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Just before leaving Djokja, I visited the shop where the batik work is made for the "Kraton" or Sultan's palace. It is a complicated process involving much labor to manufacture the royal sarongs, sarongs being the national dress for high and low alike. They are three yards long, draped around the waist and tucked in to the belt in front. (The penoong in Siam is about the same length but is worn differently. It is brought up from behind between the knees and fastened at the belt in front.) The printing, or rather the painting of this cloth, is done by hand, the artist using a tiny kettle of hot dye with a spout as fine as a needle. Designs worn by the Sultan are not permitted to be worn by others. Had I seen this batik work in European shops, I should have passed it by without particular notice, but such is the contagion of example that here I find myself greatly interested in it. It is the slowest work I have yet seen and it takes some months to paint a well-covered sarong. They are consequently very costly even with this extremely cheap labor. A well-

covered sarong costs sixteen dollars in our money and after all is only a piece of cotton cloth. The imported imitations are interfering very much with this industry among the general public, and this is much lamented by some of the conservative Javanese. It is an industry of women and keeps them very busy. I imagine in the Kraton the women talk a lot on this one theme, as their interests are so limited and the designs of the sarong indicate the rank of the wearer in many cases. An alarm about plague forced me to get a health certificate at the last moment before embarking and, I was a good deal frightened lest the ship should leave me, for it sails only once a month. But I am now happily off on my cruise among the Spice Islands. Our first stop was at the Island of Bali where I wished to go ashore, but the launch steered for a great raft of cattle and towed it back to the ship where all the passengers were on deck and looking at us. I felt so absurd bringing in these great horned creatures that I hid behind an awning and was much relieved when this task was accomplished and we at length reached the shore. I took a walk there and returned to the ship in a native rowboat, as I dreaded any more such experiences. Yesterday we arrived at Makassar. I took a carriage to the old Kraton a few miles out. The native Sultan rebelled against the Dutch in 1907 and was killed in the uprising. Since then the Dutch have ruled without any pretense of a native king. The drive was delightful through avenues of tamarind trees. On each side of the road were one-storied houses, all with verandas, situated in the midst of blooming gardens. The old Kraton looked very ruinous. A pretty little mosque stands near it. I soon had a small crowd of men and boys around me. In the mosque porch were religiously kept two or three sedan

chairs which had belonged to their "Koning," and a man was fetched whom they called "Anakoning" for me to see. I learned later that this meant their king. These men and boys were good looking and carried themselves in a very independent manner, nothing servile about them. In fact I have seen nothing of that kowtowing, kneeling, and cringing attitude which books about Java had led me to expect. They seem gentle and sweet tempered but not servile. Those at Makassar, however, have a bolder bearing than the others. I sometimes try to talk to these passengers who know a little English, but such conversations are nothing but fatiguing lessons given by me in English. I read some Dutch papers every day and I have my dictionary with me, but the spoken language is difficult. Still I hope to "catch on." The nights are so cool that I have to wear a woolen vest, and yet the equator passes through the Celebes and Makassar is at sea level. On the ship we do not need mosquito nets even in harbor. Last night I slept on deck but I suffered somewhat from the cold.

OFF SANANA,
June 19, 1913.

I wrote you last from Makassar. Our first call after that port was at the Island of Booton south of Celebes. I did not go ashore, but hosts of little canoes surrounded our ship. They were filled with natives bringing fruit, vegetables, and bright colored tropical birds for sale. This made things very lively on board where parents were buying the birds for their children, while the officers and passengers were much interested in the bargaining; the poor ship's cat got many a cuff and kick without knowing why. We generally arrive very early at each port. I sleep now entirely on deck. The chief engineer

expressed great astonishment that I could sleep on deck when he could not. He said: "Whenever I try to do so, I get a pine in my belly." I said: "You mean you get a pain in your abdomen." He insisted that he knew what he was saying, that he had been three months in London to learn English, and had the authority of a London lady for the correctness of the expression. I said not even to a physician would I use that word because it was not only coarse but comic. I could not convince him, only hurt his feelings, for he considered his London authority conclusive.

At Amboina it was raining so I could not go to see the coral beds. From Amboina we went to Banda. I was up early and made a determined effort to see the famous sea gardens. I fell into the hands of the postmaster, a half-caste, good looking and speaking English. He carried me to his home, a most comfortable one, surrounded with verandas and in a garden. As far as I can judge, the half-castes here are received on a footing of perfect equality with the native Dutch. Only those distinctions are made which would be made among the Dutch themselves. This is very different from British India where the Eurasians form a dissatisfied class disowned by both English and natives.

The postmaster's wife said she would gladly go with me on the boat trip but had to dress. While she was making her toilet, the agreeable postmaster carried me to the nearby hotel to see the "Dominie," as the preacher is called. He too was most amiable and said he would gladly accompany me. A young Australian, staying at the hotel also wished to be of the party, and the hostess, a half-caste, had a young lady daughter who was in the most exciting stage of a flirtation with the young Australian and naturally wanted to go too.

All these people had to eat their breakfast first, which is by no means a European breakfast, but a meal of the most solid description including cheeses, smoked beef, sardines, cold ham, besides hot dishes of steak, fried potatoes, etc. I do not even go to this breakfast; I take a cup of tea and two soft-boiled eggs very early. The condensed milk I do not like and the butter I do not touch, therefore I have added the eggs. The Dutch in the tropics eat more than any people I have ever seen. They are very big and powerful men, but they have a tendency to grow fat as they approach middle age. I have tried several times to count the dishes which form the famous "rice table," but they are so numerous and come so fast, servant after servant bearing from two to three platters, most of them holding several different delicacies, that I have always had to give up the task. There are many kinds of fish, fowl, and meat dishes on the list, one so different from anything I ever saw that I must speak of it. I thought at first it was beautifully fried potatoes, the biggest and finest I had ever seen. It is made of shrimp pounded into a paste then fried in round thin cakes which are crisp and curl over like potatoes. I eat them with pleasure but they are very rich. Well, I have wandered from my subject. When our large party had reached the water where a sail boat was waiting for us, the weather had changed. The sea was rough and the sky overcast. By common consent the expedition was deferred till my return. After this disappointment they accompanied me on a walk through the nutmeg groves where all the year ripe and green fruit and flowers are seen on the trees at the same time. The nutmeg looks just like a nectarine and when ripe bursts open and looks very pretty. The nut within is shiny black

with a lace work of bright red covering it. This is the mace. There are doves which swallow these nuts whole, digest the mace, and reject the nut uninjured, so that they scatter the trees all over the island. We went up the hill through lovely groves of nutmeg and kanari trees. These latter bear a nut from which a fine oil is made. We went to the house of the manager where we were treated to fresh cocoanut milk and fruit, cocoa and tea were also offered. We were shown the process of curing nutmegs and mace. The nutmegs are first smoked, then rolled in lime to keep off insects, and packed in boxes holding over a bushel. The manager complained that the price was very low. We also visited an old fort well preserved from the colonial days. It was on a hill and would have commanded an extensive view but for the luxuriant vegetation on all sides. Banda is most lovely, in a bay around which rises steep wooded mountains straight up from the water. A gigantic volcano, perfectly symmetrical and clothed in green, seems to bound all one side of the bay. The flirtatious young lady got up a great excitement which, however, was not contagious. She screamed frantically, and when we inquired the cause, she had seen a big lizard crawling up a tree. The young Australian, whose chivalric heart these screams were intended to reach, was as much interested in lizards as I was, and the young lady who had run at a tearing speed down the road was obliged to re-pass the fatal spot without help or solace, which she did in an impetuous run. As she is rather fat and spread out her elbows, she looked like the picture of "sis cow" running down the road in "Uncle Remus." When I got back to the ship and had eaten lunch, I determined to try my luck alone in a visit to the coral beds. The ship's agent advised me

not to take a prow, a long narrow canoe with outriggers, saying it was dangerous. I found one, however, and engaged it. I could see no danger in it and it went very rapidly. I had a lovely row and it was not too hot though at 2 o'clock P.M. I am constantly surprised at the delightful climate of these regions. It is hotter to-day off Sanana than I have felt it since leaving Batavia, but the heat here is not nearly so great as I have felt it in the United States. The sea was ruffled and the view of the coral beds very tantalizing but very beautiful, the constant refraction however prevented them from being seen distinctly. On my second visit to Amboina, I got a prow and went out to visit the marine gardens there, but the tide was high which made the water too deep for my imperfect vision. However, I enjoyed their beauty and that of the bright colored fish swimming over them. Some had the most vivid hues I have ever seen and they all looked so free and happy in their beauty. When we return for the third and last time to Amboina, we shall stay three or four days, and I hope to be able to get a perfect view of these marvelous gardens of the sea. The boatman charged me too much, a dollar an hour. That would be dear even in our country and it was far too much here. This is the rainy season among these islands and it is hard to find the sea unruffled. Amboina was the scene of a tragedy in early colonial times. Some English traders settled there were accused by the Dutch authorities (who were in a panic of fear for the safety of their fort) of wishing to seize it. They were tortured horribly till made to confess and implicate one another. Then they were put to death. Their Bibles in which they left recorded their sufferings and their innocence found their way to England, but under the Stuarts no

redress could be had. Not till Cromwell's time did the question come before the English government, and, in the war which followed, their cause was avenged in the sufferings of people entirely innocent of offense against those poor martyrs, for the guilty parties were long since dead.

I have met a good many Dutch missionaries on this ship, getting off and on at various ports. The officers speak of them with disparagement. I told them what a wonderful work our American missionaries were doing in their schools and colleges, that it was they who were carrying our civilization and language among the Oriental races. While in Singapore, I came upon an American school of 300 native boys where the instruction was given entirely in English. The Chinese appreciate this and are eagerly taking advantage of it. We arrived in Sanana early this morning and I went ashore. A small village with one Dutch official and his wife, he, sent out by the Dutch government to explore the island, she, young and pretty, and only a month in the place was dressing the wounds and old sores of the natives whom they had put in the old fort. They have deep seated sores, she said, from their ignorance of hygiene. She and her husband invited me to spend the day with them, but I felt with my imperfect knowledge of Dutch and theirs of English I could not repay them for their trouble, besides I wanted to write. There are two American girls on board who got on at Amboina. They are traveling leisurely among these islands in order to collect old porcelain. One has a passion for it, the other is less of a faddist. Both are good looking and apparently rich. They leave the ship at Ternate day after to-morrow. I am sorry, for I am lonely. They are accompanied by an Australian

buyer of pearls, who was in the hotels with them in Banda and Amboina. I am told that pearls are only a by-product of pearl fishing. The shells have a high commercial value. I met a pearl fisher who employed many divers and he told me much about it. The finest pearls are never polished for they come beautiful from the shell.

ON BOARD SHIP OFF SORONG, NEW GUINEA,
June 28, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

The next stop after Sanana was at Batjan (all these islands are in the Moluccas). I went ashore and was caught in a hard rain. I was invited by a native to take shelter on the broad veranda of a Chinaman's house. There various persons were called or sent for who were reputed to speak English, for these people have much curiosity. I am so tired of their questions, always the same: "Are you traveling alone on the ship and why?" This is asked in as many forms as their language capacity permits. I sometimes tell them that I am not traveling alone and for very good reasons, that I could not run a ship either by sail or steam, and then I enumerate all the people it takes to run this big ship to prove I am not alone. I say I never travel alone, always for the same good reason. When they find that I am entirely void of understanding, they desist from their questioning. A light colored young man sitting near me was the Sultan's son, the Crown Prince. I talked Dutch to this young man who had been at school in Batavia for eight years. He became very friendly and when the rain held up he asked if I wanted to see the mosque. As it was Friday, he said his father was there at prayer, and he dared not show himself to

his father near the mosque. He was willing to guide me, however, and as it chanced we arrived just in time to see the Sultan leaving the mosque. The Crown Prince hid behind me, I standing near the hedge by the gate. I had expected to see some tawdry pageant and was completely taken by surprise at seeing the commanding figure of the Sultan dressed in the whitest of raiment, a broad turban of some silvery stuff on his head, and over all an overdress of the finest white figured muslin reaching to his ankles, the sleeves hanging loose, for he had only thrown it about him. The elegant simplicity and dazzling whiteness of his clothing together with his fine presence quite left me breathless. He was attended by some guards and his chief men, a man going before with a banner. He made me a sweeping bow which I returned, thereby I fear exposing the Crown Prince. I was told on the ship that this Rajah is greatly respected, but that this son, the oldest, is a ne'er-do-well. The young man asked for my card and wrote his name, "Prince Achmed." Our next stop was at Ternate where we remained twenty-four hours. It rained continuously and I could not visit the famous coral beds. Ternate is beautifully situated, surrounded by a chain of volcanoes; from the highest smoke rises. All are very green. In March there was an earthquake and the wife of the Dutch Resident was so frightened that she ran on board the company's ship clad only in a pair of drawers. The captain shut himself up in his stateroom and the lady, realizing the situation, went home again. The officers laughed very much over this incident.

The two American girls left the ship here to take an expected German steamer for Menado, a town of Celebes, on the north coast. The earthquake was very

severe in Menado, as it is much nearer the volcano of Sangir, seat of the earthquake. It burst one of the smaller mountains in two parts throwing one half in great fragments into the air whence they fell, covering a native village seven meters deep in rock and earth. One hundred and seventeen people were buried in this village. The account was given me by the official whose duty it was to investigate the disaster. It took place the latter part of March. The native houses have little to fear from earthquakes, but eruptions and upheavals as well as the subsidence of the land below the waters are ever present dangers. I was sorry to part with the American girls. Miss R. has something pathetically sad and gentle in her manners. Miss M. is her companion. Neither is quite youthful but both are very good looking girls. Miss R. came back to the boat to invite me to lunch at the hotel which I declined, but I enjoyed her visit. I called on them and saw the most magnificent orchids, big pomolo trees loaded with fruit, also strange birds and fowls in large coops, all in their hotel garden. Poor Miss M. was having much trouble with servants. The two girls had urgent need of a laundry man. Miss M. had procured one and engaged him to do the work for a certain price. No sooner was this arrangement made than their maid, whom they brought from Banda, appeared and began talking to the man who at once raised his price, which was liberal before. Miss M. agreed to a partial augmentation but no more. The man was firm so she had to drive him out of the place with a crowd who had gathered out of curiosity. They said they had a fine maid in Banda, who left them there, and this one declared directly she got on the ship that her finger was hurt and she could neither sew nor

wash. I advised strong measures against this maid as a very worthless piece of luggage. They told me later that she had been forced to do the most pressing part of the laundry. Miss R. thinks and dreams only of old porcelain. She showed me her latest purchases. The Dutch explorer told me the natives of these islands venerate certain pieces of old porcelain and bury them for security and good luck thinking that the souls of their forefathers dwell in the buried treasure. I gave Miss. R. my Batavia address and I hope she can arrange to go to Sumatra with me. We had a little excitement off one of the islands. Two natives lost their skiff and swam out to recover it. The skiff drifted on the coral reefs and the men, finding it impossible for them to reach it, turned to swim back to the ship. One of the ship's officers and I were watching them. He had a life buoy thrown out and they were rescued, thoroughly exhausted. I now speak a little Dutch to the captain, but it requires so much time and patience on his part that I converse rarely with him for he is a very busy man. The missionaries are my best friends. They talk to me in Dutch, German, or English and give me interesting information. I love to go ashore with them. They make my trips most interesting. When the ship stopped at Boeli, a missionary on board went with me to the mission house where I saw the wife, the only white woman on the island. In the neighborhood was the school with a native teacher trained by missionaries. The children are taught in their own local dialect and in Malay. Malay is the universal business language in this part of the Orient and is of great use to those who wander off to make a living. It is used everywhere by traders and missionaries. I have learned a few words by heart which are very useful. The children at

the little school at Boeli were singing as I entered. The teacher accompanied them on a little drum quite skilfully. They were very dirty but were clothed.

We stopped yesterday in Sorong, the first stopping place in New Guinea. The missionary carried me to a pretty white sandy beach which was covered with shells and coral. I thought how happy our children would be picking up these lovely things. I could not forbear bringing away a few specimens; they were so attractive. We went to a little house in the forest where an idol was set up behind a curtain, a roughly carved wooden image clothed and with a hat on its head. Before the house, I saw on a stump two very perfect shells. I was told I might take them but I really have no room in my luggage for such souvenirs. At Sorong, I had my first view of the Papuans, as these people are called. Their hair is a sight to behold, such a frizzled mass. It is utterly unkempt in a great bush on their heads and of a reddish tinge, but not in such close kinks as regular negro hair. Some of the men had their hair tied in a tuft just below the crown of the head behind. Their clothing was generally a string around the waist from which hung in front a small piece of cloth. They are not black like the Sudanese, but of a fine bronze color. We visited a second village in the afternoon, Saonek, where a Chinaman gave the missionary a black parrot and where I saw crown pigeons for the first time. I did not know pigeons ever grew so big. They have very beautiful crests or crowns on their heads and are as beautiful creatures as I ever saw with exquisite shadings of blue. Some, I am told, have stars and stripes on their crests. The missionary bought two. I saw a lovely bird of paradise in a big cage. My appearance so frightened it that I could not enjoy looking at its

beautiful plumage. I suppose I was the only white woman it had ever seen. I saw a group of wild-looking Papuans, and accompanied by a Chinaman who spoke Dutch and a Malay who had some authority in the village I approached them. On learning that they were heathen, the Malay was a Mohammedan, I told them through the two interpreters that character was the most important thing whether we were heathen, Mohammedan, or Christian; that we pleased God equally if we were good, honest, and truthful. Their wild looking faces (they wore nothing but bark waist bands) lit up and they gave very audible gruntings of approval. I felt I was preaching to the oddest type of fellow human beings I had ever seen, shaggy, unkempt hair standing up in a mass around their heads with cigarettes and sticks thrust into it for safe keeping, rude bracelets on their arms, and ornaments on their necks. The bark waist band and flap in front were their only clothing yet these men understood me perfectly. We reach Manokooari this afternoon, to-day, the 29th of June, the farthest point that I am to see in New Guinea. The missionary tells me I miss a great deal by the ship not going to Humboldt Bay. It was unfortunate that no one told me this at the company's office. I could have seen the whole of Java and waited for the ship of the 7th of July, which goes to Humboldt Bay. We passed this morning an island which the missionary has visited. He says cannibals dwell there in the hills, but they only eat their enemies. Economically this is not so bad. I tried to make the officers on the ship look at missionary work from a different point of view. I told them the missionaries were the only people whose business it was to teach and heal these poor savages, their vaccinations alone save countless

suffering. The missionary who, alas, leaves us to-day, told me he had vaccinated a whole island, and since then there had been no deaths from smallpox, which had ravaged it from time to time before. Having gained their confidence, he persuaded them also to bury their dead instead of putting them in caves and tree-tops. I believe each mission house is a center of civilization, and a good man has more power for good here than perhaps anywhere else in the world. I have heard a good deal of apparently unbiased testimony to the effect that the heathen lose their heathen virtues on becoming Christians. Indeed, a missionary's wife told me she had great difficulty in keeping her property from their thieving hands. But these drawbacks aside, a great barrier is removed which separates them from the white races. If they could convert the Mohammedans, they would advance the progress of the world, but no impression can be made on them. I read of a fanatical Mohammedan attacking three Dutch officers in Sumatra, a short time since. No doubt he thought to do God service by killing Christian dogs. The missionaries could civilize the Mohammedans if they would confine their teachings to secular subjects. A good Mohammedan must be an ignorant man who believes that all knowledge, if true and useful, is to be found in the Koran. Education alone saps this belief, while teaching them a new religion excites their fanaticism and makes it burn all the brighter. They believe that Christians should have the choice of paying tribute or being put to the sword, as is written in the Koran. If missionaries could be sent to teach merely, this fanaticism should disappear and their eventual conversion to Christianity made possible.

We have crossed and recrossed the equator, yet

the days and nights are mild. I sleep well covered on deck, where I am entirely alone. The captain is the tallest, strongest man I ever saw. The first officer is also tall but he has to look up when speaking to the captain. The others reach only to the captain's shoulder. As the riches of these islands are in spices, we have to eat an inordinate quantity of them in the soups, meats, gravies, etc. I can never learn to like such things in soup.

P. S. I forgot to say that the Australian pearl buyer, who came on our ship with the two American girls, was only accompanying them by the accident of travel. I was glad to know that, for I did not conceive a high opinion of him.

ON THE RETURN TRIP,
July 1, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

We reached Manokooari day before yesterday, the 29th. As this was my farthest halting place in New Guinea, I wanted to do a great deal there. The missionary had promised to send one of his teachers with me to a little village in the interior so that I might see the native life unadulterated by civilization. The steamer, however, did not arrive till nearly six o'clock P. M., and as there was a fine pier, all the loading and unloading could be done by electric light, so that we were able to leave at two o'clock the same night. I was, of course, greatly disappointed. The natives who came down to help unload were astonishing to look at. Their huge mass of hair was stuck full of any small articles they wanted to use. I don't think they have ever combed or washed their hair in their lives, for these processes

might make it lie down. It is not kinky but curly and worn in this shaggy mass. The teachers and native friends of the missionary came out to meet him in an enormously long and extremely narrow prow with very far-stretching outriggers crossed and recrossed by bamboo canes. The natives squatted on these canes, for there was no great amount of space in the canoe itself. All these natives had their hair cut and looked clean and civilized. They came on board to greet the missionary and they were as good looking and as intelligent looking as any equal number of our colored people. The missionary told me that his principal native teacher was taken as a child from one of the most savage islands and sold where there was a mission school. Being very intelligent, the missionaries gave him a good education, sending him to Batavia to study. He came back to his cannibal island and converted them all to Christianity so that they are now a peaceful and gentle people. He has a fine, pleasing face. I parted with this missionary with great regret. He was the only other passenger left on the ship and he helped me much in learning Dutch. I had very little time to visit the village, the long wide street of which was covered with shells. Along this, I was followed a considerable way by a number of these almost naked savages who answered my greetings in a friendly manner. One native girl danced and jumped with delight when I stopped to speak to her. Darkness soon drove me back to the ship. On coming aboard I went down to wash my hands and face in the bath-room where three of these native savages followed me. The ship only lands here once a month and some of these natives had never seen it before. Next day we lay to off Mapia. This island is of coral formation and so

surrounded by coral reefs that no ship can approach it. The water is so deep outside the reefs that the ship could not anchor but had to keep its screw working. They say the sea here is unfathomable, which means, I suppose, that nobody has taken the trouble to fathom it. The missionary had told me what little he knew or had heard of Mapia; that an American named O'Keefe had come there and taken to wife the daughter of a Rajah; that he had several children by her, and after some years had gone to sea in his schooner and disappeared. This was about ten years ago. As he had a wife in America, his Mapian wife has no right to the name of O'Keefe, but the children have, this being the ruling of the Dutch government. The woman is still living on the island and owns it with her children and some other grandchildren of the Rajah. There are, in fact, three islands in their possession, forming a big copra industry. The manager, in whose hands everything is left, is an Australian, Mr. Clark. Mr. Clark came on board to say that he had three tons of copra to ship which was good news for me as I was then permitted to land. We first went more than two miles in the ship's launch, then in a canoe over the beautiful coral reefs of many colors, some looking like the blossoms of heather, some quite yellow, pure white, etc. Mrs. Clark with her little six-year-old boy was on the beach to meet us and wanted to take me straightway to her house, but the native women plaiting cocoanut leaves into mats and baskets under a big shed attracted me. They were so neatly dressed, so good looking, and their wavy hair so well kept. The men who were loading the boats near by with copra were naked, but their masses of black hair were done up in neat chignons and the young beaux had red sashes around their waists. One

had the form of an Apollo in bronze. All the Mapians speak English. Mrs. Clark said O'Keefe's native wife speaks English perfectly. I saw papers and magazines addressed to her, one the *Review of Reviews*. I wanted so much to see her, but she lived at the other end of the island. I presume it was she who taught her people English, she being heir of the Rajah and owning the land. These people work for the company. Mr. Clark tells me he counts eight hours as a day's labor beginning early. If there is a press of work, all overtime is put to their credit, and when it amounts to eight hours, a holiday is given. Mr. Clark knows how to get on with these people. Their mutual confidence is perfect. His wife said to me: "The perfect honesty of these people makes me ashamed of my own race. They go in and out of our stores where we keep everything desired by them, yet never is there the least thing missing. They never lie or deceive us in any way." Once when Mr. Clark was there alone, he had to leave on business, but on his return he found everything intact, not even an egg missing. I regret to have to add that he thanked heaven that no missionaries had ever been there. He and his wife told me a curious thing about this proud people. He calls them proud because they fear greatly the slightest reproach from him. They told me the native Mapians, this highly sensitive and honorable race, were dying out. Formerly they had been numerous with large families, but now there are only two children on the islands. I saw these two children, one a little boy of six, son of a Mapia mother by a Fiji father, the other a girl still younger, child of a native mother by a father from the Caroline Islands. The Clarks say it is unaccountable to them. They have asked the people themselves about it, and they

say they all desire children. The Rajah bears the same testimony. He too is married but has no children. Not long before O'Keefe came, as Mr. Clark was told, cannibals from New Guinea made a descent on Mapia and killed and ate men, women, and children. The islands have never recovered from these blows and the people are dying out; perhaps the terror of that time has been enduring. Mr. Clark has to call in Malays to help with the work, but just as soon as one is caught stealing, he is shipped off. Mr. Clark's little boy fed the pigeons for me, and they came flocking around him in great numbers, making a very pretty picture. Mrs. Clark took me over her house and kitchen, everything in perfect order. She says she has no trouble with her two women servants. They work eight hours like the men. I hated to leave the Clarks so soon. The island was so interesting and pretty. Hardly thirty of the native Mapians now live on it and labor has to be imported, but the natives act as bosses for the Malay coolies, as Mr. Clark speaks no Malay, only English. He told me that between the smaller islands there were the most marvelous coral beds imaginable where even the pure red coral abounded. He said it would take two days going in one of his boats to properly see these wonderful coral beds where not only every color is represented but fish of brilliant tints swim over them in the transparent waters. If the ship came here oftener, I should have accepted Mrs. Clark's invitation to stay over with them.

In about an hour, we shall stop at Saonek to take on copra and resin. This latter is not like the resin from our pines. It is very hard and brittle, something like feldspar nor does it taste strong like our resin. The officers have bought from the Chinese traders stuffed

birds of paradise and beautiful living parrots. I have just been below to see the parrots, but they were busy eating bananas and resented my presence.

ON BOARD SHIP OFF ISLAND OF SANANA,

July 12, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I have not written much in the last few days as we have been going over the same ground. At Saonek and Sorong in New Guinea I landed and delighted myself walking on the beach and picking up the pretty shells, even though I had to throw them down again. On July 4th, we made three landings; at one of them, Tobelo, I visited the mission house, the garden of which was full of lovely flowers. I was given a big bunch. I was shown over the carpenter shop where native boys were learning that trade and also over the hospital for sick natives. I was struck with the number of well-kept gardens and nice looking houses in the village. Tobelo is on the end of the Island of Halmaheira where the missionary says they have made 10,000 converts. That night the captain asked the Dutch Resident and his wife to dinner. I decorated the table profusely with my flowers and told them it was in honor of the 4th. They immediately wished me to drink a toast with them. When I told them of my visit to the mission and how favorably I had been impressed, neither the captain, the Resident, nor his wife agreed with me. They told me there were as many as 10,000 converts on the big island, but that in the village there were very few Christians. I said the influence of a cultivated white family with school, hospital, and carpenter shop could be felt by both pagan and Mohammedans. They replied that the natives after conver-

sion give up their temperate habits, take to drink, and are not so reliable as before. The wife of the Resident said that though the missionaries were paid by the government to teach the children and care for the sick, that they refused to help those who were not Christian, so the heathen and the Mohammedan sick and wounded were constantly coming to her and her husband for treatment; that her husband, having exhausted all of his supplies, had just written to the authorities for help. Then, too, if a Christian family did not attend church regularly they were not admitted to the hospital when ill. In short, I find much opposition to the missionaries on the part of the civil and military authorities with whom I have conversed. I believe it is because these missions are not supported by private effort as is the case with American missions. When a government undertakes to manage religious affairs, it is apt to cast a blight upon them. The missionary becomes a functionary and does as little as possible for his pay. This is my surmise. Of course, I told the company the wonderful work our missions are doing in China and in the Philippines where they also taught the English language, the greatest boon to the natives. I had been landing at all these villages with the help of the second officer, who, in order to get me safe to land, would sometimes wade in the sea water. When I heard that he was having fevers I felt very badly about it, so at Galela I went ashore with two coolies only. On nearing the land, I had to leave the launch and get into a long, narrow prow which had a good deal of water in it. I should have stepped into this water, of course, but I did nothing so prudent. I put my foot on the narrow edge and tumbled straightway into the sea very far over my head. One coolie held me by

the hand and called to the other for help. Together they dragged me out wet to the skin all over. My hand-bag went under too, but my brave little watch never stopped running. I got to shore and was soon surrounded by a crowd of natives among which the women expressed their sympathy by sighs and gestures. I got my wet clothing, heavy with the black sand, and returned much disgusted to the ship. The officers were taking a late breakfast on deck. I had to go down to my stateroom for the money to pay the two coolies for fishing me out of the water, and so run the gauntlet of the officers' mirth twice. They thought it awfully funny. I had to spend the morning washing my things and hanging them in the wind to dry. As I had only brought one pair of corsets, I had to let them dry on me, a very uncomfortable experience. My silk mantle dried quickly. It is very useful. I wear it every day, have it on now. This ducking has cooled my ardor for landing at all these little villages. We were four days among very small islands loading ebony logs. The officers and two native passengers went ashore shooting several times. By the way, it makes me feel a little queer to sit at table with these very dark natives. They go from one little landing to another. They are shippers of ebony, copra, or resin. The ship servants nearly always serve them first at table. Every dish is handed last to the captain and I sit next to him. The first officer told me that Dutch girls seem to prefer half-castes, which means, I suppose, that no color line is drawn, yet the servants over here are treated in the same humiliating manner as those in the French and English colonies. For instance, one will come with a message while the first officer is talking to me. He does not notice him. I say: "Please see what the boy

wants." "Let him wait," he answers. I then say: "I refuse to talk until you have got rid of that boy." Then more remonstrances from him until at last the poor patient, humble creature is attended to. I see none of the courtesy and consideration that we show our servants, yet the native first-class passengers are put on a perfect equality while traveling. There seems to be no *déclassés* over here, which pleases me, for I felt very sorry for them while traveling in India years ago, and in Siam this year. Game on these little wooded islands is plentiful, the loveliest pigeons I ever saw, so beautifully colored, and so large that half of one is a portion for a man. The officers are poor shots. At one island where I intended to go ashore to look at the beautiful orchids, I was told that a party from the ship were going pigeon shooting. I said to myself that the safest place for me was the ship, so I stayed on board. I heard a great deal of shooting during the morning, but I fancied it sounded wild. Very little game was brought back, but the first officer had much to relate of a certain bird he felt sure he had wounded. I made rather a cruel joke on him by saying that I was afraid to land while he was shooting on the island, and also teasing him about his imaginary victim. He got so angry I saw I had to stop. I can't afford to quarrel with the only person who speaks English and gives me information of what is going on. He is the most conceited person I have ever seen in my life, always telling me how many hearts he has broken and how irresistible are his attractions. He showed me some love letters and locks of hair; says he is engaged to three girls now but never intends to marry. Such self-satisfaction I have never seen. I wish some nice American girl could get hold of him and give his self-esteem a complete shaking

down. How thoroughly she could do it and how badly he needs it! I told him this, but he replied with a simper that she too would find him irresistible. When I got off at Ternate, I was prepared with a score of Malay phrases, not knowing that those people do not speak Malay, but at last I secured a boat and was carried over some lovely coral beds where bright, colored fishes could be seen swimming in a forest of coral. There were strange forms as of cactus and starfish of a bright purple color. The man dived and brought up two for me. I held them in my hand and watched their slow movements and then gently slipped them back in their fairylike home.

OFF AMBOINA,
July 17, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

This is the third day we have been in this port and it has rained continually. I was told that when the vessel remained more than two days in a given port, the passengers must go to a hotel. I have been so well, sleeping on deck with no mosquitoes and no muslin curtain, that I asked the captain to let me stay on board and pay for the extra days. I asked the first officer something about Holland. He said such questions did not interest him, only one thing about his country was important to him and that was its liberty. If a foreign power undertook to invade it, he would arm himself. I interrupted him to say: "Oh, don't arm yourself. Go in any other capacity where you would at least not endanger the lives of your fellow countrymen. I suggest the Red Cross service or any other where weapons are not used." I laughed so heartily he had to join in too. The captain, hearing this laughter,

came up and I tried to tell him in Dutch, but now the first officer had the joke on me. The captain could not understand me. At one of the little obscure landing places, the ship came near going on a sand-bank, and soundings had to be taken all around. In all these broad seas we have traveled over, there are only three lighthouses and no buoys, but the captain is very competent and feels to the full his responsibility.

MAKASSAR,

July 22, 1913.

A family who left the ship to go to a hotel in Amboina told a tale of woe on their return. The mosquitoes devoured them night and day and the rain kept them shut up in the house where the children fretted. They kept asking their mother where their "oma" was. That meant me. It means grandmother in Malay and they have a Malay nurse. They come to me and kiss me and call me "oma," which I think very sweet, but they are not so beautiful nor interesting as my beauties at home. I feel really grateful to the captain for letting me stay on the ship at Amboina. I am trying to keep well, and this fine, big deck suits me admirably. The new men passengers know I sleep on deck and never play games very late. In the harbors they load sometimes all night, as for instance last night, but though there is so much noise, the men singing at their work, I sleep quite well through it all. The one great trouble is that the sailors wash the deck so early, but often I sleep through that too. Our captain got news yesterday that one of the company's ships had just struck a reef. The unfortunate captain is much blamed. I shall feel thankful when we arrive safely at Surabaya. I went to the club at Makassar where I enjoyed the late papers.

They are all in Dutch and I read them with a dictionary. I cannot tell you how excited I got over the Balkan news, the Allies quarreling among themselves and the Turks retrieving their losses.

I wish Sedley could see the wonderful pajamas these Dutchmen wear. The trousers have brilliant designs of climbing vines and huge flowers winding up their legs. The men appear proud of these remarkable productions, and walk the deck in them early in the morning. Some are very broad and some are tight, but all have the loudest decorations.

SANATORIUM, TOSARI,
August 3, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I have been here a week and have had the pleasure of receiving more home letters. When I first got off the ship, I wanted to talk to every well-dressed woman I saw; I had been so exclusively with men for weeks. At the hotel in Surabaya, a passenger came up to talk to me whom I had avoided on the ship because I felt I had made myself ridiculous about him. One morning at the port of Amboina, I was sitting on deck studying Dutch, when two servants brought this man up and put him on a settee. After a while I heard frightful groans and springing up I found the man, an enormous fellow, with his face twitching convulsively and the sweat rolling in big drops from his brow. I asked him if he wanted a doctor. He said "yes," so I went in search of the second officer and told him I thought the man was in great danger. He came with me to the man who still said he wanted a doctor, so off went the second officer in the launch. I got some water and sat mopping the man's big bullhead. Presently the first officer

came along and leaning over spoke to the patient with such a quizzical expression that I saw he didn't believe he was in a serious condition. Then the gigantic captain came up, leaned over, and speaking in a low voice had the same quizzical look on his face. I got away and soon the doctor came. I tried to avoid that man after this. I had a sure instinct that I had made myself ridiculous, and it was true, as you will see in the sequel.

On my way up here, I stopped at Pasouronen and took a drive through the sugar-cane country; all the work seems to be done by hand, the cane planted in trenches, the earth filled in gradually. I got out of the carriage at a swimming pool of very clear water filled with fish, but the monkeys were more interesting—small gray ones, many with baby monkeys clinging to them, the queerest looking creatures. I bought bananas and fed them and found them most amusing. They could not stand my fixed gaze but would slink away. That afternoon I was going to the post-office and stopped to inquire the way of a beautiful young woman who decided it would be easier to accompany me than to give directions. But after a few moments she called a carriage and into that we got with her dear dog. The post was only a short distance. When I got my stamps we went back to her house. She was strongly opposed to my paying for the carriage, which of course I did, and had a very pleasant visit. She gave me some newspapers to read. As I promised to take them back, I returned to her house after dark and found her husband there, two very handsome young people not long married. They gave me the latest paper which they had evidently read hastily in order to do me a favor. There were no papers at the hotel. I started early next morning for this place, first by carriage, changing

later the one horse for two horses and still later giving up the carriage for horseback. It is up, up, up all the way. I had one coolie to guide my horse and another to bring my luggage. This place is six thousand feet above sea level and the way very steep, but I took pleasure in walking up some of the high hills. Some tourists I have met here made the whole trip on foot, and they tell me they saw the most curious black monkeys with long hair. I have a pleasant room with a veranda where I sit and where I have a table loaded with beautiful flowers. This big garden is full of lovely rose bushes in full bloom and begonias higher than my head and great masses of heliotrope all in bloom. The flowers here have no resting time but have to bloom eternally. This is really a sanatorium in charge of a doctor. The doctor's wife, Mrs. Fangman, called on me yesterday with her children. I had been introduced to her by a sweet and refined American lady who left yesterday. Mrs. Fangman and I talked children. Hers are beauties. I spoke of the roses in the garden and she said the notices not to pull them were put up because some of the guests abused the privilege scandalously, but that I could gather all I wanted. After her call, she sent me a glass bowl full of fresh violets. The first night here at dinner who should come in and take seats by me but the two American girls, Miss R. and Miss M. I was truly glad to see them. The officers on the ship had tried to tease me by saying they were commercial travelers buying old porcelain to resell. I said if I ever met them again I should find out, and we had discussed various means of approaching the subject with delicacy. Well, after dinner I took them to my room and we laughed over the old ship jokes together until, with my usual frankness, I said: "And they teased me by saying

you were to have a shop and sell your fine old porcelain." Good heavens! Miss R. was dreadfully hurt and I was dreadfully sorry. I did my best to smooth it over but she was deeply wounded. She traveled for years with her father who had this passion for collecting old porcelain and she is completing his collection. I said: "What are you going to do with it all?" the question I should have asked originally. She answered: "I have a big house and I am going to fill it with my porcelain." She said she had sent twenty-one cases of it to London from these islands. At the table these girls sit on my left while on my right is an English officer, a captain stationed at Mandalay, Burma, here on vacation. He is a refined young man and I like him because he has all the chivalrous feelings toward women which distinguishes our race. If I knew him better, I should introduce him to these girls, but he leaves day after to-morrow. Yesterday morning I took a long walk with the two American girls, and something made me think of the sick man on the ship and I told them a story he had confided to me in Surabaya about his marriage, that his wife had married him because he was rich and then wanted to lead a life of idle pleasure while he wanted to take a scientific course at the University of Zurich; he is Swiss. This led to quarrels between them. He persisted in his studies while his wife became more and more dissatisfied and demanded a divorce. As he loved her devotedly, he refused this. One day he discovered a letter written to her by a rival which opened his eyes to the state of affairs. He granted a divorce and gave the other man the choice of marrying his wife or of being shot. The woman was preferred to the pistol. When I condemned his wife, he defended her and seemed to love her still. Then I went on to say to the girls why I

had avoided the man on the ship. They became intensely interested, got me to describe him minutely, and then informed me that he was in the hotel at Amboina with them for a week during the whole of which time he kept servants, hotel keeper, and guests in terror of their lives. He was on a tearing drunk and everybody had to lock their doors for fear of him. He nearly killed one of the servants by kicking him, and broke up quantities of crockery, pitching it across the dining-room. Evidently the hotel had turned him over to the ship to sober him up, which took some days. When the girls told me this I was so astonished I could only stare at them. I see now that both captain and first officer understood the situation perfectly and were secretly much amused at my mopping the fellow's head, but I really do not see how I could have acted differently under the circumstances. The English captain here says that I must telegraph to him when I start to Mandalay from Rangoon and he will see that I am made comfortable and he wants to show me his regiment of crack Sikhs. He says he will meet me at the station too, but I told him I would not write if he were going to any trouble for me. All this is because I criticized the English treatment of natives in India. He seems a refined and high-toned man, and I think I shall let him take a little trouble for me in Mandalay. It is so cold up here in the mountains that I sleep under four blankets and a steamer rug. Miss R. and her companion have a pretty villa with another and a better servant than the one in Ternate. They always seem to me to be lonely. They certainly do not appear to care to make friends and are not talkative. I persuaded them to come in the music room in the evening, but while I am chatting Dutch with someone they go

off. With all Miss R.'s wealth I am sorry for her because I believe she is lonely. It may be because of her wealth that she is isolated, but it should not be so.

TOSARI, JAVA,
August 10, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I really enjoy every minute of my time here and wish I could stay longer than two weeks. I see a good deal of the American girls as they sit near me at table. The Mandalay captain left some days ago. The night before he left, at the dinner table he said to me very solemnly: "I am going to show you all that is worth seeing in Mandalay, but," he added more gravely, "there is one place I cannot take you to, I cannot take you to the Woman's Club." Now I had never heard of the Woman's Club in Mandalay and said nothing, but like Mrs. Bluebeard I felt a hankering for the forbidden spot. That night in the music room we were all seated around the big table with two other gentlemen from Mandalay present. The desire to tease the captain became irresistible. I had understood him perfectly at the table, for he had already told me his heart's secret, and I had deeply and truly sympathized with him. He has been treated so abominably that now he regards all young women as so many ravening animals of prey seeking under a fair exterior to gratify their rapaciousness. I said then in the music room to the company around the table: "The captain has promised to show me all the interesting places of Mandalay, but he says he cannot take me to the Woman's Club, which seems to me the

natural place for me to go. Why can't he accompany me there?" The captain who takes himself very seriously buried his face in a book. I continued: "On reflection I don't care to go to Mandalay at all unless I can go to the Woman's Club. Why can't the captain go there?" His friends from Mandalay were silent, but he could stand it no longer and said in deep tones: "I will take you there," and immediately rushed off to the billiard room. Of course, I have been repenting my lack of feeling ever since, but really that man needs someone to laugh at him; he takes himself too seriously. When I first met him I quoted to him a conversation that I had with a British officer in India in 1897, who told us he struck his men, and on one occasion had let his shadow fall on their rice pot till they changed the rice twice, throwing the potful away, but the third time having no more they were forced to eat the defiled food. When the captain heard that he said I must certainly come to Mandalay and see his Punjab Sikh regiment and convince myself what a false idea I had of their treatment. However, I knew before that the Gurkhas and Sikhs were treated with the utmost respect by their officers, for they are the bravest of the brave and the most loyal.

I had a pleasant little experience the other day. I was sitting on my veranda patching and darning, and had put a big chair in front of me for more privacy, when a young Englishman approached and said: "Are you Mrs. Ware? Do you not remember me?" Of course I had to acknowledge with mortification and regret that I did not, for I cannot remember faces. Well, this young man said he had met me at Mrs. Joblin's in Saigon and that Mrs. Joblin would so often say: "I wonder where Mrs. Ware is now? I wish I

could hear from her." Perhaps this was an exaggeration of the polite young man, but I was much gratified and had a long conversation with him, he threading my needles the while and not failing to observe that they were rusty. Next day "Mr. Brooks" had to leave, to my regret, for he is rather more cultivated than the military element. He has promised to send me a collection of stamps which he has got tired of. This will be good news to Virginius Dabney, but I shall send some of them to Miss Ethel Moore. Her cards of introduction have been of great service to me. I got into the Van Rossem house through her, and her cousin was the means of introducing me to the Rairdens who have been extremely nice to me.

The Mandalay captain's two friends are still here and sit at table with us, where we certainly have a lively time at meals. Miss R. is the most taciturn and shy girl I have met. The two young men are both captains. One of them told me he had tried to talk to the American girls but that they answered in monosyllables with averted faces. I introduced them to the young ladies and even went further. I changed places at table so as to put the young men next to the girls, and I laughingly told one of them that I would recommend him for the Carnegie hero prize if he could get them to talk to him. This young man is not very fluent himself, but he makes strenuous efforts to be entertaining to them. Three or four days ago at dinner the young lady companion came alone to the table and said that she and Miss R. had eaten so many things at their afternoon tea that the latter would not come to dinner at all. Thereupon one of the captains observed he wished he could be invited to one of these afternoon teas. I said: "That is simple enough. We

shall all three go next Sunday at four o'clock to the villa and take tea. The young ladies will have some days for preparation and no doubt will feast us royally." I then asked, while Miss M. was convulsed with laughter, what each of the gentlemen preferred for afternoon tea. We all made choice of the most impossible things to procure and fixed upon this afternoon, for to-day is Sunday, for the much talked of tea. I said to Miss R. privately not to pay any attention to our jokes but to give us a simple cup of tea. I wonder what course she will pursue. These two young men might be able to draw the girls out of their reticence and shyness but for the attraction of the gambling table, so irresistible to most men. They spend their evenings gambling at auction bridge. I always ask what luck they have had; one says that he is lucky while the other loses hopelessly. Miss R. and I are not entirely congenial. I offered to lend her my *Current Opinion* containing press comments on Wilson's inaugural. She answered that she hated the very name of Wilson. I replied that his utterances had been on so high a plane and the people so convinced of his sincerity that a new spirit seemed to have taken possession of the country, and I hoped for legislation which would improve the condition of the working classes. She hardly permitted me to finish what I had to say, interrupting to observe that she had absolutely no sympathy for the working classes; that all her sympathies were for those who suffered from their strikes. I mentioned how indifferent governments and capital had been to their misery, how long and severe the struggle had been for the simple right to combine, how women and little children had passed their lives underground in mines or in the foul air of factories, forgotten of the world,

apparently forgotten by God till at last the right to combine had lifted them somewhat and the conscience of the world had been awakened to the horrors of their fate, but that their share of happiness was still too small, and I trusted a way might be found to increase it with such a man as Wilson as our leader, a statesman who I believed possessed noble qualities of heart. She drowned my voice in excited denunciation of the crimes and sufferings arising through strikes, so I determined never to speak on such subjects to her again. Her attitude is that of a great many wealthy people who think that money should buy every privilege and the exemption from every inconvenience. When I say: "Let's go to lunch or to dinner because it is unjust to the servants to keep them waiting so long at table" it excites her scorn. She says the hotels that have *table d'hôte* are trying to force people to restrict themselves to fixed hours for meals—the effect being to fill the restaurants with the rich who are deserting the hotels. She wants her meals as late as she can possibly get them. Her sympathies are all for her own class in society. In talking to her I avoid now all my pet subjects of conversation, for after all Miss R. appeals in a measure to my sympathies; she is very lonely. Her mother died when she was quite young, her father made a constant companion of her and together they traveled all over the world. He died four years ago leaving her entirely alone. Her companion is a pretty cultured girl of her own age, yet they call each other Miss M. and Miss R. very formally it seems to my southern ears. I am always trying to make them laugh and joke and be gay.

I took the ride to the grand and active volcano called Bromo. I asked the manager to call me early as I

wished to start at half-past six. He said, "Why don't you go with the party at five?" I answered that I did not know them and preferred to go alone. He thereupon observed that I was too old to go on such a trip alone, but I persisted, saying I would not force myself on other people. The manager had me called before five, and not until I had eaten my breakfast and was ready to start did it dawn on me that I had been outwitted and forced to start with the others. It was about the loveliest ride I ever took. I had the most comfortable saddle and on top of that a folded blanket. I walked a great deal up those beautiful hills which prevented my getting stiff. At the head of the Pass, the panorama was marvelous. I never saw so wild, so savage, so barren a spot. Before and below me lay the sea of sand out of which rise the volcanic cones. The desert basin was bounded by an arid, deeply furrowed mountain ridge. I descended the steep slopes on foot and below in the desert mounted my horse. After passing round a symmetrical mountain cone with regular fluted sides, I came in sight of the huge, gloomy crater of Bromo. I mounted the 250 stone steps which lead to its rim, and there in a deep and mighty cauldron, with bare and seamed sides devoid of every vestige of vegetation, lay the mighty mass of lava which seethed and rumbled with now and then puffs of smoke and a lurid glare. I stood a long time looking down into this abyss which seemed to communicate with the nether world. When I got back to the hotel I was not even tired. I felt as though I had been drinking champagne. I met among the party this morning an old gentleman from New Zealand, who seemed so astonished at my walking up the hills and so flattered when he found that he was younger than I that he seems drawn to me ever

since. Now I prefer young people, yet I have undertaken cheerfully to give this old gentleman correct political views on all current topics. I have lent him my American magazines, and he is so enthusiastic over *Current Opinion* that he means to subscribe to it when he returns to New Zealand. I have also fully informed him of all the noble qualities of Woodrow Wilson, and he now declares himself to be the most ardent Wilson admirer. He will introduce the Wilson cult into New Zealand and that land will have a new hero.

August 11, 1913.

Well, those girls never did invite us to come to tea, and we did not have the courage to go without an invitation. I called later and saw them feeding vagabond dogs on dainties they had better have offered us, but they certainly have the joke on us now.

TENGER MOUNTAIN HOTEL
(SOME MILES LOWER THAN TOSARI)

August 17, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I was very happy at Tosari. There was a very pleasant society there of both Dutch and English. The Dutch were very musical and we had lovely concerts every evening. I took a great fancy to a Dutch lady and her husband who both played wonderfully well. She was ill when I left, but I went to her villa to say good-bye and we parted like old friends. She spoke no English so I had to speak Dutch with her altogether. Then there was a charming French family with one little girl who would come to me to be petted and would prattle French and sing French songs so sweetly, only

I am getting so deaf I do not understand children very well. I got up before four o'clock one morning to ascend the 9000 ft. mountain, Penandjeaan. (This was at Tosari.) It was so dark down in the ravines that I was frightened and began to say to myself that I was much too old for such excursions. I could not see to guide the horse and there were several bridges to cross, and I could hear the waters splashing under me as the horse waded through while the guide was some distance behind, but soon the ascent began and the bright starlight showed the road. The Southern Cross was very beautiful and another marvelous star that refused to pale until the sun appeared. The view from Penandjeaan repaid me for all the effort and all the anxiety. I should, however, have got off the horse and walked up some of those hills. I really wanted to do so but was afraid the fog would have time to rise and obscure the view. In this dry season, one can only count on clear skies in the very early hours, therefore I rode all the way and it tired me, but that view was so wonderful that my enthusiasm made me forget all bodily ills. Bromo had prepared for my benefit the most glorious spectacle. Clouds of steam were rising to a very great height above the crater brilliantly lit up by the early sun. A rosy glow spread over the surface of these clouds reflected from the fires beneath. Bromo lay between the two other volcanic cones, Smaroo, which was in active eruption last November, darkening the air at Tosari with falling ashes, and destroying plantations with its lava, and another cone not so distinctly visible. The beauty of this scene was that of savage desolation and grandeur. The mighty forces working beneath these three volcanoes in their desert of sand hemmed in by barren and rugged mountains seemed to mark the

BROMO



place as the abode of mysterious and evil powers. When I started down, I felt as though I could run all the way to Tosari, but climbing does me more good. I took a very bad cold the last three days of my stay in Tosari and lost my voice. I had hoped the English captain would win the Carnegie hero medal, but after I became speechless I found that my rôle had been to start subjects of conversation for the young people, thus keeping them talking. There was much silence when I could no longer make myself heard. The English lady who played bridge so continuously with our two captains left before I did. To my surprise, she came to my veranda to say good-bye and gave me her address in England. She asked me to run down from London to see her and said she would show me a part of England well worth seeing. Of course I thanked her warmly. The two American girls were very kind in offering me wraps which I accepted with gratitude. A young Dutch girl tried to induce me to take a warm undervest by saying she had never worn it. I might have taken it had she said it was worn out. I really needed winter clothing at Tosari. Any one who goes there with warm clothes will be delighted with the climate, but there are no bedroom fires and people shiver in the mornings and evenings. My bill was so moderate that I had to ask the manager whether he had not forgotten some of the items. Everybody was good to me up there and the servants grateful for their fees. The manager gave me a very fine horse to ride down here day before yesterday, but I did not mount him until I had climbed over the high mountain pass. I got on the horse when the descent began. The way was so beautiful, and I felt very light hearted and happy. My cold is almost well, for this place is much warmer

than Tosari. Some of the guests here seemed to know me when I arrived; they said they had seen me in the hotel at Tosari, so I do not feel lonely. I took a charming walk with a gentleman and his wife yesterday, and we saw monkeys gamboling in the tops of tall trees. They are the most active creatures on earth and to me, when wild and free, the most fascinating. I spend a good deal of time reading the Java papers and am much interested in the Balkan situation.

SOLO, JAVA

August 24, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I am still deeply depressed over the sorrowful news of the death of my dearest Susan Smedes; so much has passed out of my life with her. Her last dear letter to me was dated June 23d, and she died on July 4th, the day I was loading the table on the steamer with those wonderful tropical flowers which would have so delighted her heart. I still cannot think or speak of her without tears.

I wrote last from the hotel in the Tenger Mountains where I remained four days and got well of my cold and sore throat. Two Englishmen and an American came down from Tosari also. As they were interesting companions, I hoped they would remain, but the two Englishmen departed in wrath next morning because they had suffered from the cold, not having enough blankets on their beds. The American who remained told me they used very bad language and said they should warn their friends not to come to a hotel where guests were left to freeze and couldn't even get their shoes blacked. The American had not slept either. I felt that I was to blame, for I had kept the party talking in

the music room until quite late that evening, too late to secure more covering; they could find no one at that hour in the office. I had no sooner seen my room than I demanded more blankets, but these helpless men had never thought of it. The American is from San Francisco, a good man who is traveling for self-improvement, a motive which I respect and share. He told me that since an experience he had in Stockholm, he was shy about accosting ladies. At the principal hotel in that city he saw two charming-looking American ladies, and being intensely patriotic and wishing to extol his country to sympathetic ears he ventured to address them. They not only informed him that they were not in the habit of speaking to strangers, but they immediately took a private dining-room so as to avoid all possible contact with him in future. With me he said he felt at home, because I put on "no frills."

There is a native Sultanate in Solo, and as I heard there were to be special festivities at the end of the great fast, Ramadan, I called on the Resident as soon as I arrived, to make inquiries. He says it is a mistake, that the Sultan has already given a great dinner and reception to the native princes which took place on the 15th of the month. I was greatly disappointed as I desired so much to be present on some such occasion. There had been dancing also at the palace by the Sultan's daughters. I have met at this hotel a young Dutch lady who is traveling around the world. She was invited to all these festivities and says they were gorgeous. She had had the sense to write and inquire of the Resident if there would be any celebration during the great fast, so she got here in time, but I am as one of the foolish virgins and consequently lose much. Well, to get rid

of me, the Resident sent me to Mr. Hoppé who is in the habit of escorting tourists around. We have already taken two drives together. Yesterday we went to see the public gardens where there is a small museum and some fine animals, among them two orang-outangs, the most remarkable specimens I ever saw in my life. One is so dangerous he is chained and has besides an iron railing around his cage. I remained a long time feeding the other. They seem like gross caricatures of humanity. They have a great fold of skin hanging about their necks in front like a broad necklace, which can be inflated, and then by pushing out the air they can make a loud noise. I enjoyed my visit so much to the garden that I returned, and went straightway to see my friend, the orang-outang, again. While I was standing near the cage, someone near by fired off shots as a signal. I turned quickly to see what was the matter and immediately the orang-outang seized me by the arm with a grip of steel and was pulling me up to the bars of his cage in spite of all I could do, when a Dutch soldier came to my rescue. He said the animal could easily have broken my arm. The creature was grinding his teeth and chattering with rage. I was so excited I could no longer listen to Mr. Hoppé's polite explanations of things around us and came back to the hotel with a headache. Through Mr. Hoppé's influence I have received an invitation to an entertainment in the Kraton, or palace, on the 3d of September, the end of the fast, and he has bought me tickets for the theater also. I invited his wife to be of the party. I know nothing of the nature of the entertainment, but the actors are to be native medical students, so it will be an amateur affair. This climate is delightful, mosquitoes the only drawback.

SOLO,
August 31, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

On Monday the young Dutch lady asked me to go to the public gardens and to a Javanese theater there. Their acting is queer in one respect. The hero or heroine, though the latter rarely has sufficient strength for the feat, strikes an attitude, the more painful the more admirable, and remains in this posture as long as physical endurance permits. You would think there was little enough excitement in such a performance, but it seems to satisfy the highest aspirations of the actors and the public. The latter go with the intention of spending most of the night there, so they have the pleasure of seeing the thing to a finish, but we Europeans, as we are called here, who feel the necessity of going to bed, are filled with dismay when the hero gets into one of these striking postures with extended right hand and glaring eyes. All other action on the stage is subordinated to the hero's attitude, and if you are impatient to see the *dénouement* which consists in his making a movement or letting his muscles relax, so much the worse for you. We saw some dancing too. This dancing is mostly done with their arms though they do lift their feet to put them into constrained and painful positions. They remain pretty much on one spot while dancing, though a very slow and stately walk, lifting the feet very high, is not excluded. We came away after having seen the end of one attitude and the beginning of another. Next night we went to the city theater which fortunately is near this hotel. Mr. Hoppé brought me the text of the play, or the opera, as he called it, and I spent some time studying it. Our seats were near those of some brothers of the Sultan and their wives.

The ladies wore gorgeous diamond earrings and rings. The men all wore kris, or knives, stuck in their belts, behind, and in many instances the handles were decorated with diamonds. Every Javanese in full dress puts on his kris. The men all have long hair done up in a knot low down and all wear head handkerchiefs. These are of batik work when the wearer can afford it, and though very large, they look small on the head. The Sultan's brothers wore batik head handkerchiefs and straw hats on top of them. They all wear sarongs of batik when they can pay for them. The audience was as interesting as the play. The actors, who were medical students, wore very magnificent costumes lent them by the government, I was told. The play was given to raise funds for non-sectarian schools for the Javanese children. This question of non-sectarian schools is the cause of the rise of the society called Sarekat Islam and is now so strong that the Dutch government is alarmed. A report was circulated that on a certain day last week all the whites in the island were to be massacred. These wild rumors show the importance attached to the strength of the society. The present governor-general is a very bigoted man, and his efforts to put the Javanese children into Christian schools has started this great movement of resistance among them. The society has also taken up the question of the exploitation of the people by the Chinese traders, for the Chinese are the shop people and money-lenders of the islands. They have quarters in all the towns and grow rich rapidly. The Javanese hate them and are jealous of them. The play Tuesday night was very poor from our point of view, but it was interesting on account of the brilliant costumes and the strange acting. They began with one of those slow, curious dances. The

play progressed very slowly owing to the fondness of all concerned for attitudinizing, and when we left at twelve o'clock, it was by no means over. Yesterday I went to a concert at the Club. All the officials were in full dress in honor of the queen's birthday. At this concert, the young Dutch lady and I met a gentleman who invited us to come out to the tobacco plantation where he is manager and take breakfast with him and his wife. We accordingly took the train at seven this morning and in half an hour arrived at the station, Gawok, where we found Mr. Van Houten waiting for us in his carriage. A pleasant drive brought us to his house where we found his charming young wife. Breakfast was waiting for us, but not at all like our home breakfasts. There were sardines, cheese, cold meat, cold soft-boiled eggs, butter, jam, and very good bread, also a ragout of shrimps spread over toast, both cold. My first cup of coffee was warm, the second cold. I enjoyed the breakfast very much for I was extremely hungry. There was a dessert and some fruit. After breakfast, the lady sang and played beautifully and then we were driven over the plantation. It is a big affair and the land is leased from the Sultan by a banking company. The plants were small, but Mr. Van Houten says they grow very tall and the fields are beautiful later. We also went through the drying sheds and saw everything. We got back to the hotel in time for lunch.

The kind American lady I met in Tosari sent me a description of the battle of Bagsek in Mindanao. I read it with deep interest as I knew several of the officers—General Pershing, Captain Charlton, who led his scouts in a final rush on the defenses, and his lieutenant, Rackley, who was wounded. The Americans

showed splendid courage as well as generalship. The Moros will admire the victors just as the Sikhs in India became fast friends of the English when good treatment followed their thorough defeat. The Moros are not fanatical Mohammedans, they are fanatical fighters and cattle thieves, preferring to live by booty rather than by labor. The Mohammedans of these Dutch islands are not fanatical either like Turks and Egyptians, but their religious feelings have been excited by the efforts of the governor to get their children into Christian schools. The change of ministry in Holland, giving place to a liberal government, makes people hope that this governor will be recalled, for all the trouble is attributed to his proselyting zeal.

September 3, 1913.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Houten called yesterday and naturally I invited them both to lunch. Now the only strange thing about this incident is that the young Dutch lady (who told me on our return from our visit to the Van Houtens that she had been invited to spend some weeks with them and had accepted the invitation) was going to let this couple dine at their own expense. This seems strange as she has the reputation of being very rich, dresses elegantly, has fine jewelry, and spends money very freely on herself when we go out together. She asked me to let her sit at my table with the Van Houtens, which suited me entirely, as I am too deaf to talk much Dutch amid the clatter of plates. I should, perhaps, explain that they had arrived at the hotel while I was out, but not until I came back had they been invited to remain. Lunch indeed was ready when I invited them. The Dutch Resident and his wife called on us last night. The lady is from French

Switzerland, extremely pretty and graceful, but entirely deaf. She understands lip language.

This morning Mr. Hoppé came to carry us to the Kraton. We took our stand under the covered court of the palace and saw the native princes arrive in their fine carriages with runners and footmen. They wore very richly embroidered cloth jackets, and tight trousers over which their sarongs were draped in what is here the princely fashion; that is, the sarongs fall very low before and behind with the corners touching the ground and the fullness bunched about the hips. A broad silk scarf is tied around the waist in which two crises are worn. Each prince wore slippers on descending from the carriage, but his attendants took them off before he entered the Kraton. They wore tall, blue, rimless hats. The officials all wore the embroidered jackets, but not so handsome as those of the princes. Official rank seems to be indicated by the way the sarong is draped as well as by the designs on the cloth. Some of them wear it in a full bustle behind, so that the back view of such an official, with the big bustle and bare feet, is rather comical. All the military of the Sultan were present in the procession. The archers with their long bows and quivers on their backs wore gaudy uniforms, and their head handkerchiefs were, by means of bamboo sticks, made to resemble the wings of a bird. I was quite fascinated by their appearance. The soldiers of the different services had their sarongs draped differently. I was told that some of these uniforms date back to 1000 A.D. We not only had Mr. Hoppé to accompany us, but the Sultan appointed an official also for that purpose. We had various drinks offered us—iced Apollinaris, tea, coffee, and sweet alcoholic drinks. When the Dutch Resident appeared

in front of the Kraton in his state carriage, richly gilded and drawn by four horses, the procession was formed. Rice and cakes, which were to be distributed to the poor according to custom, were borne aloft in picturesque structures, which seemingly had tiled roofs, but these tiles were in reality made of sugar with holes in the center for fastening them on. They were very numerous. The regalia consisted of figures of elephants, geese, hens, and other animals in silver, each borne by a man. There were a great many bands of music, so that one was always playing, also a full native "gamelan" which was quite pleasant to hear. A numerous company of court ladies were also in the procession. The court dress for ladies is the inevitable sarong drawn tightly from the back to the front and there falling in fullness to the feet, then a broad piece of batik is drawn tightly over the bust and under the arms, leaving shoulders and arms entirely bare. This band fits the body closely before and behind; a broad fancy belt and a ribbon around the neck show that they belong to the court. The hair is arranged in a knot behind and this knot is covered with a round plaque of gold which has a sort of horn or handle of the same metal curved upward from the middle of the plaque. We followed the procession to the grand pavilion where the Resident, the Sultan, princes, officials, and guests took their places. We were the only foreign ladies invited, as it was purely a man's affair. The Sultan wore a heavy embroidered cloth jacket covered with decorations. He wore the Imperial sarong, the pattern of which he only can wear. There were speechmaking and toast drinking accompanied by thunders of cannon and rifle shooting. After drinks had been served many times with great ceremony, the procession formed again

and returned to the palace. We witnessed all this from a side veranda, but the court ladies from the procession sat on the marble floor near the Sultan and the Resident who each occupied a chair of state. The princes also sat on the floor. The Sultan has no crown prince as the Sultana has no son, but he is to put this wife aside and marry the eighteen-year-old daughter of the Sultan of Djokja. He has sons enough by his supplementary wives. The little fellows were dressed as Dutch officers and marched in front of those troops, who wore European uniforms. The contrast between the fine, picturesque dress of princes and officials and their bare feet was quite striking. We had again a special invitation to follow the procession back to the palace, and though we could not approach the Sultan's throne, we had comfortable seats and were served with hot coffee. The great pavilion with its white marble floor and the grounds all around offered such a scene of movement and variegated color, with the curious and interesting costumes, as I never saw equaled anywhere else in the world. When the ceremonies were over we visited the rooms where fine table china, damask, and silver ornaments are kept in glass cases. The silver was very beautiful.

September 8, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Saturday morning I was called down to the hotel office where I found the Sultan's secretary. He brought an invitation from the Sultan to visit two of his villas in his automobile next morning, yesterday. I had intended leaving Solo, but very naturally could not refuse this flattering invitation. The young Dutch lady and I were, indeed, highly elated. We were informed that

breakfast would be served us at one of the villas. A lady in the hotel told us that the wives of the Dutch officials had been quite hurt that we two strangers alone had received invitations to the Kraton and near the grand pavilion to witness the ceremonies at the men's morning reception. Instead of a Christian feeling of sympathy for these offended ladies, we were much gratified at the distinction. It was the Resident, to whom the young Dutch lady had an introduction, who procured these favors for us.

Mr. Hoppé tells me that the end of the fast is not the Mohammedan New Year. That comes three months later. It rather resembles our Easter and is the rejoicing of the whole people at the end of a rigorous fast lasting a month, during which they eat and drink only at night. I forgot to mention about the procession that the Sultan's dwarfs took part in it also, repulsively hideous creatures, short and thickset with big heads; also the lame, the halt, and the blind, all dependent on him, marched as best they could after their master. Saturday evening Mr. Hoppé took us to the Kraton in a carriage. The young Dutch lady wore a beautiful toilet of pink gauze with diamonds and an elegant embroidered white opera cloak. I wear Elizabeth's breastpin all the time, my only ornament. I believe it has given me the reputation of being very wealthy. The pavilion of the Kraton is very handsome, with white marble floor and open all around. When the Sultan appeared, Mr. Hoppé offered an arm to each of us and we led the procession to shake hands with his majesty. When he saw us he said: "These are the ladies who go to my villas to-morrow." We had seats given us in the inner circle. After coffee and tea were handed, we were asked to choose any other drinks we liked. Mr. Hoppé

chose for us, iced Apollinaris with white wine. We waited to drink till the Sultan lifted his glass and bowed to his guests, then we bowed to him and drank his health. Mr. Hoppé enjoyed himself. He took his favorite drink several times, and smoked the Sultan's fine cigars. Soon the imperial dancers came in, three daughters of the Sultan and six princes of the blood, dressed alike. They came in very slowly to the sound of music, preceded by women servants who walked crouched in a sitting posture. They are so accustomed to this species of locomotion that they get along without difficulty, but it makes them look deformed. The princesses were very pretty to my eyes, now accustomed to color, and very graceful. They wore on their heads crowns made of gilded leather. I saw this work in Djokja, and it is very costly, handmade from start to finish, and painted in miniatures. Heavily gilded in pretty patterns, it makes a pretty crown. Each wore a gilded butterfly on her hair behind. They were richly dressed in the national costume with arms and shoulders bare. The sarongs had long corners dragging behind which the dancers kicked out of the way with their little bare feet. It was all posture dancing and the most constrained postures are sought. They wore a great deal of jewelry. It was altogether a most exotic performance but entirely modest, full of dignity, and fascinating because it was so Oriental. This dance lasted about an hour. Whenever the Sultan was engaged in conversation with a gentleman on the other side, I stole a glance at him through my opera-glasses. He is paler in color than his subjects and has superb eyes. As a Mohammedan, his head was covered with the head handkerchief draped tastefully to frame in his face, with diamonds on either side. He has a striking face and

would be handsome but is rather too fat. The Sultana did not show herself; she is to lose her high rank and must be very sad. There were several ladies of rank present who wore many diamonds. The young Dutch lady could talk to the one near us. I forgot to say that on our arrival, we were met by the secretary whose court dress quite overpowered me at first. He wore a bustle of ample folds flapping with every movement; the sarong tucked up high behind, no doubt served to form this bustle. His two crises had highly ornamented hilts. His sarong was full and long in front, the corners touching the ground, but he wore not a shred of clothing on his upper body. This costume was completed by a tall, thin, glazed cap set on top of his head handkerchief. So much clothing below and so little above, for he wore tight trousers also, gave him a very remarkable appearance. Mr. Hoppé says no one below a prince of the blood can have the upper part of the body covered in the Kraton, so the secretary was in full court dress. We had various bands of music, some of them composed of curious native instruments. After the dance, there came with great clanging and shouting two duelists to fight with their crises. They were of royal blood and very fantastically attired. They fought long and well, and it was very interesting because they were very close to me. When this was over we all marched in front of the Sultan to say good-night, and he said to us in Dutch: "To-morrow." We were greatly honored. The Sultan has quite an imperial look. After the reception we went to the Club to see dancing and met the Resident and his pretty wife there. I did not get to bed until after one o'clock and could not sleep. I had to be ready for the auto at seven next morning and hardly got a half-hour's sleep. Under



SULTAN AND SULTANA OF SOLO

these close mosquito curtains is very different from the wind-swept deck of the steamer. I could always sleep there and felt perfectly well. We took coffee before starting and had a glorious drive of an hour and a half before arriving at Paras, the first villa, situated on a commanding terrace overlooking the valley as far as Solo. We had beautiful views of twin mountains as we approached Paras; one is an active volcano called Merapi (api is "fire" in Malay and mer is "mountain"). Its twin sister is called Merbaboo. The active volcano was sending out a long streamer of smoke. We went all over the villa at Paras, looked at the Sultan's family pictures, went also over grounds and gardens, both the vegetable and the rose gardens, saw many strange flowers, and a Mississippi cape jasmine, which bears in other countries the pretty name of gardenia. We saw odd fruit trees with a profusion of fruit hanging from the trunk and not from the branches. It was not ripe, to my regret. Enormous nutmeg trees loaded with the bursting fruit, the glowing red mace visible. This fruit looks like pretty nectarines, then the glossy leafed cocoa trees with the pretty pods containing the nuts just ripening and many other big fruit trees, among them mangoes. All kinds of iced drinks were offered us, but it was so cold near the mountains that I was not thirsty. Indeed, I wore a mantle. We did not have the secretary to attend us but another high official. After a second lovely drive, we reached the other villa, Pengging. There are many fine springs here, which give quantities of pure water to feed the ponds, swimming pools, and reservoirs. We were taken into the private swimming bath of the Sultan, on the door of which was written: "No Entrance." We looked at boys scrambling for pennies which we threw in the water, went through the

garden, plucked flowers and fruits and, at last, on the front veranda, before a marble-topped table, four attendants approached with four trays on which were the four breakfasts for our party. It was about the oddest breakfast I ever ate in my life and was strictly Javanese in character. Each of us ordered our drinks. I took German beer. Mr. Hoppé having found a good thing in Apollinaris and white wine stuck to that, likewise the young Dutch lady. The official took lemonade; good Mohammedans drink nothing stronger, but in Java they are not very strict as a rule. I ate a vegetable prepared from the flowers of cocoanuts stewed in chicken broth. I ate also what I should call broiled chicken. Instead of bread we had slices of boiled rice. It is boiled a long time in bags made of cocoanut leaves. When cold, it is sliced. There was a salad of chili peppers mixed with unknown ingredients which I found appetizing. There was meat prepared in a strange way which I did not taste, also pounded, toasted peanuts. The beer and hot salad gave me an appetite. I liked the cocoanut blossom vegetable. In the midst of our meal, the Sultan rang up his functionary to know how we were getting along. If that gentleman had had a spark of humor, he could have made his master laugh by telling him of the old American woman's enthusiasm over the Javanese breakfast. The German beer made me quite lively. We got back at one o'clock, and the young lady went in to lunch, but I came up to bed and to sleep. That afternoon the Sultan sent us each beautiful photographs of the Sultana and himself. We were delighted with these attentions and after the official had left, the young Dutch lady suggested various presents I should make the Sultan. I asked: "And what will you send him?" She answered with perfect

sincerity: "I shall pay a visit to his children who are at school in Harlem. Harlem is not far from The Hague, where I live." She had already told me to make a present to Mr. Hoppé, and asked me yesterday if I had done so. I said: "His bill was six gulden and I gave him ten. What have you given him?" "Oh, nothing as yet, but I intend to send him some cigars." This being a fine place to buy cigars, she could not do better, if she really wishes to give him anything, than to buy them here and see that he gets them. She spends money so lavishly on herself that perhaps after all she is really not able to do anything for other people.

I think the King of Cambodia's dancers are more interesting than the Japanese. I am speaking of the female dancers. The men dancers of this country are better and their costumes are extremely picturesque, but those of the Cambodian girls are very fascinating, and their dances are more animated, not so monotonous as these.

Yesterday I called at the Resident's to say good-bye. They showed me their elegant reception rooms, in the largest of which on a dais were three thrones, the largest for the governor-general, the one on either side for the Resident and the Sultan. Just outside of their veranda is a marvelous banyan tree. While we were standing under it, Madame Van Wijk called a servant to bring her white cockatoo, the tamest and most beautiful creature I ever saw. She says it flies in the garden all day, is never chained or caged, and nestles up to her showing great fondness for its mistress. She made an exquisite picture petting this gentle, lovable bird. She is beautiful herself.

BATAVIA, JAVA,
September 14, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I left Solo last Monday. I had to spend the night en route, for trains do not run at night in Java. As I got in the car at Solo, I heard voices calling me. It was the two American girls, Miss R. and Miss M. We spent the night together in Djokja, but I left before six next morning for a twelve hours' trip to Batavia. When I reached here, I found that good Mr. Rairden waiting for me with a carriage at the station. I had never thought of his meeting me or I never should have named the day. He, it seems, telephoned Mr. Van Rossem at the last moment that I was coming, and that young man felt forced to take an automobile in order to catch the train, which he could not do, but overtook us afterwards. I hate dreadfully to cause inconvenience and expense to other people, and I shall guard against it better in future.

Well, I have had a handsome dress made, and I never had less trouble. I went to the best shop and had it made by the French dressmaker of the establishment. It fits well, and I was so pleased with it that I embraced the kind Frenchwoman with enthusiasm, telling her one hug was for her and one for her country. Getting this dress fitted on me and going to the shipping offices have taken up all my time. I have not read the papers nor studied any Dutch. I saw yesterday that great preparations were being made in this house for a birthday celebration. The Dutch, like the Germans, lay great stress on anniversaries, so having understood that it was for the little granddaughter, I got a big illustrated edition of Mother Goose. When I carried it to Mrs. Van Rossem she said: "It is not my grandchild's birth-

day, but my niece's." "Well," I replied, "I got the book for your grandchild, and she must have it." I thought it strange that so much trouble should be taken for a niece, a term which means in Dutch all your cousins to the most remote degree, for the language has no other word to express cousin. Everybody is nephew or niece. They have uncle and aunt, of course. I thought I found the utmost confusion on this subject in the minds of every Dutch person with whom I got acquainted, so much do they need clear terms to express relationships. I said to Mr. Van Rossem yesterday: "It seems strange to me you take so much trouble for a niece. What kin is this 'niece' to you?" "It is my mother's birthday," he answered. He is so perfectly devoted to his mother that he is always near her when he is in the house. A good many guests were invited to dinner last night; champagne, red and white wines were all served, but it was more of a supper than a dinner. The niece who has the same birthday as Mrs. Van Rossem is a pretty girl of twelve. Last night just before the nine o'clock supper, a telephone message came from the son-in-law announcing the birth of a daughter, so the celebration was a three-fold one. When I go shopping, I take either a carriage or a street car, but once there I walk from shop to shop. This is so unusual for Dutch ladies that it is always remarked, and every time I am seen by a member of this household my strange conduct is reported at the table. In Norfolk, Virginia, the people complained that I walked in the street instead of on the sidewalk. Here they complain if I walk at all.

We had a very gay supper party last night, but a theological student bored me nearly to death by claiming my exclusive attention while he poured out doctrines

and sentiments entirely in unison, as far as they went, with the beliefs of the Scotch Covenanters three centuries ago. He either wanted to convert me or to exercise his English. The dining-room is very large and opens without partition on a veranda overlooking the garden, which is filled with shade trees and flowers. It is charming to sit with all this luxuriance of tropical vegetation before one's eyes while at table. There is a garden in front, too, and the avenues bordering the great Konigsplein are just across the street—a lovely situation. Last Tuesday I dined with the Rairdens. They gave me the most delicious home dinner, tender young chickens, fish just out of the water. Unfortunately I had told them that the heat of Batavia had taken away my appetite. They will never believe my word again. I wonder if Laura would like my new dress, and Dick who said: "If Aunt Mary paid more attention to dress, she would not need letters of introduction." Well, I shall report later if this dress serves in lieu of introductions, but if any of you can send such, don't let the dress serve as a deterrent.

FORT DER KOCK, SUMATRA HIGHLANDS,
September 22, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I left Batavia a week ago to-day. Sunday afternoon before leaving, the young man I thought a divinity student brought a fine turnout and took me for a drive. He is a mining engineer; his being a Boer accounts for his fanaticism. The drive would have been charming but for the dust, for it is the dry season in Batavia, and the motor cars keep the dust flying. However, I saw parts of the city I had not seen before and the

young man did not talk religion as at the birthday supper. Mr. Rairden and his wife called later and made themselves most agreeable. I left the ship at one landing place only before reaching Padang, at Bencoolan, because it was the seat of the English merchants during the wars between the Dutch and English for the possession of the trade of these islands. Bencoolan lies on the southwest coast of Sumatra. The captain told me it would cost me a dollar to land and return to the ship. The landing often is dangerous and the ship has no launch, as our steamer had among the Spice Islands. I found Bencoolan a neat and pretty place, everything so green and fresh, but only its historic associations give it interest. I made no acquaintances on the ship though I talked to my neighbors at table who were glad to speak English. Although the Dutch love to speak English, I find it very convenient to know something of their language. Padang is a beautiful place with shady avenues. There are no defined wet and dry seasons in Sumatra as in Java. Here it rains in some seasons every day, at other times not so often. We are now in the very wet season, but the freshness of the air, the freedom from dust, and the luxuriant vegetation compensate for the inconvenience. Under my veranda in the Padang hotel there was a row of trees, the tops of which were covered with newly unfolded leaves in big bunches. These had very bright tints in yellow and pale green. Under some lights they looked as though covered with a veil of gauze of shaded yellow and delicate green, but at other times they looked like huge bouquets. In the tropics the young leaves, whether big or little, are often of varied tints taking the place of flowers, but I have also seen many flowering trees in this country and beautiful

ones. At Padang I visited the monkey mountain, fed the monkeys, and saw the fine views. I left most of my luggage in the hotel, as I must return there to take the ship. The route up here was exceedingly lovely, though I lost much of the scenery by talking to a fellow traveler about what places I should visit in Sumatra. I had been persuaded by a passenger on the ship to give up the trip through northern Sumatra, the Atjeh country, the people with whom the Dutch have waged so many wars, but this man persuaded me not to omit it. The real reason why I was so easily dissuaded from taking it was that I hate to be separated from my letters for so long, but if you are all very considerate, I shall find a lot of mail waiting for me in Penang.

Fort der Kock is in the Highlands surrounded by mountains. The afternoon I got here, I took a walk with a boy to guide me to see a grand natural panorama where the waters have formed a broad canyon. At certain points from the high bank, one sees the winding stream, the high enclosing walls, and the patches of green fields far down below. I also saw some immensely deep and big holes in the ground called buffalo pits. It gave me a fearful feeling to look down into one of them. They reminded me of those dreadful prisons of the poor Athenians near Syracuse in Sicily, but these buffalo pits look far deeper; they are green too, for in this rainy climate nature covers everything with verdure. I wound up my walk at a park which commands far-reaching views over valley and mountain, over native houses and streets swarming with people coming and going, the women in bright colors wearing cloths on their heads in the form of turbans, the loose ends hanging down behind, on top of which they carry their burdens. I did not see any Sumatra women with their

busts bare and the babies swung under so that they could feed at will as I saw everywhere in Java, neither have I seen any women closely veiled either in Sumatra or in Java, and yet they are Mohammedan. Yesterday I went to a big market or fair at Pajakombo. Everything seems to be sold there: furniture, cattle, horses, merchandise, spread out under the enormous Waringen trees, as beautiful trees as I ever saw and far spreading. Rubber can be made of the sap, but they are the shade trees of the squares and parks, forming avenues of wonderful beauty. After the market I took a long drive to a ravine which, though fine, does not compare to similar ravines in Switzerland. The waterfall is very thin, though by its great height it forms a veil of mist over the steep rocky wall. The day was too long. I got back tired at six o'clock. This morning I went to see the Resident to ask permission to put up at the rest house in Mator, where I am going tomorrow. I shall walk there, starting at five in the morning, with a guide to carry my luggage. I think the walk will do me good. I feel the need of climbing after my long stay in those flat cities. The Resident telephoned to the rest house and found that there were already eight travelers occupying it. As it is intended for four at most, he refused to permit me to go there, but I have just received a note from him saying he has found a lodging for me at one of the principal native houses. The Resident has put himself to much trouble for me. When I first saw him this morning, he greeted me with "good-bye," which somehow had a discouraging sound. Mr. Rairden told me his Dutch visitors often began by saying "good-bye." The young man who persuaded me to visit the Atjeh country advised me to write to the military governor at Koeta Rajah

and ask if he thought a trip through that country practicable for me. I have done so, but cannot get an answer till the ship arrives at Olehleh, the port of Koeta Rajah. I trust the governor may take enough interest in me to give me good advice. Some people say it is a dangerous country to travel in, others say the Dutch have the Achinese well in hand. They are more fanatical than in other parts of Sumatra.

To go back to Batavia. Mrs. Van Rossem, who always rises late in the morning because she is on her feet all day and goes late to bed, got up to see me off, as well as her daughter who had been up very late. Well, after all this sacrifice on my account, I went off without saying good-bye. The young engineer gave me a religious book on parting. He has the zeal of a crusader, and his views are not much more advanced. The book looks pretty, and I shall give it to some good missionary friend who may like that kind of literature. I have my religion and I hope it is earnest, but it is not of the type of my young Boer friend. I showed the book to Mr. Van Rossem, and he said that between the ages of sixteen and twenty, he was even more fanatical and engrossed in theology, that he kept writing to his parents about "coming to Christ," (I am quoting his words), till they wrote him to come instantly to Johannesburg, and they got him off to Holland to save his mind. I have written to my dear Mrs. Van Rossem an humble apology for not telling them good-bye.

FORT VAN DER CAPELLEN HOTEL, SUMATRA,

September 30, 1913.

DEAR FAMILY:

Early last Tuesday, I started for a very long walk to Matoor, with a coolie to carry my luggage. I had to

cross two streams—one in a buffalo cart and one on the back of a native. It was an interesting excursion, but the coolie was too young and groaned over the weight of my luggage. I paid him a very liberal fee to compensate him. I was received in Mator in the house of the "Twankoolaris," or native regent of the district. These native regents are men of importance. They are appointed by the Dutch government which, however, generally allows the people to select them. Sometimes the title is hereditary, especially if the son is fitted for the position. The house of the regent looked very pleasant from the street, but it was too dark for me inside. The roof projects far over the veranda to shelter the double steps leading up to it. All native houses are built high above the ground. The company room, which I occupied, was partly separated from the dining-room by a screen. I was an object of great curiosity to the children of the house, to the servants and dependents. The village schoolmaster was sent for to translate, for none of the family could speak Dutch. He spoke it poorly, but it was a great help. He came often to see me and, though ill-informed, was interesting. He told me, the day of my arrival, there was a native festival going on at a distance of some three miles and that the wife of the Twankoolaris was going with her children. I was not very tired in spite of my long walk, but I lay down to rest after lunch and to freshen up. The lunch was chicken soup, rice, and eggs, and hashed meat. We all started on foot to the festival. We met most of the people returning to their homes, but on our arrival the master of ceremonies brought out an arm-chair for me, cleared the space in front, and arranged a dance with fourteen young men who formed a ring and danced posture dances with a good

deal of spirit. When this was over, the young men came out in couples, approached each other warily with all their skill in postures and contortions and then suddenly flew at each other and began to kick violently. The soles of the feet were caught, however, by the adversary in the palm of his hand, so that there was a loud resounding noise, but no harm done. All this was carried on so quickly and skilfully that it was pleasing, even graceful, especially when, at the close, each greeted the master of ceremonies. Some of these duels were with krisses which looked very dangerous, but no harm resulted. The women spectators wore a great deal of jewelry. My hostess wore as pendants to her golden necklace eight gold coins of ten florins each. They wear sarongs with short white jackets, to which is added a long, thin overcoat when they go out. There were amusements for the boys, such as climbing poles, etc. On our way back to Mator, a carriage met us into which we all crowded and ate a native fruit of delicious taste but of little substance resembling somewhat our scuppernong grapes in the south. My evening meal was a repetition of the lunch—no bread, no butter, no coffee, nor tea deserving the name, and no milk. Next morning with a boy to guide me, I started for a long walk to a famous point of view. There is a great lake over fifty miles long in this part of Sumatra. The ocean dotted with islands is also in sight, together with a panorama of hills and vales, but when I arrived the fog had closed in as dense and impenetrable as a wall. Instead of resting on the hill where there was a bench, I got uneasy about the boy, who coughed and had nothing to put around him. I had a wrap for myself and wished to stay, in the hope that the fog might lift, but not speaking Malay, I could not tell the boy to

leave me, so I went back to Mator and for the first time felt very, very tired. The accumulated fatigue was too much for me, so I went to bed. Indeed, there was nothing else to do. It was too dark to read in my room and the rain poured all the time. The meals were always the same, no seasoning in the soup. I missed my coffee in the morning and my tea in the afternoon, for I could not drink the tea given me. I found that the regent had two wives; the two little girls were not those of my hostess, their mother living in a neighboring house. My hostess was evidently the favorite wife. She had four children, and the great big Twankoolaris could be seen, whenever he had leisure, carrying the two-year-old child about the streets, a very tender father. He had a very intelligent face, but only spoke Malay. Whenever the village schoolmaster came, I left my bed to talk to him and through him to my host. I visited the school, which was clean and airy. The Dutch do a great deal for the natives here as in Java, especially in putting up good schoolhouses, but they do not teach Dutch in any school that I have seen in Sumatra. I was told while in Java that only within the last ten years had the government begun to teach Dutch in the Java schools. They told me also that the native children were very intelligent, that with a European language, the people would in time be as advanced as any people in the world. They will have to give up their Mohammedan religion if they make this progress, for they cannot do it under the rule of the Koran. The schoolmaster at Mator showed me his youngest daughter when I visited the school. The child was really beautiful, very fine and glossy black hair, with a pale yellow complexion. I am beginning to like color when it is not too dark. He was much pleased at my admir-

ation of his little daughter. He said in Sumatra the women outnumbered the men and their "adat" permitted four wives, but usually only two were taken. The want of coffee, tea, and bread, and the monotony of the food could not be endured longer than two days, so I asked the schoolmaster what a carriage would cost to Fort der Kock. When he said three florins for the sixteen miles I was amazed, for my guide-book had spoken of from 16 to 20 florins. It must have been gotten up years ago, before the government made good roads, and if ever such prices were paid that day is long since passed. I thought I had saved by my walk eight dollars in gold, whereas I had saved nothing. I was glad to get back to the hotel. The regent, his family, and the schoolmaster took an affectionate farewell of me. The schoolmaster begged me not to pay my driver more than three florins. He seemed to take great interest in me, perhaps because he learned so many astonishing things in the course of our conversations. He was truly astounded when I assured him that in a population of 100,000,000 there were no Mohammedans in the United States. He asked what language we spoke and of what color we were. I could have gone on astonishing him, but I preferred to make him talk. He said the Sumatra people were entirely satisfied with the Dutch government. Perhaps this is true in central and south Sumatra, but I am not sure about the Achinese population of the north coast. I believe a kind of guerrilla warfare is kept up in those regions, but as I am going there I shall soon know. The newspapers speak of bands of malefactors coming into collision with the mounted police or the soldiers. The word "war" is not mentioned, but Dutch travelers tell me that the Atjeh country is unsafe. My host and hostess at Fort der

Kock welcomed me most kindly, and I enjoyed sitting down to a good meal. Alligator pears flourish here, and I might learn to like them in time. On leaving Fort der Kock, I stopped first at a little place called Basso, where I left the railroad. The station master could only speak Malay, but a Dutchman to whom I spoke, took charge of me and gave me the best advice as to how to reach Fort van der Capellen. Between Basso and this place, there is a rest house. This kind-hearted gentleman engaged a carriage and driver for me, which were to bring me to the rest house. There I was to look at the accommodations, and if I did not like them he would drive me on to the Fort. He gave all necessary instructions to the driver. While waiting for the carriage, we had a long conversation in Dutch and parted with mutual protestations of the kindest feelings. He told me, in fact, such an affecting story of his sister, who is now living with him, that I cannot think of it without a sob in my throat. When I reached the rest house, I was so pleased with it that I decided at once to stay all night. Everything about it is so beautiful, cool, and clean. The caretaker was very attentive and arranged a bath for me immediately. He spoke no Dutch, but the kind gentleman had written out the Malay phrases I should need, which I read aloud to him. Everything was good but the tea, which was flavored with rose water, a seasoning I detest. I had a delightful night's rest, the caretaker sleeping in the passage outside my door; I felt safe and very comfortable; there were no mosquitoes. I had expected to walk the rest of the way, but I had not got over my fatigue, so I hired a buffalo cart. The buffalo was an enormous bull and kept his tail so active that I had to be on the alert. It was a gay ride, the driver laughing and talking to me,

though I could not understand a word. The way led through coffee plantations, and some of the trees were in bloom, the flowers just like white jasmine, growing in thick clusters along the branches and very sweet. These Sumatra roads are very beautiful. The vegetation is so luxuriant, with mountains in view and no dust, while one can count generally on having the early morning without rain. It often pours during the night and in the afternoon.

Fort van der Capellen lies beautifully but somewhat lower than the rest house. There is a Waringen tree here, which is, I believe, the most beautiful in all India, and I have seen very wonderful ones elsewhere. Its trunk is formed of a huge mass of columns, and the enormous crown gives far-spreading shade. It looks like a work of nature and art combined. My host is a German, so our conversation is an odd mixture. He has a Javanese wife, a Catholic like himself, who speaks only Malay. Their children are off at school. The wife and I get on very well together. She says what she feels impelled to say and I likewise, and she seems to like me. I asked about festivals, and learning that a big one would take place on Sunday, I asked the host to engage a carriage to take me there. He went also with the postmaster. On arriving I was introduced to all the native dignitaries and then seated on a veranda. The Twankoolaris of this district, who has some 28,000 natives under his jurisdiction, was seated near me. There were also a native judge, a mayor, and a physician, besides several other men of importance. The band was brought up on the veranda to play me a welcome. I seemed to be the guest of honor. The band was composed of two violins and two flutes of the most primitive description. There was a clown, also,

dressed entirely in red, and a functionary wearing the very ancient costume of Sumatra. The rank of an official is indicated by his turban. The music was monotonous, but being addressed to me I was flattered, and it was varied by a descriptive song with gestures representing the catching of fish, cutting them open, and packing them to ship. Whenever the singers would cry out very loud and seem excited, I would ask the host what it meant. "Some of the fish have jumped out of the boat into the water," or "there are not enough hands for the work, others are called in." The natives seemed intensely satisfied with this musical effort. When this was over we went down to see the dancing. It was a repetition of that near Mator, with a few new features added: dancing with tambourines, dueling with long, sharp knives, also the kicking duel. A curious dance was the Death dance. A long drum was put on a matting covered with a dark cloth. A man began chanting, while another representing Death, followed him closely step by step. When he approached the dark-covered object, his enemy was always there before him with a long knife. Death had a very white face and wore a long thin and beautiful batik veil, which I should like to possess. He acted the part very well, dressed as a woman, but the crowd was more interesting than the show. The women wore the heirloom jewelry of their families and the Twankoolaris assured me it was of genuine gold, descending for generations from mother to daughter.

I am now in the land where the most ancient and curious of the Malay race reside. There are about forty clans of them, each claiming descent from a common ancestress in the female line. Only the females inherit the land. They, on their marriage, do not leave the

maternal home. The husband comes to them without belonging to his wife's clan or family. What he and she earn together goes half to their children, the other half to his sisters and brothers or to the children of his sisters, property descending in the female line. I am in the land where the matriarchate prevails. The women have far more importance here than among any other Mohammedans. These people are governed according to their "adat," consisting of their time-honored customs and usages. Many of the women at this festival wore on their heads a perfect forest of miniature golden trees. At the back of the head was a plaque with pendants. Their earrings were sometimes as big as toy wheels. They also wore rings with very antique, high settings, and gold bracelets ornamented with stones or brilliants. Around their necks hung numerous necklaces formed of squares, stars, or round pieces of thin gold, more than an inch in diameter, besides gold chains, coins, etc. Their sarongs were, in many instances, beautiful, and I was told they were woven in their own homes. I could hardly believe it, however; they were so fine with gold threads woven in. When the dancing was over, the notabilities informed my host that the people wished me to decide which young lady wore the most beautiful ornaments, for there was a prize to be awarded her. I felt the whole importance and responsibility of the task. I had to walk the long line of young women all sitting under their miniature gold forests and loaded with ornaments. The men followed and watched me, and every word I said was translated to them. I picked out only three of the ladies who I thought excelled the others, but the chief man had heard some compliments I paid to two half-grown girls purely on account of their youth and these

two were included in the number who were made to take seats in front of me for the final decision. The crowd was breathless and pressing around us. I felt that it would be invidious for me to choose between these beauties, so I made them draw straws for the prize, and to my disgust one of the youngest girls got it, one whom I should never have chosen, but I hope chance was more judicious than I. She was given a piece of paper which I think was a check; the other four were given handkerchiefs. A procession was then formed of the young men dancers, the school children, the teachers, and the five beauties. They marched to the beating of drums and the music of flutes and violins. After this the five were again drawn up in front of me to give me thanks. Feeling that they had nothing to thank me for, I shook each by the hand and said some cordial words in Dutch, which they understood not, but the tones seemed to touch one, at least, for she held my hand pressed a moment. I hope the taking part in the procession was gratifying to them. When all was over and we took our leave, it was three o'clock. The Twankoolaris, having heard that I liked sugar cane, had four big stalks put in my carriage. On the drive back, I saw some very ancient stones rudely engraved on one side. They were erected by the immediate descendants of the first Malay invaders about the year 1200 A.D.

October 1, 1913.

Yesterday evening a children's dance was got up in my honor by the native judge, and it pleased me very much. The musical greeting of the children was very graceful and flattering. Several of them were put in a double row, the smallest in front. All sang together, at first accompanied by a violin, then the smallest little

girl stepped forward and began a solo keeping step to the music in a slow dance. The child's gestures were so graceful and she bowed so prettily towards me that I was completely captivated. Each of the little girls in turn came forward and, dancing, sang me a welcome. I think I never saw a more pleasing ceremony, and it doesn't make much difference whether the children sing well or not. Graceful dancing and gestures with clearly spoken words of welcome are sufficient. After this there was a great deal more dancing like that of Europeans, not Oriental. The end was a musical leave-taking of me. My host treated them to what we call sweet crackers, and the judge's wife gave them sweet drinks. The fare in this hotel is wretched, with the poorest coffee I have ever seen in this land of fine coffee, served with American canned, skimmed milk. Even the cocoanut oil they cook with is rancid in this land of cocoanuts.

The Dutch administration calls all half-caste children Dutch and makes no distinction between them and Hollanders. The Sumatrans are a proud race. They have nothing servile about them. One sees that their chieftains were not tyrants. In Java, the Sultans at Djokja and Solo still keep up the foot-kissing ceremony, and their subjects approach them on their knees. One remarks the difference in the bearing of the Sumatrans.

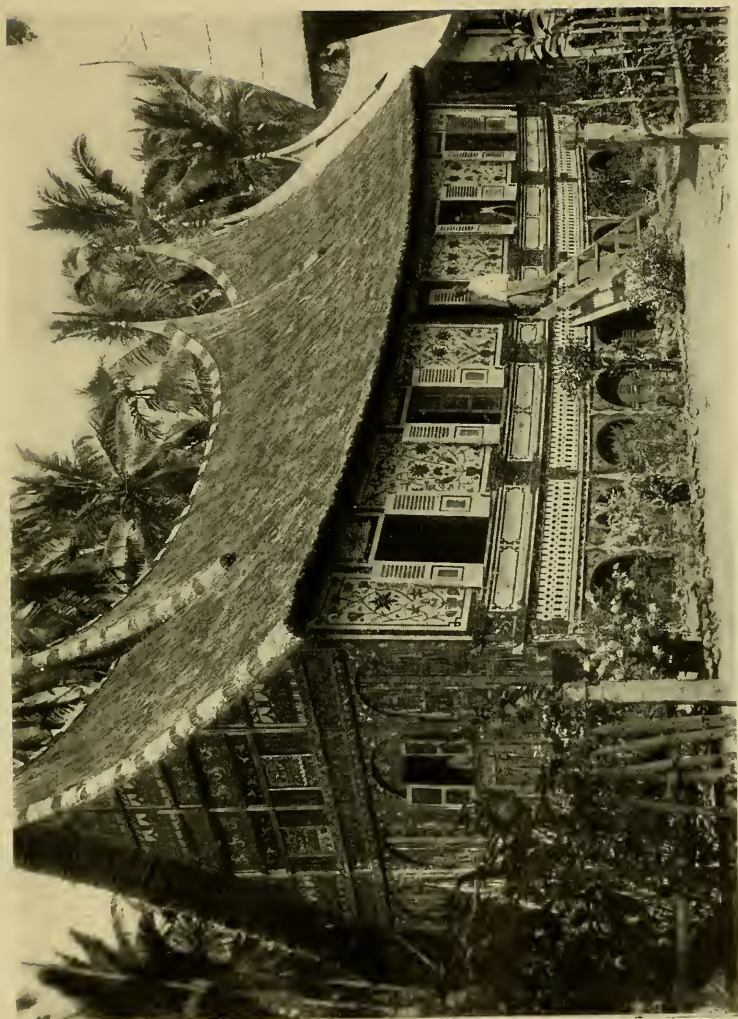
SIGLI, SUMATRA,
October 10, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

It is hard for me to go back and speak of the past when the present is so engrossing, but if I began with this morning, it would require too many explanations.

I wrote last from Fort van der Capellen. The day before I left I called on the wife of the controller, and she came to return my visit the same afternoon, but I had gone to a steep hill near the little town and was walking up and down it because I like climbing and it does me good. She came out to where I was and was amazed at my movements. I told her afterwards she was not the only person I had astounded and confounded. Some boys had followed me and vainly tried to make out my intentions, but haply they had been called away. I returned with her to her home, a luxurious dwelling. The government furnishes such to its higher employees. Seeing a piano in the drawing-room, I asked her if she would play for me. She answered: "Certainly," and inquired what I wished to hear. I regarded this as a mere form of words, but when she sat down without music and played from all the greatest German composers as well as those of other nations, I asked amazed: "Were you not a concert performer before your marriage?" She answered: "Yes." It was such a treat that I could have listened indefinitely, but she wished to talk to me. We spoke Dutch as she does not understand English. How much pleasure a knowledge of Dutch has given me, and how well worth the trouble of learning it! I find also that it is reckoned as a great virtue in me by the Hollanders here, that I should have given myself the trouble, and a serious one it was, to learn Dutch. I tell them that I feel now for the first time that I understand the soul of the Dutch people, now that I can read in the daily press what they are thinking and doing. The controller's wife gave me some beautiful photos, also some home made rolls for my lunch next day; and making me promise to write to her, we embraced tenderly at parting. How sorry

I was that I had not called sooner. I spent all next day on my way to Padang to take the ship. The sea trip lasted two days and I was sick all the time till we landed at Olehleh. I had written to the military governor of Koeta Rajah to say I should be obliged to call on him for advice as to my trip through the Atjeh country. The governor, in reply, sent Colonel Goldman to meet me at the landing, but as I left the ship before he arrived, I missed him, but I found my way perfectly to the hotel where I was expected. That afternoon, Colonel Goldman called and told me the governor had detailed him to show me the place, and that he would begin next morning at nine. He arrived punctually at nine next day, but we talked till one o'clock. He speaks English remarkably well. The result was that my sight-seeing was put off still another day, but we started very early the following morning, visiting the markets where the strange fruits and vegetables and the odd-looking natives interested me. We also visited a mosque erected by the Dutch and given to the Achinese to replace the one which had been destroyed in a desperate battle in 1873. There is a tree near this mosque called the Kohler tree because a Dutch general of that name was killed under it during that fight. We then took a fine automobile, belonging to one of Colonel Goldman's friends, and went down to Olehleh, first to a girls' school, Achinese. As we were expected in the school, the girls had on their best clothes, light black trousers with gold embroidery at the ankle, jackets, and gay little silk scarfs. This is also the best dress of the women, only they drape a sarong over the trousers. The girls wore a great deal of heirloom jewelry; the necklaces were really very pretty. I wanted to buy one and was willing to pay a high price for it, but they were not for sale.



NATIVE HOUSE AT FORT VAN DER CAPELLAN

We then returned in the auto to call on Governor-General Swart. Then we went to the Sultans' Cemetery near the governor's residence. This latter is in the old palace grounds of the Sultans. These were such enemies of the Dutch that the last Sultan is living in banishment in Amboina. Colonel Goldman said the Dutch did not take possession of this country of the Achinese until 1873 when, by a treaty with England, they were given a free hand to put down piracy, which, in spite of treaty after treaty with the Sultans of Koeta Rajah, was practiced by all his subjects, high and low; captives sold into slavery just as on the north African coast in 1800. The war was fought on this issue, but the Dutch at first underrated their adversaries and were not always successful. The war has lasted pretty much ever since, though it is now confined to a few guerrilla bands in the mountains composed of men who have sworn never to submit to foreign domination. Colonel Goldman is the most perfect guide one can imagine and is so well informed that it is a delight to listen to him. We visited the military cemetery where the officers lie who have been killed in the Achinese war. On the marble covering of the entrance wall, the honor roll of their names is inscribed. It begins with 1873 and ends with 1912. I wanted to see General Kohler's tomb, but his remains were taken to Batavia. It was a moving sight to see the list of these young men who had fallen on bloody battlefields fighting an enemy who regard death in war as the quickest entrance into paradise.

Colonel Goldman made out an itinerary for me for a trip through Atjeh to Medan on the east coast of Sumatra where I cross over to Penang. He telephoned to the commandant at Sigli and put me under his charge. I

told him that while I should go out of my way for a fine view, still that was not what I was traveling for, that I wanted to see the people in their amusements and daily lives. So the colonel telephoned to suggest that a folk dance be arranged for me by the native chief of this district the night of my arrival. During my stay in Koeta Rajah, Colonel Goldman brought his wife to call on me, a very charming woman. I had trouble in persuading the colonel that I did not wish any one to see me off the morning I left. There were two young men in the hotel who would not believe this, and they went to the station before seven o'clock. One was president of the council and spoke English very well. He said while he was studying law in Holland, he put all his student books aside for three months and devoted all that time to the study of Shakespeare. I was four hours on the train coming to Sigli. Captain Van Dorn met me at the station and brought me to the rest house where I found only two other guests, two young men. The cooking is very good, better than in the hotel at Koeta Rajah. Captain Van Dorn remained talking to me for some time after I arrived. He speaks only Dutch. Late in the afternoon he returned and we took a very interesting walk through the little town, which is merely a military post. At six we started for the native village where the dancing was to take place. The wife of the surgeon and some officers joined our party. When we arrived at the village, we were carried to the public hall which had been draped in yellow and red bunting, and a chair, covered with yellow, was in place for me by a large round table. Here we eight white persons sat with the chief who speaks only Malay. We were offered drinks and, as the captain said I must drink something, I ordered a

small glass of beer. The others took various drinks, then champagne was brought and I proposed the health of the chief, all standing. My neighbor had taught me the native words for "long life and prosperity." Then we went to the dancing pavilion, a very large one and divided into three different sections. First we looked at the women dance. The captain seemed amazed to see them. He said in all the years he has been here, he had never known the women to dance for Europeans before. Seats were provided for us and champagne poured out, which I simply touched with my lips. The women formed in two rows of eight each, some old and withered, others young. They swayed their bodies and lifted their arms in unison, chanting a monotonous song to the beating of drums. They kept this up till I got tired of it, so we went to see the men dance. Our seats, table, and wine glasses, were brought with us. The dancers were in two rings sitting on the ground. In the center of each ring stood one or two boys in red shirts and Achinese trousers. These latter are tight at the knees and close-fitting above, but broad at the ankles and over the feet. The boys were the dance leaders. Being Mohammedans, their heads were covered with beautiful handkerchiefs interwoven with silver and gold threads, the corners standing off like wings. They show a taste for the picturesque in arranging these handkerchief turbans. At first the boys danced while the men kept time with slow movements of hands and arms, and then the men, one party at a time, for it was a competitive affair, stood up and danced with great energy, springing and throwing out their arms and legs. Now I began to hear such strange sounds coming from the women that I proposed going back to them. We found them still standing in rows opposite

each other but uttering the strangest, hoarse cry. This they did by violently heaving the chest and letting it sink back with a falling motion of the whole upper body, their chins thrust upward as they uttered the cry. They looked as though in a state of complete exhaustion, but nevertheless they kept uttering these hoarse, barking sounds, with convulsive movements of the head and body. Their eyes had lost every spark of intelligence and were fixed in a vacant stare. I never saw so strange a sight before. When I asked the captain the meaning of it, he said he had heard about these dances, but had never seen them before; that it was an Achinese custom for the women to dance thus. I think it must be a war dance to excite the men and themselves (for the Achinese women fight with the men) to every sacrifice in order to slay their enemies. These creatures at last had to stop their barking from sheer exhaustion, but the captain said they would begin again and keep it up the whole night. A dense crowd of natives stood around, and among them I remarked the beautiful face of a young woman, but when I approached to speak to her, with a look of horror, indeed of loathing, she fell back in the crowd. We returned again to the men dancers, and the chief had his little boy brought out for our admiration. He was entirely naked except for some jewelry. We now approached the third section of dancers where we heard a perfect uproar of drums, for even the spectators were beating them. Captain Van Dorn had one given him to beat. Conversation was impossible. The scene was extremely exciting. Indeed, I was very much frightened, but the chief sat near me all the time. The dancers were powerful young men armed with long, slender knives slightly curved. They were springing

and stabbing wildly, in desperate thrusts. I was afraid their excitement might cause them to run amuck, and we unarmed Europeans were very close to these savage creatures. It was the wildest scene imaginable, and the young men seemed drunk with the longing to slaughter. Bundles of thorn branches were brought, incantations uttered, and then a young man laid himself down on them while another pressed him into them. The captain seemed puzzled over this feat, but did not believe the thorns penetrated the flesh. I am not sure, to what excesses their frenzy drove them. The native spectators were in solid ranks around the dancers, all armed with knives. I was greatly relieved when our party got safely away from this festival.

The captain had told me on my arrival that the colonel commanding this fort was absent on duty else he would have shown me all the sights himself; that he could speak English. I did not object, however, to speaking Dutch with Captain Van Dorn. The second day he took me all over the fort including hospital, machine works, ice factory, and the barracks where each native soldier had a section for his bed, on and under which he and his family sleep. As the roofs are open under the eaves, I suppose there is air enough, but the mosquito curtain to each bed is rather closely woven and it furnishes the only guarantee of privacy. I hate these thick muslin curtains in the hotel. They certainly keep out the air and are almost as bad as mosquitoes. That evening the captain brought a pamphlet he had written about the war in the Padang Highlands from 1823 to 1839, which I found deeply interesting. He read parts of it to me, especially about the causes of that war. Early yesterday morning, he came to say that Colonel Scheepens had returned,

and having been told that I should like to see trained monkeys throw down cocoanuts from the immensely high palm trees, had telephoned to another village to have some of these monkeys brought up by train. They were to arrive at one o'clock and then the captain and the colonel would escort me to the train to receive the monkeys and to the trees to see them at work. He told me also that Colonel Scheepens had ordered a buffalo fight for next day in a village where the animals were trained specially for fighting. Quite a number of others from the garrison were to accompany our party, and we were to start at six in the morning by train. At these buffalo fights, the natives turn out in great numbers and in their gala clothing which would give me a favorable opportunity of seeing them at their best. Of course, I was overwhelmed by all this attention and kindness, the more so as I knew what a busy man Colonel Scheepens was. While the captain and I were still talking, we heard an uproar and cries of "Amuck! amuck!" The alarm came from the open village Hall of Justice, about fifty yards from the veranda where we sat. The captain sprang from the veranda calling to me to lock myself in my room. The servants were weeping and wringing their hands. I followed the captain without being able to overtake him, and saw coming down the steps of the Hall of Justice two wounded men, native officials. One was bleeding profusely from a deep gash at the wrist; the other had his hand badly cut. Then a powerfully built man, supported on each side by a policeman, came slowly down the steps. He was being led off to prison, but soon fell dead, as I learned subsequently. I saw his body later brought in a cart to the hospital. He had deep saber cuts on his head. He was the "amuck"

man, but the saddest feature of this tragedy was that the noble colonel, who is regarded by officers and men alike almost as a father, was dreadfully wounded and had been carried to the hospital before I reached the Hall. I ran off to the hospital without the slightest preparation, bareheaded, without even a handkerchief. In the enclosure I met some officers who were so deeply moved they could scarcely speak. The colonel was within. The man with the wrist wound was lying in the hospital hall almost in a state of collapse, I thought; but, for the moment, there was no thought except for Colonel Scheepens. His wound was very deep in the abdomen under the liver. I heard one of the assistants telephone to Governor-General Swart to come as soon as possible with the Koeta Rajah surgeon and his staff. They started on a special train and arrived in less than three hours. While I stood waiting for tidings of the colonel, the captain came to say that he wished me to come in and speak to him. I found him lying on the operating table covered with a sheet, his neck and arms bare, a fine head and superb eyes. He began by saying how sorry he was that he could be of no further service to me, that he must still leave me to Captain Van Dorn's care. I was deeply touched by the wonderful courage of the man who could think of others at such a time. I could not control my emotion, and had to turn away my head to hide my tears. He told me it was the fifth time he had been wounded. I hate to confess it, that in such a tragic moment I could not remain to try to entertain him till the surgeons came, because I had brought no handkerchief with me, and as I was sobbing, I had to fly from the hospital. Captain Van Dorn told me later that one of those former wounds had

taken two years to heal. When I got back to the rest house, someone said: "The monkeys are here," but I could not imagine what they were talking about. They had to explain before I could remember that the colonel had ordered them that I might see them throw down cocoanuts from the trees. The captain then appeared, and I was obliged to go with him to see a big ape climb a lofty cocoanut tree. On finding no ripe nuts, he was opposed to throwing down the green ones, but being repeatedly urged by his master, he threw down three large green nuts. This ape was really a handsome animal, with a clean, glossy skin. He came down the moment he was ordered. The captain told me the Sumatra natives were very skillful in training monkeys to gather the nuts, but in Java they have never attempted anything of the kind, nor do they train the buffaloes to put themselves between the shafts and stoop the head under the yoke as in Sumatra. The captain would not permit me to give the monkey man more than one gulden. He took my purse away from me saying the men had free passes and had been paid enough. The fact was, we did not feel in the humor for amusement, for our thoughts were in the hospital with that poor, noble martyr. At half-past four, the governor-general and surgeons arrived and the operation was undertaken. It lasted more than two hours, and they say there is hope for his recovery.

I took dinner that night at Mrs. Baldesari's, wife of the doctor, and was told the cause of the "amuck." The son of a village chief was wounded by another Achinese. The wound was dressed in the hospital and pronounced slight. Yesterday morning, Colonel Scheepens had to preside over the court which tried the assailant. The village chief who was present demanded

ten years' banishment for the offender. The native judge advised a fine of thirty-five guildens. The chief then appealed to the colonel as president of the court to banish the man for ten years. Colonel Scheepens thought this too severe and commuted the fine to six months' imprisonment. This so enraged the chief that he plunged his knife in the colonel, a most formidable weapon, long, slender, and curved, with a stout, bent, iron handle. Two native officials rushed forward and cut the man over the head with their sabers, but each received a wound. The captain had explained to me the day before how the Dutch, when sitting in a native court of justice, are obliged to mitigate the sentences, which often consist in mutilations of the body, such as cutting off the hand of a thief with more or less of the arm, according to the gravity of the case. He said Dutch officers always try to induce native judges to propose these mitigations, so that the initiative may appear to come from themselves.

Early this morning, the captain sent a message that the colonel had passed a satisfactory night. No doubt it was the pride of the village chief which caused him to demand for the assailant of his son so severe a sentence as ten years' banishment. I have just seen his corpse borne by on its way to the station. It was not numerously attended, so I hope the people do not approve of his act. Of course, all idea of the buffalo fight has been given up, but I shall go to see a native family this afternoon.

HOTEL DE BOER, MEDAN, SUMATRA,

October 20, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Early in the morning I left Sigli; the two young men who were staying in the rest house carried me on a

walk through the village to visit some interesting Atjeh houses. These are built on high props, with floors made of split bamboo, the cracks about the width of the bamboo. I wondered how the family could keep any small objects in their houses, but all dirt that was movable could be got rid of without trouble.

I saw a bird called a beo hanging in a cage outside of a house. I had seen it more than once before, but it is not pretty, and as I do not like to see caged birds, I had never paid any attention to the beo, but when the young men told me it could talk, I stopped to interview it. I repeated the Malay word for "bird" several times, and then waited to hear what it had to say. It began to speak in the sweetest and gentlest voice and spoke in sentences for some little time. I was entirely charmed and began again in soothing tones to repeat my one Malay word. Again the bird answered in the most fascinating way. The young men could tell me nothing about the beo. I presume its language is, after all, only a bird language, but it sounds entirely like human speech, and the bird was very gentle and appreciative. It was ready to answer me each time. I should like to own one if I could make it happy, but our climate would not suit it. It is black with a yellow beak, but is not attractive in appearance. The previous night these two young men had made an appointment for me at the house of a very well-to-do Malay from the Padang Highlands. Several other young men joined the party, and the host, after showing his home with pride, brought out many bottles of imported German beer. The young men had, on being asked what they would drink, chosen German beer. I had not taken into consideration the habits of the tropics, or I should have hesitated to sanction this appointment. No one pays a visit



COLONEL SCHEEPENS



here without being invited to drink something. I always forgot it when receiving visits, or, at least, I rarely thought of it. I would get to talking, and, not feeling the slightest wish to drink myself, did not invite others to do so. Not until my trip through the Atjeh country was ended and I was speaking to a lady about tropical customs did the enormity of my offense come home to me, and then I remembered that poor Colonel Goldman in Koeta Rajah had spent four hours with me without my offering him anything. Also that long-suffering Captain Van Dorn in Sigli spent hours reading his most interesting treatise on the Padri war to me without obtaining a drop to drink. I became so conscience-stricken and repentant over this oversight that this morning I got off cigars and cigarettes to both gentlemen, also cigarettes to the controller of Lho Seumawe, another victim though a lesser one.

At Lho Seumawe, the controller took me to the hotel, which was very poor. In this country the hotels are poor and the rest houses good and comfortable. The difference is that in the rest houses the cook gets all the profits from the meals. The room rent is separate, and the traveler inscribes in a book how many days he has stayed and what rent he has paid. The cooks give very good meals, better than in the hotels, where the service and food were bad.

On the train, I enjoyed talking to some very well-informed Dutch gentlemen. After they left, an Englishman came in who told me a great deal I did not want to know about the habits of the young men coming out to these colonies, who take native or Japanese wives temporarily to manage their houses and make them comfortable. The Englishman said they were all so coarse in their conversation, but as he did not understand a

word of Dutch, I don't see how he could judge. I heard afterwards he was a drunkard, and I saw he was not a cultivated man. I visited an interesting rubber plantation at one of my stopping places. They are the same rubber plants we see in our houses at home, which grow to very big trees over here, but a new variety is rapidly taking their place. While I was walking far out in the rubber forest, accompanied by the manager, we saw two little figures standing still on the other side of a deep ditch, two small white boys, two and three years old. The manager was astonished to see his own children so far from home, but on looking around we saw two man-servants and a maid coming for them. The mother was greatly alarmed, as I found out afterwards, when taken to the house. Six years ago there was no money circulating in Langsa, as this province is called. The people were poor and at war. The government started this rubber estate as an experiment. Five others owned by private individuals have sprung up around it, and the people thus provided with regular work are contented and law abiding. There is now quite a group of government officials here; a post-office, club house, and rest house have been established, and 50,000 florins monthly circulate in Langsa. These are the triumphs of peace and labor among the warlike Achinese. Just as I was taking the train for this place, I heard the sad news of the death of Colonel Scheepens, which was a dreadful shock to me. I had inquired every day about his condition and was always told that it was satisfactory. He had been taken to Koeta Rajah and died there in the hospital. I had waited to write to him until I reached Medan, where I intended to buy some books to beguile the tedium of the sick room. I wanted to write my warm appreci-

ation of his efforts in my behalf. I have seen long notices of him in the papers. He had several high decorations and many honorable mentions of his name by the home government, and it was said that he was to be made governor of the province. His life and character were singularly noble, and he devoted himself untiringly to the task of civilizing this backward people. Though I only saw him on the operating table, he made a deep impression on me which can never be effaced—a nobly formed head, the expression of the eyes most beautiful, a look of strength and gentleness combined: and he was killed because he was right, and the other man, the savage Malay, wrong.

The descendants of the former princes of Atjeh are all noble, of course, and are called Tookoos. The one having authority and recognized by the Dutch government is paid. The headman who lives at Lho Seumawe gets over \$6000 per month besides land and other property which he owns. The one who lives in Sigli and gave the native dance in my honor gets the equivalent of \$3000 a month. There is one millionaire among these chiefs. Petroleum was found on his land, and I am told that he has sent a million florins to the English banks in Singapore.

I could not help grieving very much over the death of poor Colonel Scheepens. He was born the same year as Sedley. He was on the eve of a year's absence in Holland, besides the promotion awaiting him. He was one of the best-loved men among the Dutch in Atjeh. Well, it was strange to find myself weeping over the death of this stranger. On my way here, I had to leave the train after an hour and a half, cross a river on a ferry, and then take a trap for six miles to the steamboat landing. The steamer had but one class, I believe.

It certainly had no first class. I got a comfortable chair and found it quite attractive at first, passing through a narrow and winding stream with dense tropical forests growing down into the water, but soon it began to rain in torrents. The sail cloth had to be let down and the view hidden. Two fine-looking Dutchmen and I were the only white passengers. I wanted to talk to them, but they came on with their Japanese housekeepers, and the Englishman had given me so much information on that subject that I could not make up my mind to speak to them. We did not reach Brandon, the end of the boat trip, till nine that night. I had to spend the night there and come on by train next morning. This is a first-class hotel and very comfortable in all respects. I am now in the province of Deli, which contains the celebrated tobacco plantations producing the highest grade tobacco coming from this part of the world and famous in Europe, so that there is a great deal of wealth in the city and its neighborhood. Many ships call here on their way to Penang, Singapore, Batavia, etc. I feel lonely in these big hotels where I come in contact with no one, and sit at a little table by myself. I have a pleasant room with veranda. I wrote a note to the English Consul asking him to call as there is no American Consul here. I wrote also to the acting Resident for advice as to what to see here and will call on him to-morrow.

October 23, 1913.

I began this letter three days ago. That evening the acting British Consul called, a young Scotchman and quite unsophisticated. I had asked him to call at any time between seven and eight, the latter my dinner hour and that of most people here. He came

soon after seven, and when my watch indicated half-past nine and he had not made the slightest movement to go, I asked if he would have another whiskey and soda, which he declined. I waited another fifteen minutes and then asked if he had dined. He had not. I then asked him to dine with me. He declined saying he had an engagement. Then the head steward came to say that everyone had dined but me and they were waiting to close the dining-room. It was almost ten o'clock. My guest evidently expected me to dismiss him, so I got up at last saying it was nearly ten o'clock and I could not keep the servants waiting any longer. He said it was not that late. I did not care to dispute the point with him. He stood before me helpless to tear himself away simply because he did not know how to go without being dismissed. At last I took him by the hand and thanked him for his visit. He then left his telephone number so that when I wanted to see him again I should lose no time in getting him. I then bowed him out. With the grum-looking servants standing about me, I ate a little dinner and went to bed. My dear Susan Smedes used to say that there should be a chair in all universities to teach young people when to go home. The acting Resident wrote me to call next day at his office. When I told him that I had met Colonel Scheepens and was in Sigli at the time of the tragedy, he said he was writing to Colonel Scheepens's father and asked me to add something to his letter. I wrote yesterday in Dutch an account of my acquaintance with Colonel Scheepens, got it corrected, and sent it to Mr. Schadee, the acting Resident. I called on Mrs. Schadee Tuesday evening by appointment, and had a pleasant visit. I always speak English when I think it is desired, even though I have the

conviction that they do not understand half of what I say. I take pains to speak very slowly and in simple sentences. Mrs. Schadee called for me at seven this morning to go to the big mosque built by her husband's brother, who is an architect. It is a beautiful building inside and out and in beautiful taste. Mr. Schadee and his brother accompanied us, and when we left the mosque the architect excused the blue coloring of one of the domes, saying the Sultan had given orders to have it painted blue. I said: "I think the Sultan was right. We are in the Orient and I think all the domes of this mosque should be painted some bright color." The painted domes of Moscow give it a marvelously Oriental look, though it lies in the latitude of Kamtschatka. One does not wish the sober colors of the north in the Orient. Of course, the architect merely thought I was a woman of wretched taste.

A gentleman in this hotel has made me a present of an Achinese knife that was confiscated from a prisoner. It is a formidable weapon. As soon as they thrust it in deep, they turn it in the wound by means of a crank-like handle. When I looked at it I could but think of poor Colonel Scheepens, who stood no chance when this knife had been turned around in the wound. I asked the Scotch Consul if there were any Americans residing here. He answered: "Mr. and Mrs. Ward, missionaries." I got the address and late yesterday afternoon I called there. They have a large Chinese school, and Mr. Ward was drilling the boys and girls in an open square opposite the schoolhouse where they live. I went into the square and looked at the children. Mr. Ward is a young, unmarried man living with his mother. He sent one of the boys to fetch the old lady and two chairs, for I declined to go into the

house. Mrs. Ward thanked me, when she came out, for bringing her into the open air. They are Methodists and her children were all born in India in the Nizam's dominion where she lived thirty years, her husband dying there. They are now teaching English and the New Testament to the Chinese. I asked one of the young men, an assistant teacher, if the Chinese learned Dutch. He said: "Some few have done so, but as soon as they cross over to the Straits Settlements or go out of these colonies, Dutch becomes useless, so the Chinese do not wish their children to learn it. They all want to learn English." He said he could not speak Chinese though himself a Chinaman; could only speak English and Malay. His parents put him, when young, in an English school. English is becoming more and more surely the common language of the world. In Singapore, I saw hundreds of Chinese boys coming out of the American Methodist School where they go simply to learn English. The Chinese used to hate to send their children to mission schools, but English is so important to them they now take the risk of their children being converted.

Mr. Ward gave me a long account of his differences with the Chinese mayor of Medan. The Chinese elect a mayor of their own race to watch over their interests. The Dutch, of course, have their mayor. Mr. Ward says the Chinese mayor is a millionaire and has opened a large Chinese school near his institution. Strange to say, his nephew sends his children to Mr. Ward. The Chinese mayor regards the mission school with disfavor. Mr. Ward said I ought to get acquainted with a certain Mr. Van der Brand of Medan, a lawyer who had written some criticisms of the Dutch colonial policy and drawn a commission of inquiry from the home

government. I had asked in Koeta Rajah how many days' work the government exacted from the natives, and was astonished at the answer, "fifty-four,"—a day out of every week. I thought of the ten days in the Philippines, five only, if the people feed themselves, as I believe they are forced to do here. This fifty-four days corvée is a very good reason why the people should form a Sarekat Islam for mutual protection. I read in a Penang paper that a Straits Settlements dollar, fifty-eight cents, would pay the taxes of a well-to-do man in that settlement for a year. Really fifty-four days of forced labor is far too great a tax on a subject race, and it does not pay to treat them with injustice. Insurrections, murders, and crimes are all costly. Contentment amongst the people is the best of all investments. Mr. Ward has made an engagement for me to call on Mr. Van der Brand. The Schadees took me to the Sultan's palace, which is a very handsome building, but he does not reside in it, preferring his old home where he can be just as dirty as he likes. He is immensely wealthy from the rent of his tobacco lands. I have made two pleasant acquaintances in the hotel, Mrs. Albarda and her husband, he a Dutch official. She is charming to me.

WINCHELL HOME, PENANG,
October 31, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

A few days before leaving Medan, I went to the men's club to look over the back numbers of some newspapers. I saw a gentleman there of whom I asked permission to do this. He assured me that I was perfectly welcome to read and then proceeded to talk to me so that I could not do so. He said he was of English birth but had

come out to the Dutch Indies so young that he could not speak English, only Dutch. During my conversation, I mentioned that I wanted to see a Batock village very much, and had asked the hotel proprietor to engage an automobile and I was going to take Mr. Ward and his mother with me. Mrs. Ward works so hard and is such a sincerely good woman. Her son has some Batock boys in his school and speaks several dialects himself, so I thought we should enjoy this excursion together. I am curious to see this interesting race, who, until very recently, were cannibals, and I believe still are in the remote parts of the interior. Well, this English gentleman said immediately: "I will take you in an automobile." I thought I did not hear him correctly and did not answer until he repeated this more than once. He said he had a camera and wanted to take pictures of the villages. I then thanked him with effusion and listened to his tales of tiger shooting and his life in Borneo where he was laying out a railway for the Dutch government. He told me in this connection some very remarkable things about the head hunters with whom he had to lodge while suffering from malaria. When at length I rose to go back to the hotel, it was nearly two o'clock. I thought of inviting him to lunch, but concluded it would be better to do that later. At parting, he said he would be at the hotel at six o'clock on Sunday morning and then asked: "Will you hire the auto or shall I do it for you?" I hope I concealed my amazement successfully. I said: "Oh, I can do it from the hotel." If I had not received so many favors as a tourist, I should not have believed this man so easily, but so much has been done for me that I was completely taken in. I now find myself saddled with a companion for whom I have lost respect,

and without room for the Wards whom I really like and desire to have with me. I had to remember my business principle, "Put up with a bargain however bad." Mr. Ward had advised me to call on the general manager of the great Deli Company, which has a lease for ninety-nine years, renewable on nearly all the land in the province of Deli. The celebrated tobacco raised here is only used as wrappers for cigars. I called on him by appointment the afternoon of my visit to the club and said I had been advised to ask him what I should see as a tourist before leaving Medan. When he learned I wished to see the Batocks, he said: "Appoint the hour you wish to go and I shall send my auto for you. I shall telephone my manager on the Bekolla estate to show you the two Batock villages there and the plantation also." I asked what the charge would be. He said there was none, so at seven o'clock on Saturday morning his superb motor was at the hotel door. On the previous afternoon, however, I had written a note to my new acquaintance telling him that Mr. Van T. was to send me out to the Batock villages in his motor, therefore I should not have the pleasure of taking the trip with him on Sunday. Fortunately I had his address. I was greatly relieved to get rid of him. Perhaps he thought he was doing me a favor in offering himself as an interpreter. The motor ride early next morning was most lovely. I found the manager, Mr. Majoie, waiting breakfast for me, but I had already breakfasted in the hotel. We took the motor and went over the place, and he was much amused when he found out that I had been mistaking the young teak plantations for tobacco all morning. I had waxed very enthusiastic over them and said it was different from any tobacco I had ever seen. "Such luxuriant

growth, the result of this tropical climate, no doubt," I observed. Mr. Majoie said they planted the teak for poles to use in the drying sheds.

The Batock villages were intensely interesting to me. The women's ear ornaments are the most singular I ever saw and certainly the heaviest. They are formed of bars of solid silver coiled at the end. They have to be fastened to the headdress to hold them in place and are most cumbersome. All the women who can afford it invest their savings in this way. They are such a dirty people that any more delicate ornament would not suit them. I could not even enjoy looking at the children, they were so dirty. They all file their teeth and have heavy projecting gums. The old women are hideous hags and the young ones unsightly. Only curiosity can make one look at them. When I got home I wrote a note of thanks to Mr. Van T., and finding a Dutch translation of *The Great Illusion* at a book store, I sent it with the note to his office. In a little while an answer came: "He was pleased that I had enjoyed the trip. So very glad to get the book. Would ask me to allow him to refund the money paid for it, which I should find enclosed." I felt as though someone had struck me in the face. It excited me so painfully that I could not write, so I took a rickshaw and went to my friends', the Wards. I wanted to be with Americans. I found them very kind and sympathetic. Mr. Ward said that Mr. Van T. was the proudest man in Medan; that he had an enormous salary and enormous power, and was, in short, a kind of Czar and would not receive a favor, certainly not from many persons. I then got a double rickshaw and took a drive with Mrs. Ward. The country is flat and she weighs very little. We had a heart-to-

heart talk. She and her son put their whole heart in their work. I hope he will succeed in raising money to build large class rooms. They are very crowded now.

I invited the acting Resident and his wife to dinner on Sunday evening, and after dinner we went to a concert. I wore my new dress and felt entirely *comme il faut*.

The trip by ship over here lasted less than twenty-four hours; I drove at once to the Winchell Home, a Methodist mission school for girls. Miss Clara Martin is seemingly the head. There are no men in the house. They have a very flourishing Chinese attendance and, judging by the carriages which bring the day pupils and by the looks of the girls, I should say that many of them belong to the upper Chinese circles of Penang. I have been so busy reading home letters that I have done no sightseeing. I enjoy the wholesome family fare here, simple but well cooked. Miss Martin told me there was to be a very large wedding at the house of a wealthy Chinese merchant, and as the teachers here were invited, she would take me also. The festivities were to last for three days, so we went yesterday evening to the very large and handsome Chinese home. The floors and staircases were covered with elegant carpets. At the end of a long, broad hall, was an altar profusely decorated. Enormous wax candles were burning on it and there were offerings of fruit. We took seats, and refreshments were handed us. They were all sweets, daintily and beautifully prepared. We then went upstairs into the bridal chamber, not large enough for this climate, but it contained the most magnificent bed imaginable. The counterpane, pillow and bolster slips, were all of solid embroidery of the finest kind, not a pin point of the material visible.



BATOCKS

The furniture had mostly glass doors, so that we could see the beautiful brocades and muslins within. These Chinese women dress like the Javanese in sarongs. The bride sat in a corner absolutely silent and was weighted down with jewels and magnificent embroidery, with a headdress formed of a forest of golden flowers. I felt very sorry for her. She wore five very heavy golden chains reaching to the girdle, also a chain of jade beads each set in gold, three sunbursts of diamonds, several diamond rings on each hand, and diamonds in her hair behind the golden parterre. I tried to elicit a word by repeating the only Chinese word I knew for "beautiful." I was told it was not etiquette for her to speak or to show any emotion or to let me fan her. One of the sisters-in-law had been a pupil in this school and could speak a little English. She was young and good-looking and had four children.

At last the Malay girl dancers began to dance below. I tried to persuade a Chinese maiden to go down with me to see them, but was told the girl would lose position if she did so. Many of the Chinese ladies present had their black hair ornamented with bands made entirely of tiny flower-buds, white and pink, so closely packed that they could not wilt. This mosaic work was really lovely, and the flowers lasted for hours, in the heat. The Chinese girl told me it took only a half-hour to make one, but it is really an artistic creation. I went downstairs alone to see the Malay girls dance. There were no other ladies in the room, so I took my seat near them, and they seemed pleased and smiled at me continually. When they rested, they sat near me and we talked though we could not understand each other. I felt embarrassed at being the only lady in the room, so I went back upstairs and found the bride having

her clothes changed. Her gold crown was taken off and diamond pins put in her hair. She looked much better for the change. As some other European ladies had arrived in the dancing hall, I went back. The dancing was monotonous but modest. At last the hall was cleared of the crowd and the tables laid for dinner. We had been invited to dine there, and Miss Martin said she liked it as it was a sort of rice table, but the occasion was entirely too grand for the ordinary rice table, so about twenty courses were served, out of which I could have made an excellent meal had there been any bread, or rice, or potatoes. However, I was very hungry, and I used a very sweet grapefruit and a compote as relishes, eating all kinds of meat and green peas with them. Champagne was plentiful, but I took none, drinking ginger ale, since water was not to be had. There was plenty of ice for the drinks and all kinds of sauces for the meats. When the champagne had produced its effect, three of the young men guests got up and danced with the three Malay girls and the dancing became fast and furious. One of the young men looked like an Englishman. He seemed at last to be exhausted, but these girls had been dancing for three hours. A son of the house presided at our table and introduced us to the bridegroom, his brother. I was surprised to hear this young man sitting at the head of our table disparage the marriage state and his own wife and children, until I remembered that among the Chinese this is considered good manners. When we went upstairs again, we found the poor bride wearing her heavy gold headdress. Later in the evening I held it in my hand and it was too heavy to be agreeable to hold. The poor creature was dreadfully nauseated from the heat and weight of her finery. After this she

had to stand three hours in the bridal chamber, while the men streamed up to pay their respects.

P. S. Bessie's letter speaks of entertaining "Aunt Mary's Frenchman." Is it possible that Monsieur C. has been to see you? If so, I hope you gave him wine for his dinner.

KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYA,
FEDERATED MALAY STATES,
November 6, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I wrote you last from Penang. Before leaving, I went back to see more of the Chinese wedding, which lasted for at least three days. None of the ladies in the Winchell Home had time to accompany me. I found the three Malay girls still dancing in their monotonous way and the musicians still playing and the long table still loaded with sweets. I went upstairs to find the bride, but she was no longer in her room of state, so I went back downstairs ready to leave, for without one of the mission ladies I didn't care to remain longer, but I was much amused by an old woman, toothless, and with her gray hair in a knot about the size of a thimble, very plainly dressed, barefooted, with a green scarf thrown over one shoulder, and waving a red handkerchief in her hand. She, evidently impatient at the perfunctory performance of the three girls, suddenly rushed into the dancing arena to give them lessons. This created great merriment among the public, and the girls fled before the ridicule. A woman in authority pushed one of them back to force her to dance with the old woman. The latter danced with so much spirit I am sure she must have been a famous danseuse in her

youth. I felt a strong sympathy for the old hag, and applauded her performance with zeal. She sprang around with the greatest agility and danced infinitely better than the hired girls.

My first stopping place after Penang was Ipoh in the Federated Malay States. These states are the territories of the native Sultanates, but are mostly governed by the English through their Residents and other officials. They have their individual postage stamps, which you will see on this letter. The Straits Settlements are British territory. They are Singapore, Malacca, the Dindings, and Penang, counting from south to north. Besides these two divisions, there are four other states in the Malay Peninsula under British protectorate. They were ceded by Siam to England. The Siamese got among other things for this territory the right to try English subjects in Siamese courts with Siamese judges. I heard in Bangkok that there were no hardships resulting from this cession of the right of ex-territoriality by the British, which, however, other western nations still possess in Siam. The territory acquired in Malaya is a solid acquisition.

The hotel manager in Ipoh told me that rubber ought to pay well at one half-dollar a pound, that the trouble was the boom had inflated the price of rubber estates until one worth ten thousand pounds sterling was sold for fifty thousand, and that the fall only represented a return to normal prices, that it cost no more than a shilling a pound to produce rubber and the two-shilling price ought to pay handsomely and would do so but for the over-capitalization. There are much distress and many failures consequent on the fall in rubber. The manager then went on to discuss his difficulties with the servant class, which he did with much feeling.

Chinese are the servants in demand here, but they have formed themselves into a secret society and admit none other to compete with them. This society, the "Hylam" seems to give as much annoyance to the employers in Malaya as the Sarekat Islam does in Java. The manager said: "Why, I do not dare curse my servants; they would report me to the society and boycott me." I: "Why do you wish to curse them?" "Why? I should like to kill them!" The manager was so busy he didn't have much time to talk to me. When I am in a mission home, I always find some intelligent person to give me information. On arriving here I went to the railway hotel, and found it the loneliest place I ever struck, nobody to ask a question. I don't like to pay very high prices unless conditions are pleasant. This was far from being the case. I went to the only other hotel; it was full. I then asked if there were any American missionaries in Kuala Lumpur. I had to put this question to the station master, my loneliness was so complete. I am now in a delightful home, the American Mission School for Boys, over four hundred, all day pupils. The residence of the principal is not very near the school building, though in the same grounds on this pretty hill. The principal is a young man, Mr. Parker, very energetic and intensely interested in his teaching. His wife is extremely pretty. They have been married scarcely a year. Then there is a very agreeable young man from Madison, Wis., University, Mr. Hooley. He and I are equally enthusiastic over some of the Madison professors. He will return to the States to get his doctor's degree. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Parker and Mr. Hooley, there are two lady teachers at our family table. The other teachers are all natives, Chinese and half-caste. These latter are hardly

recognized socially. In English governed colonies, this is universally the case. The Dutch are more humane and more advanced, I think, in this respect. The food here is simple, one kind of meat only, which suits me entirely; and the cooking is good. We have plenty of fruit, too: papayas, grapefruit, and bananas, all fine. I have a pleasant room where the two doors remain open night and day.

Yesterday I went on the train to the Batu caves, thirty-five minutes' ride, then a quarter of a mile to the foot of the 150 steep steps. I had two boys to guide me. My knees were quite shaky when I got to the top. Though these caves are not remarkable, they are pretty and light and airy. In approaching the entrance, two statues strike the eye. I really thought they had been made by man, they were so effective, but on nearer examination they proved to be natural formations caused by the disintegrating effects of weather. After the caves, having more than an hour on my hands, I walked down the railway track for a mile in the bright sunshine, but a fine breeze was blowing in my face. I reached a famous rubber plantation, or rather the manager's home and the factory, for the railway runs a long distance through the estate. I knocked at the door. No one came. It was a charming home, so I took a newspaper and a comfortable seat on the porch, which was filled with lovely plants. The servants found me all too soon, and as the family were absent I was sent to the factory, not very far distant. The drying rooms of the factory looked as though filled with broad cream-colored, crêpe ribbons and some smoke-colored ones, all hanging over slender wooden bars in long strips from the ceiling. It was a very pretty sight. The process of making rubber is very simple and clean.

The sap is brought in and poured into big earthen jars. Ascetic acid at a certain degree of strength is mixed with the creamlike sap. This is done in the evening. Next morning the pretty pale yellow dough is taken out and passed through a roller press which turns out the strips. These then go through another press which turns them out so pretty and even and fine, like beautiful crêpe. They are then hung in the drying room. I suppose the few smoke-colored strips are a kind of refuse, but I had no one to question. The processes are so simple, I do not think highly trained labor necessary, and I imagine the hotel manager at Ipoh is right about rubber paying well at two shillings a pound, where the property has not been over-valued.

I hear that an auto from Detroit is crowding all others out of the market over here. It sells for \$750 and is complete, nothing for the buyer to add except extra tires. I believe it is called the "Ford." The manufacturers are said to have eliminated waste and inefficiency, besides useless advertising, so that the price could be reduced one half. With cheaper rubber, the price may be still further reduced, I hope. Some day I shall get such an auto, but the "Beauties" will have to run it.

Mr. Parker uses almost entirely English text-books in his school. There is also a Methodist school for girls in Kuala Lumpur. I bought a ticket and went last night to the dress rehearsal of an operetta given by the girls of this school. There were about fifty children, big and little. The American lady teachers have been working all their spare time for weeks getting up the lovely costumes for the girls. It was an interesting performance and calculated to enhance the reputation of the school among the Chinese. There were many

autos standing before the town hall entrance belonging to the parents. Many of the Chinese here are very wealthy, and they appreciate more and more the advantages of mission schools for their girls and boys. The tickets are sold for two and three Straits Settlements' dollars, and I think the entertainment is worth it. The girls are not graceful enough, however, and show the need of dancing lessons. I spoke about this to one of the teachers, a pretty and agreeable young lady, but heavens! you can't talk to Methodists about dancing. They have the same prejudice against it that a certain personage is said to have for holy water. The girls sang nicely and were beautifully dressed, but they moved about in a clumsy way lacking that airy grace necessary for the fairies they represented.

KUALA LUMPUR,
November 12, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I did not expect to write you another letter from this place, but I was advised by Mr. Burnside, the English Resident, to write to the Secretary of the Sultan of Selangor, the native potentate of this district, and ask permission to attend a great festival to be given at Klang where he resides. Klang is about an hour's ride from here by train. Mr. Burnside's conversation was very interesting. He said he had been absent, sitting on a commission in Jahore trying the Sultan of that district. I asked: "What has he been doing?" with much interest. Mr. Burnside shook his head and said: "It cannot be discussed at present," which was very mysterious. I have heard that this Sultan of Jahore gets immense revenues from his state and uses them all for his own private and not very laudable purposes,

while his country is almost entirely undeveloped. Other Sultans of the four federated states have no control over the collection and expenditure of the revenues, are only a voice in the council where a British official presides. I think perhaps the English are getting tired of the autocratic rule of the Sultan of Jahore, and may wish for an opportunity of putting him in line with the other native princes who rule under the supervision of British officials. The Federated Malay States show the effects of this wise rule on every side. I asked Mr. Burnside about the Chinese secret society which seems to be giving so much annoyance. He said the society is called the Hylam, that being the name of the race coming from Hainan, an island off Tongking in the China Sea. He says this society is acting in a most lawless manner, hesitating at no kind of crime to keep out other domestic servants and boycotting all those of their own race who do not join it. A cook who is not a member of the Hylam must pay more for his master's supplies after waiting till all others are served. The government is now investigating a case where a clerk who copied some evidence damaging to the society has disappeared totally, and indications all point to murder. The advantage the government possesses is that there are so many other races here; many Indians from British India, especially Tamils from the Coromandel coast and many Chinese engaged in other occupations than domestic service, which latter seems confined to the Hylam race from Hainan. It would be a public service to break up this secret, criminal organization and make it an open, legal one for maintaining wages, to which the government would not object.

I received an invitation to go to the Sultan's festival and went Sunday morning with high expectations which

were entirely disappointed, for that day was given up to field sports for which I do not care, so I came home. Next day with much soberer expectations, I went back and was rewarded for I was delighted with my morning in Klang. The secretary met me and said Mr. Burnside had written him about me. He then took me to the big hall and gave me a seat near the throne. The room was filled with deputations of Malays, Tamils, Indians, and Chinese, all seated on the floor. He then introduced to me the assistant district officer, an Englishman, who could explain everything, as he understood Malay. The palace, called here the Astana, is a very handsome building worthy to be called a palace. It stands on a fine hill overlooking the valley and was gaily decorated with many flags and pennants. Shortly after I took my seat, the Sultan came down the great staircase and took his place standing below the throne and facing the multitude which rose up to greet him. His dress was decidedly disappointing, for he wore a white suit like any European. The spokesman of each delegation read an address, then knelt and kowtowed without kissing his feet, the Sultan standing all the time. After the homage, a curiously shaped vase with a long slender neck was brought and some drops were shaken out of it in the Sultan's right hand. Then a similar vase was brought and the same thing done to his left hand. Then beautiful bouquets and a lovely design in white jasmines were presented to him. He hung the floral design on his arm and put the bouquets aside. The address of the Indians had to be translated into Malay, that of the Chinese was in English. After all this was over, the secretary called me to come forward and at the same time the Sultan approached me. I was introduced, shook hands, and made some remarks

which were translated by the secretary. Then the assistant district officer came up and shook hands. It was a purely Malay function and I was the only woman present. The Sultan is rather lighter colored than most Malays, with very good features. We Europeans were then carried upstairs into a large room where we were introduced to the Crown Prince. He is just twenty-one and is to be married very soon. He spoke English very well, but was shy and reserved. We then went down into the dining-room where a long table was literally covered with sweetmeats and cake. I tasted some out of curiosity and drank a cup of tea. We then went out to see the feast prepared for the Malay deputation. They sat in a circle on the floor of the great hall. Dishes piled with rice in which were currants were placed before them. Then other dishes of meat and gravies in great abundance were brought. Each man would take a handful of rice, squeeze it into a ball, roll it in the gravy, and then in the rice again, and finally fill his mouth. I was so afraid of appearing indiscreet that I did not wait to see how they were going to tackle the meat, but I suppose each man had his own knife and cut off pieces with it. These people are more rigid Mohammedans than those in Sumatra, for nothing stronger than tea was offered to drink.

November 13, 1913.

I asked about the present of the native princes of Malaya of a Dreadnought to the British Navy. It was suggested to them by the British officials here and was not a spontaneous act. One cannot blame the officials, for if England were threatened in her naval supremacy, these colonies would most probably suffer invasion. As they are wonderfully prosperous under the English

rule, it is right for them to contribute something to the common protection. I read a composition on this subject from a boy in Mr. Parker's school in which he spoke of the cunning English extorting money for a Dreadnought when the people have such need of it for education. It rains every day and as rain is good for rubber, no one seems to complain, so I keep my feelings on the subject strictly to myself.

PENANG,
November 21, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I found myself forced to give up the trip to Malacca, and returned from Kuala Lumpur to Penang, stopping en route at both Ipoh and Taiping. My hosts in Ipoh were English Methodists, their voices and accent lovely; a very musical family too. Their children are at school in England. In Ipoh I got a motor car and with Mrs. Harley, drove out to see some curious cavern temples which seem to be dug in a marble hill; they are Chinese. Fine white marble abounds around Ipoh. It is a small town, but there are many wealthy Chinese here who patronize the mission school and make its prosperity. They raised \$25,000, Straits Settlements dollars for new buildings. When these are finished in their lovely grounds, they will be an ornament to the town. The Chinese prosper greatly in this land of freedom and free trade, for they are very hard workers. All races are welcomed here and help to develop the great natural resources of the country. I am told that a duty on these wonderful tin mines produces all the revenue the government needs, but I imagine rubber also contributes something though not so much since the great decline in values. It gratified me much to hear Mr. Harley

say that, though a Methodist, he did not believe in a literal hell and could call himself also an evolutionist, but I found a book in his house written by Miss Carmichael, wherein she describes the most heartrending tragedies brought on their poor converts by those fanatical but honest women missionaries. I could hardly bring myself to read the fearful tale. She gives harrowing pictures of their sufferings and tragic deaths. I spoke to Mr. Harley about it, and he said: "The Lord would provide for the poor creatures." The fact that the Lord did not do so seems to make no impression on his mind, nor on the conscientious fanatics who have overwhelmed those simple, happy lives with ruin. If people would only understand that our religion should bring peace and joy and happiness on earth and that martyrdoms are no longer necessary, how much misery would be spared. The spirit of Christianity is subversive of caste and will gradually permeate and disintegrate it, how useless then to attack it openly.

Malaya is very mountainous and the mountains are covered with forests. Taiping is beautifully situated among them. The two lady missionaries received me most kindly, and one accompanied me to the museum where I had the advantage of being shown its treasures by the curator, an interesting young Englishman with whom I got into a great argument over the English colonial policy in India. He said they were here to exploit the country and not for any good they might do the inhabitants, and yet he could not deny that in the seventies, when the English took possession of this peninsula, there was not a single road in the country (which was covered with jungle), the rivers being the sole means of communication with the interior; that civil strife reigned, the peasants being trampled

under foot by the contending factions, and regarded as unworthy of consideration by their chiefs; that now good roads run everywhere, while prosperous towns and villages have sprung up on every side connected by a fine system of railways, more largely used by natives than by whites; that the humblest man can count on English justice to protect his life and property; that the taxes are very low, and that all who are industrious and thrifty can amass property. All this he conceded but continued to say that the English found these things to their advantage, while I contended that the only enduring advantage is that which is mutual. Only enlightened nations see this and endeavor to develop, not to exploit, the lower races. Vaccination alone has saved countless lives, pure water has lowered the death-rate so that population is increasing rapidly, while thriving schools are seen everywhere. Yet this gentleman regrets the good old times though he is so young. He says that when he was in Borneo he saw how much happier and more contented the natives were in the undeveloped parts of the country, while on the great rubber estates they had become mere hangers-on of the white man. It is this experience which has warped his views. I did not visit Borneo, but I have read of the head hunters there and of their theoretically patriarchal rule, and I believe it is merely an exception when conditions are tolerable. Mr. Evans asked us to take tea with him in his bachelor quarters, but the very idea frightened my timid missionary friend, so I urged him to go home with us, which he did, and we had a pleasant tea table in the parlor while one of the most furious storms I ever experienced lashed the dwelling so that the servants had to wipe up the water that was driven in constantly. Mr. Evans's conversation was very interesting. He told

me of the big bats called flying foxes, of black monkeys with white mouths and white bars over their eyes which give them a startling appearance. When the wind and rain lulled, he went home. I wish I could think that the guest I invited to the house might prove a friend to these two lonely women, so good and refined. I visited their classes and was astonished at the progress of the children.

RANGOON,
November 28, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I was three days on the trip up from Penang. On board were two sisters, very attractive, who said they were with me on the *Siberia*. They told me they had met last summer an English lady who was telling them of an old American woman traveling alone whom she had met in Tosari. The two exclaimed immediately: "That was Mrs. Ware who was on the *Siberia* with us." I wish I could remember faces. I am so often mortified at not remembering people who speak to me and say, "Don't you remember me?" I pretend to do so, which is not entirely honest and seldom successful. I chose the best hotel in Rangoon and found it was four miles out of the town. So after two days there, I turned to my good friends the missionaries. The fact was I was ruining my eyes reading at night, not having a soul to speak to. I came here yesterday, Thanksgiving, and was taken to a Thanksgiving dinner for all the missionaries, and was received most cordially. The dinner was a royal one and I was as hungry as a wolf for the home dishes, but I created a painful feeling of surprise when I asked what the pumpkin pie was made of. I was very humble for sometime afterwards. I

have a charming room with private bath which is the rule in the British Orient.

Traveling and hotels in Burma are more expensive than in the Dutch colonies. While at the hotel, I asked a clerk how far it was to the celebrated pagoda and he answered: "Five minutes." I thought he meant a five minutes' walk, so off I started, but asking a gentleman on the steps what direction to take, he replied: "I am going there and will take you if you wish." I certainly did wish. We went in an elegant victoria and then I found that the five minutes meant behind a very fast horse. I enjoyed reseeing the wonderful collection of pagodas, temples, shrines, and ornamental structures of many kinds—a marvelous assemblage. Such carving is seen nowhere else in this world. I think the Burmese make a mistake in gilding it all, for it gives an artificial look, as if it were molded out of metal instead of being the product of years of patient handwork. However, it is very lovely. The pagodas rise high into the blue sky, with a background of superbly tall palms. I got quite interested in my companion. At first I hurt his feelings by saying: "You are scarcely fifty years of age, I should judge." He was only forty-five. He told me of the death of his only child, a boy of eleven, but he said he and his wife had so many god-children they were able to fill their house with little girls. "And no boys?" I asked thoughtlessly. "That would be too painful," he replied. Now, isn't that sad? I thought of our beautiful boys, but I talked only of Mary and of her wise questions and he said: "You will always be happy with little Mary."

The difference between the English family of missionaries at Ipoh and the Americans I have been with is very striking in the tireless energy of the Americans.

They work so hard that I feel a great respect for them. This is a large girl's school.

My next letter will be from Mandalay. I have been trying to find a copy of Kipling's poems. We passed by Moulmein without being able to see it. I want to understand how it could possibly look east to the sea when it is situated on the east coast of the Bay of Bengal. "The dawn coming up like thunder out of China cross the sea" must mean Indo-China, and yet I cannot see that it is over the sea. I think I shall have to go to Moulmein to understand Kipling's geography. These Burmese women certainly do smoke big cheroots. The gentleman told me to buy one and take it home to Mary, which I declined to do. Whenever I stopped to admire these fascinating Burmese women in their snowy jackets and brilliant-colored sarongs, he would turn his back and say it was more prudent to do so, for fear of offending the Burmese men. He says the men are drones and the women are the workers. The priests are very numerous and live on charity. I should think they would be a great tax on the community. Every worshiper buys flowers and offers them to Buddha after first praying with them in his hand.

MANDALAY, BURMA,
December 6, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I reached Mandalay at eight P.M. on Monday and found Captain S. at the station with a servant to meet me. Everybody in this country expects me to travel with a servant except the missionaries, and it is quite mortifying to always have to explain that I do not need a servant, do not want one, wouldn't know what to do with one. Well, the captain brought me to this bunga-

low where I found a few guests who left as soon as I got acquainted with them, and since then I have been alone. The captain said the hotel was so dirty that it was impossible, but though I have carefully concealed it from him, I should have preferred the hotel because I can always get on for a few days anywhere, and in the hotel I should have seen people and learned something from them, most probably. I should also have had the papers to read. As for cleanliness, I can employ a servant to sweep for me. The captain is a very busy man, and I fear he gives me his time at great sacrifice. Not many changes have taken place in Mandalay since Sedley and I were here. We had then the very great advantage of seeing the highest festival known to these pleasure-loving Burmese, that of the cremation of two of their most revered bonzes. The pleasure and entertainment their cremation gave their faithful devotees were enormous. I never saw people enjoy themselves so much. I believe the Burmese are the happiest people on the face of the earth. They are so smiling and gay, but I hear they make unreliable servants, for whenever the days for their numerous festivals arrive, off they go without warning, as a matter of course, and if the festival is distant, they abandon the wages coming to them rather than miss the fun. I think I should employ them with the understanding that I should go with them to the festivals. Their gaiety is infectious, whereas the Indian servants everywhere look so melancholy. I have been going about in the mornings with a guide and in the afternoon with Captain S. One morning I walked up Mandalay hill and counted 800 steps in the ascent. I counted them not only out of curiosity but to keep the guide from talking to me, counting aloud, of course. The view

from the top is lovely, and the Burmese are making the hill wonderfully picturesque with pagodas and temples on the top and four flights of steps leading up from the four sides of the hill. These stairways are each covered with a roof.

One evening the captain took me to an open-air theater where an enormous crowd was listening to actors who caused continual merriment. They seemed to act very well without any prompter. When one exhausted himself, he would leave the front of the stage and take his place with the orchestra, whacking the gongs or other instruments. There were also young lady dancers who sang as they danced. They danced with far more energy than the Javanese. Their long sarongs were very tight around their hips and knees and made of pretty colored silk as were their jackets, which were ornamented with sparkling brilliants. When they had performed their part, they retired from the front stage, but still in sight of the audience took off their pretty clothes and folded them carefully. No seats were provided and I soon got very tired of standing, so we sent the driver in search of some kind of a seat, which I rented. Feeling very sorry for the captain, I let him have one extreme edge, and he being quite small we got on tolerably well.

One afternoon I was invited to tea at the house of one of his friends, Major Gaskill, where I had a pleasant visit. The major told me that when he was a young officer he caught his servant beating his horse. He got the man in his room, with doors and shutters closed against witnesses, and then and there administered a first-class thrashing to him. He was cited before the court, but when the major's lawyer asked the man at what date the beating occurred, he naturally gave the

wrong one, as the Orientals know nothing of our dates, whereupon the major easily proved an alibi and was advised to have the servant prosecuted and imprisoned for defamation. He was, however, too moderate to adopt this advice, which he could have done. In reading about the Indian labor troubles in South Africa, I saw that they, in accusing their masters of flogging them, were tripped up in the same way. I do not doubt that the floggings really took place and the poor ignorant creatures fell into the pitfall of dates which made them appear as perjurers, as they were declared to be by the interested parties.

After my tea at the Gaskills', Mrs. G. took me to the Ladies' Club, and introduced me to a few of them. The captain has never put his foot in that club, says he hates to see idle women smoking and spending their time talking in clubs, but he is still smarting under the disappointment of his love affair, I imagine, but I did not dare mention this matter to him. Yesterday he took me to see his Punjabis. I was charmed with them. He called up one of his lieutenants, a Mohammedan, in a tall white turban, a yellow frock-coat trimmed with green, and white shoes. The man was strikingly handsome and very tall. I asked if the wonderful long-tailed coat was a uniform. It was not, but as the lieutenant was engaged only in drilling recruits, he was allowed to indulge a free fancy in the color and cut of his clothes. I put him through a thorough cross-examination, the captain translating. I wanted to know something of the customs of the Sikhs and the Mohammedans. I told him that the Moslems in Constantinople and Asia Minor did not observe any of the restrictions of caste and wanted to know how far those in India had adopted them. I asked, among other

things, if he would eat with me. He explained his attitude in this matter quite at length, evidently much embarrassed by the question. He could not eat out of the same dish with me, he said, but he could cut a loaf of bread and give me half of it, a concession I did not value highly, though I did not want to eat out of the same dish with him either. The Mohammedans have taken on many of the caste prejudices of India, but here in Burma there is nothing of the kind, and so the people are happy. Still their Buddhism is mixed with much fear of demons whom they propitiate. They call them Nats and offer various things, including coins, before their images. Thus placated, these Nats will remain quite harmless for a while. The captain told the handsome lieutenant to call up three specimen recruits, a Sikh, a Mohammedan, and a Dogra, all from the Punjab. He wished to see if I could tell them apart. I was only able to distinguish the Mohammedan by the red cap under his turban. The three men found the ordeal a trying one and looked as wooden and dead to all outside impressions as they were able. They were recent recruits. As a grand finale, the captain had his men climb over a very high wall, which they did in such fine style that I wished there had been a whole brigade. He then said he would permit me to grant them a favor, so I requested a half-day's holiday, and as Saturday is a half-holiday, they are to have the whole day. I take the steamer this evening as it starts at a very early hour to-morrow.

(All family letters on the Irrawaddy steamer and during the remainder of the Burmese trip were lost. The following are extracts from a letter to my brother.)

S. S. *Ellenga* BETWEEN RANGOON AND CALCUTTA,
December 21, 1913.

DEAREST BROTHER:

My long trip to the frontier of Burma at Myit-Kyina was a fiasco, money and time thrown away, for I saw scarcely anything of the wild tribes who were said to throng into that distant outpost. It will no longer be an outpost now, as two British battalions have crossed into the debatable land between China and Burma to take possession of the headwaters of the Irrawaddy. They are seeking a natural boundary of mountains so as to secure Burma from any possible invasion from that quarter. The territory involved is 250 miles in length. I had a lonely visit to Myit-Kyina and was very glad to get back to Rangoon two days before my itinerary time, so that I could take this steamer yesterday. I was two days and two nights on the train on my return to Rangoon. I had to change cars at Mandalay where we stopped an hour. I happened to meet at the station Mrs. Gaskill, the friend of Captain S., who had invited me to an afternoon tea during my visit to Mandalay. She said: "We were looking for you to pass through on Thursday next, and the captain was coming down to bring you to my house to tiffin." I was glad to have met her so opportunely to prevent this bother to them both. Mrs. Gaskill introduced me to a charming lady, wife of Colonel Hurley, who was leaving Burma for service in the Punjab. She proved a most agreeable traveling companion.

The American girls, the Ward-Denyses, were particularly nice to me when I left the Irrawaddy steamer. They accompanied me to the train where I passed the night, as it was to start at a very early hour next morning, and I knew I should not be able to sleep tran-

quilly on the steamer when it was necessary to get up before five o'clock. The young men who were paying attention to the girls accompanied me, of course, in order to be with them. One of them clambered on top of the car and lit the lamp, which I thought a remarkable feat to be performed without any previous introduction to the railway lamp business. Another had to fetch my luggage from a box car where it had been put for safe keeping before dinner. The captain too was sent back to the steamer in search of a candle, as it was doubted whether the young gentleman on top of the car could successfully perform the task allotted him. The girls pulled out the seats, unpacked my luggage, found the sheets and pillow case, and made up my bed, arranging the window shutters so well that I slept till a late hour next morning. When they had done everything possible for me, these young people stood outside in the moonlight, and we had the gayest conversation till their father insisted on their returning to the steamer to go to bed themselves. They were simply lovely to me and all because they are warm-hearted young American girls. Altogether my trip on the Irrawaddy steamer was a great success, and I saw in the market at Bhamo many strange specimens of the wild men of that eastern frontier of Burma. I have met some charming Americans on this ship, of the kind I am proud to own as fellow countrymen.

CALCUTTA,
December 31, 1913.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I am most comfortable here in this mission home where I find agreeable society. We arrived in Calcutta two days before Christmas and had a delicious Christmas

dinner, at which everybody told anecdotes, so that we were a gay crowd. I have some friends at the principal hotel here and I had lunch with them one day. The hotel is crowded with guests. I met there a professor from Stanford and was told that he was in the room with six other men, each paying ten rupees. I have been doing a little sightseeing with these friends. We went to the museum and a Jain temple, and yesterday to the temple of Kali, the bloodthirsty wife of Siva, third god in the Hindoo trinity and called The Destroyer. I never saw such a swarming, groveling mass of humanity. The sick brought kids to sacrifice to Kali. The former looked as pitiful as their poor, tired, bleating companions. The sacrificial knife chopped off the heads of three kids at one stroke, inflicting a painless death on the little victims. At one moment we got into a narrow passage between two of the temple buildings. On one side we could have had more or less of a view of the image of Kali but for the struggling swarm of yelling and gesticulating pilgrims who filled the sacred precincts. Two men wishing to earn something tried to clear a vista for us to see the goddess. They pushed and thrust their skinny arms into the solid mass, dealing out blows which were returned by the recipients, and a free fight was imminent. The din of voices was absolutely deafening. Some money they got, though not so much as they demanded. We could not see the goddess, but we felt we should pay for the fight we had witnessed. After extricating ourselves from this narrow passage, we looked at the pilgrims as they streamed out from the presence of Kali, every woman holding on to some man, father, brother, or son, and pouring earnest words into his ear. All wore the most concentrated expression, perfectly oblivious to our presence

and to our gaze. Many of the women wore nose pendants and nose rings. Their ears were full of holes whence dangled various earrings. They wore massive silver bracelets and anklets of both silver and gold. Could any government inspire them with confidence so as to get them to put their savings in a bank instead of on their persons, there would be an enormous influx of precious metals into circulation, but their wants are few, and jewelry is a passion with them. One of my new friends calls me "Aunt Mary." Her husband had a good joke on her. While in Darjeeling, she forgot my name and only knew me as "Aunt Mary." He laughed at her for getting so intimate with a stranger in three days' time on the steamer. It has been a long time since I have heard myself called "Aunt Mary," and it sounds "mighty" sweet.

Last night I had a call from a young gentleman to whom Ellen Bagby had written about me. She also wrote me to let him know when I arrived, but I had no idea of imposing my acquaintance on this young man, but I received a note from him through the consul, addressed to "Miss Ware," asking to be allowed to call. We had many jokes at the dinner table on the subject of his disappointment in finding an old woman instead of a young girl. It was proposed to make the drawing-room so dark that I could play the rôle of a young lady. Indeed, we were all laughing about him when he arrived. I thought he was a Virginian, as I didn't know that my dear little Ellen knew any Englishmen, else I should have received him with more dignity, but I immediately told him of all of our jokes. Later when I understood that he was English I excused myself for my informality saying I should never have treated him so familiarly had I known his nationality. This

seemed really to tease him, and he wanted to know if the English had not the same sense of humor as the Americans. I had to confess that *we* did not think so. His visit ended in my accepting an invitation to dine with him to-morrow, New Year's Day.

Madame Lalaurette writes me that her husband is so delighted with *British Malaya* by Swettenham that he keeps it by his pillow and studies it in bed. An American gentleman whom I met over here got quite angry at the mention of Swettenham's name. He, it seems, was the governor of Jamaica at the time of the great earthquake and refused the proffered aid of our warship in so rude a manner that our government made representations to England which caused his recall. His history is a very fine one, notwithstanding, because he knew what he was talking about, but his manners may be bad. Really, we Americans have bullied the English so often that we should not be surprised at evidences of resentment from time to time.

I have just received letters from two of the Ward-Denys girls. I wish I had remained with them on the Irrawaddy steamer. They were very sweet and affectionate to me, which I think particularly lovely from young and pretty girls toward an old woman.

RAJAHMUNDRY, NORTH OF MADRAS,
January 7, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

On the first of January, I saw a splendid review of all the troops in Calcutta. The Pathans from the Punjab were superb in their red tunics and turbans. The governor's bodyguard was extremely picturesque, and the British redcoats are always effective. There was also a fine display of artillery. Near me sat an amiable

English lady and her husband who explained to me what I did not understand. She listened also to my talk about my grandchildren, for I wished so much they could have seen this fine parade, and I returned the favor by listening with interest to her talk about her one little girl. That evening at half-past seven Ellen's friend came in a fine motor to take me to dinner and introduce me to some of his friends, very interesting people, but I had been going uninterruptedly all day and such a drowsiness came over me that I not only could not talk but really I could hear nothing. I could not rouse myself. When we got back to the mission house that night, we found the big gate locked securely and no amount of calling or knocking could rouse any one, so my young friend had to undertake the iron fence in his fine evening suit. I was thoroughly awake now and so uneasy lest that suit should split somewhere that I could not even smile at the absurdity of the situation. I fully expected to be helped over the fence myself, and the sharp iron points were not attractive looking to me, but the young man succeeded in rousing the gate-keeper and I got in without exposing my best dress to disaster. I decided I was a bad investment for that kind young man.

Before leaving Calcutta, I received a letter from Ethel Moore's friend, Mrs. Morwood. In India, army doctors take officers' titles and rise in rank as an officer. Colonel Morwood is a surgeon, his wife was Miss Mary Bell, of Berkeley, Cal. Mrs. Morwood has invited me to pay her a visit. She lives between Delhi and Lucknow. She tells me also that the whole family will spend next summer in Cashmere. I was very happy to hear that, for I dreaded to go to that far-off land without knowing any one. I do hope she is going to like me, in which

case she might invite me to join her party, but I am afraid to hope for such good fortune.

After leaving Calcutta, I stopped first at Puri. It is a seaside resort for Calcutta people and also the home of the great miracle-working Juggernaut. When the great pilgrimage to the Juggernaut Temple takes place in the summer, one hundred thousand pilgrims arrive in Puri. In former times they suffered frightfully from cholera and carried it back home with them, but the British Raj has stopped all that with its sanitary precautions. I went to the sanitarium recommended by Dr. Mitchell and found it a delightful place. The walks along the sea, with the surf rolling in and at intervals the fishermen drawing in their nets in the late evening, were so lovely, and I always found some companion, either among the nurses or the guests. The matron sent me in the nice carriage of the establishment, with one of the nurses as a guide to see the great temple. We were not permitted even to enter the outer enclosure, but from a roof opposite we could see into it, and the broad roadway of the enormous Juggernaut car was facing us. Though not a time of pilgrimage, there are always bustle and visitors at this shrine, but the great car is only brought out once a year. There are six thousand ministering priests and twenty thousand people dependent on this temple for their subsistence, and there is very great fanaticism among them. Whenever they asked for money, I argued with them, for I had an excellent interpreter in the trained nurse. I told the Brahman priest that I believed in reciprocity, that as they would not permit me to enter into their mud hovels I could not give them my money. We argued very good naturedly along these lines. I also argued with the Jogi. Jogi is the Hindoo ascetic,

while Faquir is the same among the Mohammedans. I told them that work was the best prayer. They disagreed most decidedly with this view. They cover their bodies with ashes, but I saw none so emaciated as those Sedley and I saw in India in former years. I spent two charming days in Puri, the climate of which reminds me of the Egyptian desert, the sand is so deep and extensive, and the temperature so delightful. From Puri, I came here, having a letter of introduction to the lady doctor at the head of this hospital. I arrived at nine o'clock at night and found Dr. Rohrer at the station in her dog cart to meet me. I am much pleased with the quiet and comfort of this establishment. We are but few at table, which is well served, the cooking excellent. Yesterday, after showing me around, Dr. Rohrer took me for an interesting drive. We visited a big Eurasian family and saw the beautiful Godavari River, which is looked upon as sacred. Everywhere one sees the tall Palmyra palms outlined against the sky. The Eurasians are a great problem to the missionaries. I am told that, as a rule, they are inferior to both parents, European and native. They require a great deal of help, refuse to do any manual labor for fear of lowering themselves below the level of the Europeans. Native labor is, of course, very cheap, and the relatively high-priced European is not paid his salary to perform labor which a coolie or native can do, so the European does nothing with his hands, the Eurasians likewise. The wives of these, not having their husbands' occupations, sink into an idleness which is very demoralizing. Where a mother busies herself with her children, it is different, but she is too apt to turn them over to the ayah. Of course the woman with intellectual tastes and resources can make her

life more or less useful. Captain S. was very emphatic when he said: "I hate these idle women who hang around the clubs." Last night Dr. Rohrer took me to a big dinner in honor of a new arrival among the missionaries. These are all, with few exceptions, of German parentage or birth, and belong to the Lutheran Church, a Pennsylvania mission. We had a very good time. Everybody was very friendly to me when they heard I was a friend of Dr. Mitchell, for nearly all knew her personally. I start to-night to Guntur, the place where Dr. Mitchell lived in India. They are expecting me there, but I wish I had more time for each of these places. Two days, however, is all that I can give, as it is so late in the season. I attended Dr. Rohrer's Bible Class. It was in the Telegu language, so I understood nothing, but I watched the faces of the women squatted around us and they interested me. One of the children in the orphanage is a Brahman child, not quite three. She is an interesting little creature with fine features and seems to be a great pet. After the Bible class, her duty is to roll up the mats on which the people have sat and put them away. This she never forgets. The Eurasian family we visited yesterday had an interesting establishment. As the family is large, they employ a shoemaker and a tailor by the month. Both were busy making shoes and clothes. The sons and sons-in-law hold government jobs, the highest desire of the natives over here. The old lady holds patriarchal sway over the family mansion. Dr. Rohrer refuses to let me leave early this evening because I should have to wait hours at a wayside station. I am to be waked by the hospital head nurse and then driven to the station. Everybody is full of kindness and consideration for me.

VELLORE, SOUTH INDIA,
January 12, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I wrote last from Rajahmundry where I spent two happy days and was made much of. I saw a betrothal in the hospital there which amused me very much. The man came with good recommendations and I was taken to see the first interview. They had never seen each other before, yet the bride entered without raising her head or eyes. She had very good features and wore the usual ornaments in her nose, her ears, and on her ankles. He was so pleased with her appearance that he literally danced around her, grinning delightedly, but she kept her head tucked down, a conduct rigorously prescribed by etiquette. I watched her closely but could not see the slightest upward glance at her betrothed. I was assured, however, by the ladies that she could have described not only his face but his dress as well. The wedding is to take place in May, and Dr. Rohrer is to give an entertainment to the bride's female friends.

I had a good nap before I was waked to take the one-twenty A. M. train. When I arrived at Guntur I was given the warmest welcome for Dr. Mitchell's sake. Dr. Kugler could not take me into the building she occupies, the hospital, but Mr. Macauley met me at the station and took me to his house. His wife is one of the most attractive women I have ever met anywhere in my life. They have no children, but they are very busy with the orphans they are taking care of. Next day Dr. Kugler and the head nurse, Miss Fors, showed me over the hospital; both seem exceptionally capable women. I asked Miss Fors about her experience with the native and half-caste nurses. She says she could

not run the hospital at all with native nurses. As soon as they are trained she lets them go. The Eurasians, however, are excellent, but she can never leave one of them in charge. If she does so, everything goes wrong. They are too severe with their subordinates and show no tact in dealing with inferiors. The native nurses never learn neatness and order and have to be chaperoned every time they leave the compound, so they are of little use. Dr. Kugler is a perfect marvel to me. She is past sixty, very good-looking, with a countenance that inspires respect and confidence. She performs all kinds of surgical operations. A woman with an enormous tumor came while I was there. She looked dreadfully uncomfortable, but sat patiently waiting till she could be given some attention. Patience is the strongest characteristic of the Oriental races. I was taken into Dr. Mitchell's study and made to sit in her chair. Everything is kept as much as possible as she left it, so much is her memory loved and revered in Guntur. I looked over the Infirmary book for last month and saw that eighty patients were the least number treated for any one day, but more often there were over a hundred. A certain Mary Ann and a certain Ida, who had been the proud recipients of Christmas cards from Dr. Mitchell, showed them to me with great satisfaction. We had dinner that night on an upper terrace by moonlight in imitation of a dinner given before Dr. Mitchell's departure when, the moon being full, she had read from the Bible by its light. My dinner did not have a full moon, and to save my life I couldn't tell what I was eating, but I didn't wish it otherwise. Then I was carried into the assembly room where all the women, European, Eurasian, and native were gathered, and I was told that I must give them a talk. I really

didn't know what to say, but I described Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Damascus to them and then my trip to the cedars of Lebanon. As I was taken by surprise I had no time to verify names, which I forget easily, but everybody seemed pleased. Later when they insisted on my speaking again, I told them of my interview with Yuan Shi Kai.

Dr. Kugler is a marvelous woman, so full of energy and devotion to duty. In the midst of her busiest day a woman will come and ask for a prayer. She drops everything and cheerfully retires to pray with the poor woman. I was told of a Rajah, or rather a Zemindar (which means "rich land owner"), who, having lost his only son and a daughter, brought his sick brother and another little daughter to Dr. Kugler. The child had typhoid, both were very ill, and both were cured. In gratitude the Zemindar has built a hostel, and a bungalow to accommodate himself and family when there is a sick member to be treated in the hospital. These two buildings are of brownstone and very substantial. He also pays the caretaker. I saw in this hostel in the late afternoon, relatives of the patients sitting on the veranda reading. All welcomed Dr. Kugler with the most cordial warmth. In one of the rooms of the main building, I was introduced to a beautiful Brahman lady who was there with a sister-in-law to watch over her. Her beauty was striking. I asked Dr. Kugler in vain for words in Telegu to tell this charming creature what I thought of her, but the doctor sternly refused to help me spoil the beauty. Miss Thomas took me to the big girls' school, a splendid institution, with big airy rooms, all of cut stone. There were girls of all ages from beginners to big students, all working well. I forgot to tell you that Dr. Kugler's friend, the Zemindar, is not

only a Brahman of the highest caste but a poet of no mean ability. He is putting the four gospels into poetic form in the Telegu language, and the doctor gave me one of these little tracts which were printed in great numbers in honor of the marriage of his child daughter. This child marriage was put off till the last possible moment allowed by caste regulations in deference to his hospital friend's wishes. This Rajah Zemindar lives in Ellore.

The Macauleys have an orphanage, a school, a carpenter's shop, and a printing press, all of course for the benefit of the natives. They are indefatigable in good works. Miss Thomas was a delightful companion in my sightseeing. She introduced me into a very interesting zenana where the ladies were all dressed in gauzy, colored garments with veils draped on their heads. They served delicious refreshments for us, but I only accepted a little fruit. None of these ladies compared in beauty to the Brahman lady in the hospital. These Mohammedans seem dull and heavy, but we met their two bright boys outside who spoke to us in English. The English language seems to develop the faculties of these people amazingly.

L. keeps asking if the ladies in Java wear veils. They do not. The Mohammedan religion in the Dutch colonies is much modified. I heard of no zenana there, no five prayers a day, and the women walk the streets not only with their faces bare but arms and shoulders likewise. Only a band of cloth covers the lower part of the bust. In the Padang Highlands, the women not only wear no veils but they alone own the land. I have just received from the hotel keeper there a copy of a pamphlet written by a Dutch savant on the status of the women of this tribe.

I left Madras yesterday, arriving here at eleven in the

morning. As I had three or four miles to drive from the station, I engaged a "jhutka." This is a cart without springs, covered with a mat over a light framework of bamboo. No seat is provided. My luggage was put into this and then I sat with my feet hanging out behind. I had to hold on with both hands to the bamboo frame, but the sensation of novelty made it endurable. We drove through avenues of big tamarind trees with long lines of Palmyra palms in view. I see them now continually, crossing the plains of South India. These are called toddy palms because the sap makes toddy which is sold in the saloons, and the government derives a considerable revenue from it. I passed my time on the train reading the *Current Opinion* which Nellie sent me and for which I cannot thank her enough. It is my one source of information regarding American affairs.

I reached Dr. Ida Scudder's home and hospital just as the family had seated themselves for the midday meal. I rejoiced to see the table loaded with fruit—great big custard apples in perfection. I never tasted them really delicious before. They are well named, for they taste just like very sweet and delicately flavored custard or cream. One was all I could eat, though I thought when I began that I should eat two.

January 13, 1914.

Yesterday Dr. Scudder took me to the Vellore fort in her motor, a lovely drive. The fort is now taken care of by the government and possesses not only historic interest, but in its enclosure is a very old Hindoo temple with beautiful gopuras and lovely carving. After dinner she took me to see a Mohammedan family who have come here for medical treatment; the patient, a young

mother, seemed very ill to me and suffering greatly. She will be brought to the hospital to-day. There is a dislike to coming into the hospital among the zenana women, but this is being gradually overcome. When they have once enjoyed the cleanliness, order, and good nursing here, they become converts to hospitals for life.

Dick Buck's letter was so amusing about my mildewed dress and scanty wardrobe that I simply shook over it. That mildewed dress has been thrown away. I hated to part with it after all its faithful service, and these Orientals will not wear our old finery as the colored people so obligingly do at home, so there is no one here to prolong the usefulness of old clothes. I see that Dick denies his words about my toilet which were as true as any he ever uttered, and moreover contain much of the philosophy of human society, which says: "By their clothes shall ye know them, and by their clothes shall they be judged." I trust to find an anchorage for my old age where people may reply to the question: "Who is that queer old woman?" by the words: "Oh, that is old Mrs. Ware. We don't mind what she does, because we all know her, and in spite of her eccentricities some of us love her."

I want to tell you, in order to be impartial all around, that a missionary in Rajahmundry told me that some of our men missionaries strike the natives. She said that one evening two of them came to her house and were laughing over an incident of the drive. They had met some carts driven by Mohammedans which blocked their way for a time and the fun was that they had lashed the drivers across their faces. She said on one occasion when she had gone with one of these men on a little excursion, her pleasure was all spoiled by his striking the

servant who was waiting on them. She was so energetic in her remonstrances that he gave the man some money, and the latter would no doubt have taken more blows on the same terms, but what kind of character is that for a representative of our Savior among the heathen? The fact is that given the age-long meekness and submissiveness of these people, their utter ignorance and consequent stupidity, the immunity allowed for such offenses, and the weak character of some of our missionaries, they sink into this forgetfulness of their high calling and are unworthy representatives, not only of Christ but of our country. I am sure this could not happen in the Philippines, for there a vigilant press, a vigilant law, and public opinion among the Americans prevent it. In remote India, white men of weak character degenerate, "but the silent, sullen peoples will judge their gods and them."

I am very much interested in Emily's library work. I wish I could see Mark Twain's books for boys excluded from boys' libraries. Their wit and humor blind people to the fact that they are highly demoralizing to youth. I myself have seen this effect most unmistakably, and does it not stand to reason that where the heroes lie and steal and yet are such charmingly funny heroes that they will have able imitators in these accomplishments? I believe that Mark Twain has had and is having a bad influence over our boys, making liars and thieves of many of them when he could have been such a noble influence in their lives. I feel like Zola when he wrote *J'Accuse*, for Mark Twain's name is so honored everywhere and we Americans are so proud of his genius.

MADURA,
January 20, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

The Scudders came originally from New York where the first missionary of the name was a practicing physician. He gave up his practice in an enthusiasm for missionary work. A fourth generation of missionaries in the Scudder family is now preparing for the family vocation and always with a medical one among them. Dr. Scudder herself carried me to the train and provided me with a good lunch. At the last moment I heard her mention the name of Keator and found that the Mrs. Keator, from Philadelphia, whose acquaintance I had made on the ship is a friend of hers. I reached Pondicherry before six o'clock in the morning and getting into a "*pousse-pousse*" an odd-looking carriage pushed from behind by two men who never got out of a slow walk, I told them to take me to the best hotel. It was very dirty, very picturesque, and the table most excellent. France still owns several tiny colonies in India, and of these Pondicherry is the most important. It lies on the sea where the surf rolls in continually, so I judge the harbor as not very safe, but I am told it is unusually free from storms. I found the town, as it were, entirely given over to the peanut industry. In some places the sidewalks were covered deep with shelled peanuts, and men and women were busy packing them into bags holding 176 pounds each. At the wharfs I found trucks loaded with these bags, whence they are put on flat boats and carried through the surf to the ships in the offing. The wharf master told me that two million of these sacks were shipped to Marseilles last year to be made into oil by the best French methods, and the trade was augmenting all the time, as the

natives learned that it paid them better to buy their rice and put all their land in peanuts. I asked what had been their trade before peanuts had come to monopolize their commerce, and was told that Pondicherry had fine mills where cloth was woven, so I directed my creeping pushers to carry me to one of these mills. The slow ride was really pleasant through the long lines of cocoanut palms and tamarind trees. The mill was indeed very large, but it only produces coarse cloth manufactured for the natives of Madagascar. I was very courteously shown over the building and told the wages of the workers. Four and a half annas a day for the most skilled labor, then three, and so on down. An anna is two cents in our money. In the immense halls, filled with machinery working with deafening noise, the air filled with fine floating cotton fiber, were many women and children as well as men who all work from six to six with an hour off at noon. I found this so excessive that I told the clerk so, but I knew that no one employer would change this system for fear of the competition of the others. This is a matter for government interference, but the government is satisfied because the natives are eager for the work. More than the low wages, I objected to the women and children being in such an atmosphere and subject to such long hours of monotonous toil. It is killing to mind and body.

TANJORE, SOUTH INDIA.

I had written to Tanjore to the Lutheran mission and on reaching that place, I found a nice conveyance and pair of ponies waiting for me. It was before six o'clock A. M., and not very light. When I reached the house, I understood, of course, that the mistress wished me to

take possession of my room, so I asked the servants where it was. To every question they replied by pointing upstairs, so finding no one in the lower part of the house I went up where I frightened a young woman nearly out of her wits. She was clothed only in one garment and that not a gown. She turned and fled into the room closing the door behind her. I approached and said: "Does an old woman terrify you so much?" She opened a crack cautiously and said in broken English: "Your room is downstairs," so I went down and found it. After breakfast I was taken to the Rajah's palace, now reverted to the English government. Before the last Rajah died, having no heir, he got twelve young women together and married them all. These being widows, the government had to provide for them out of the ample estate. Last year the last of these Maharanis died and now the English have the bulk of the property. The coronation room was quite interesting by reason of the many portraits of the Rajahs dating back to 1600. There is also an extensive library, cases of Sanskrit, Pali, English, and French arranged quite methodically. Under "History" I saw a large book entitled *The History of the Horse*. I opened it and found it was written by a sportsman and not by a scientist. I was taken to the church of the early German missionary, Schwartz, who left such an undying and sweet memory of himself in this region. He died in 1798. In this church is the finely sculptured bas-relief representing his death, with his disciple, the Rajah, standing by. Schwartz's character seems to have been so ideally beautiful that he exercised the most marvelous influence on high and low and was employed as negotiator at the courts of princes and potentates.

My host and hostess were Russian subjects from the

Baltic provinces. I had no idea the Baltic provinces were intensely patriotic to the Russian government, so I passed some strictures on that government. They defended the Czar most warmly, saying he was simply lovely in every respect. "A little weak in character?" I suggested. "Oh, yes, that is true, but that is because he is so amiable and good. We have so much more freedom than our German neighbors in the Prussian states. Yes, the government did forbid our German language in the schools at one time, but when the revolution occurred, it was restored to us. All of us respect and love the Czar. You have no idea how he is beloved by the people. But his mother! She is the worst woman in the world. You cannot conceive of her wickedness. She doesn't want the little Czarevitch to come to the throne; she wants her own son to be the heir, so she tried to poison the little Czarevitch and has ruined his health. The poor Czarina watches over her son night and day to save him from his grandmother. The Czarina has lost her reason on this account. Such is the dreadful wickedness of the poor Czar's mother." This talk interested me because I could see the desire of the ignorant masses to find some convenient person to blame for the weaknesses and misfortunes of the Czar. I told them that if it were not for their powerful German neighbors, they would have been sacrificed as were the inhabitants of Finland and Poland, who had no powerful protecting nationality to stand by them.

It was the festival of the Hindoo New Year, and I asked my host to take me to see any procession that might take place. They had never done this themselves, fearing to set a bad example, but to gratify me, we went after dinner into the village. We called first

on one of the patrons of the school. Though himself a Hindoo, he spoke English very well. I asked him if they worshiped the cow because of its great usefulness. "Not at all," he answered, "there are other animals more useful, such as the sheep, the goat, and many others. We worship the cow because Krishna loved it more than any other animal." This was highly satisfactory reasoning. Krishna is one of their incarnations of Vishnu and the favorite god. The legends about him represent him as having numerous wives and children not to speak of sweethearts. He is peculiarly the god of the lower classes. We visited another house where the family were boiling their new rice in new pots in honor of the new year. This was not done in the kitchen, else we could not have seen it, but in the big living room. Still I did not approach too near the boiling rice knowing their superstition about my unclean presence. All the old earthenware pots and vessels are broken at the New Year's festival and new ones are bought. All along the route and at the fairs I saw people buying loads of earthenware for the new year. They must be very cheap to be so universally broken and replaced. There is a regular ritual about the boiling of the rice on this day, and they look in it for propitious signs for the coming year. The signs were good in this instance, for there were cries of joy when the pot boiled over. The women watching the pot were all loaded with jewelry. I have seen one wearing fifteen heavy earrings in one ear and fourteen in the other, the ear being plentifully pierced all around. Savings banks have not taken root in this land. After this visit we went to see the procession. The cows had all been scrubbed in the tanks and ponds the day before, their horns painted a variety of colors and tipped with brass

or copper. I had seen them being washed. In the procession were only seven cows and some calves, but the rich Hindoo ladies had sent their fine embroidered sarongs to spread over them and they wore garlands of marigold flowers and buds. The parade was very picturesque, the Hindoos in white robes leading the sacred animals, but my good missionary friends were wretched. They slunk on the outskirts of the crowd and tried to hide themselves while I walked about among the cows and Hindoos. They were begging me to go home the whole time. I made a last appeal to them to let me be pagan for just a little while. The people looked so happy I longed to follow them, but the missionaries were so uncomfortable that I had to go home with them. I talked to them very earnestly about introducing athletic sports among their pupils, for this people whose whole attention is turned to marriage from early childhood is physically feeble and enervated. They listened to me attentively and said they would think of my words, for the criminal class, that is the robber or thief caste, has been put under the care of this mission.

I have been warned repeatedly about the crows of India but, forgetting it, I put my hairbrush, which I had washed, on the high cross-beam over the well. The crows naturally thought it was put there for them, and they either threw it into the well or carried it off.

From Tanjore I went to Trichinopoly where I was met by Miss Swan, an English missionary whom I had met among the faithful at Guntur. I spent two charming days at her bungalow and as usual wanted to stay longer. She took me the first afternoon to the Trichinopoly rock, that beautiful and historic rock which rises so abruptly out of the level plain. The steps are so

steep it is quite a task to get to the top, but I managed it, and read on the spot of the dreadful sieges and counter sieges between the French and English for the possession of this fortress. As Miss Swan was very busy, she had to turn me over after this to a young English girl, Miss Hindley. Next morning we drove out to the great temple of Sri Rangam. On our way to this temple, we passed through the fort and saw the house that Clive occupied about the year 1752. Near the temple was a stream of running water and in it were many bathers of both sexes. Many were scrubbing themselves thoroughly and cleaning their teeth. Some were washing their clothing, others praying to the sun, and many were scouring their shining brass bowls. This river scene was so lively and pretty that I did not wish to leave it to go into the temple. I told Miss H. that I should like to see some of the temple dancing girls, or, as they are called, Nautch girls. These temples in south India get considerable revenue from what we call white slavery. It is peculiarly revolting in being carried on to augment the revenues of their priests. We found a great festival going on in the temple. We then went to see one of the temple girls who was ill and found others with her. They were not expecting us and were dressed dowdily. They sang for us and showed pleasure in our visit. They sent out to buy sweetmeats to refresh us, but luckily we got away before they arrived. I wanted to see them dance dressed in their best clothes, but Miss H. said it would be out of the question for missionaries to countenance such a thing even in private, so I said no more about it. Miss H. told me she had bought a baby, only twelve days old, from its mother who, for want of means, was on the point of selling it to the Brahman priests to be brought up as a temple girl.

The priests buy them at all ages, taking advantage of the poverty of the mothers. They are often illegitimate, or the children of widows who are not permitted to remarry. When I consider the sordidness, filthiness, and ignoble lives and emblems of the Hindoo gods and contrast the clean lives and useful labors of our missionaries, especially that noble band of American women, I feel that in India I am certainly a convert to missions. In China and Japan, ancestor worship brings with it many practical benefits and virtues. Still, strange to say, these inoffensive Hindoos seem patient, gentle, and good in spite of their religion. I lock up nothing here and leave doors and windows open, but nothing is ever touched.

I took the most affectionate leave of Miss Swan Sunday morning and came on to Madura. Before leaving I went to the chapel. All present were natives, minister, organist, choir, and congregation. The minister wore the white surplice of the Church of England. I looked to see if he were barefooted but he wore red slippers. The full white draperies looked well on his dark skin. The music rose sweet and clear and there was such an atmosphere of peace and good will that it brought me a feeling of tranquil happiness. At Madura I came to Mrs. William Wallace's and found them waiting lunch for me. Mrs. Wallace suited me from the first moment and so did the four children. The lunch was excellent, and my room contained everything that could add to my comfort. That afternoon we went to service and afterwards took a walk about the compound, stopping in front of the missionaries' houses and chatting here and there with many pleasant ladies. We carried a lantern, for Mrs. Wallace said no one must be without a light in India during the night for fear of

the "puchis." In India all objectionable insects and reptiles are called "puchis." She charged me to keep my lantern burning all night. I went over the school building and the principal told me the English government had given them 2000 rupees to buy scientific apparatus. I was very glad to learn that they were giving scientific instruction, for that alone can kill the microbe of superstition.

CARMICHAEL HOME, SOUTH INDIA,
January 22, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I took a night trip to this place in a bullock cart, lying on a comfortable mattress encased in a white cover and laid on straw. I was told the distance was about thirty-five miles. I started at nine last night and reached here at seven this morning. I had been told that tigers infested the neighboring hills but only came down to attack cattle, not human beings. This information seemed satisfactory when given during daylight hours and in a comfortable house, but during the night vigils on the road it seemed highly unsatisfactory. I had heard that robbers also infested this lonely road, but all ended peaceably, and I should have had enough sleep but for the shouting of the driver to his bullocks. This may have been to keep up his courage. Before day when I was sleeping soundly, he woke me shouting at the top of his voice in my ear and made some observations in Tamil which I could not understand. I thought of course we had arrived, and when I found we were jogging on as usual, I was so provoked that I am ashamed to say I understood the state of mind which prompts foreigners in India to beat the natives. I could not fall asleep again.

Miss Carmichael has a beautiful face, though her first youth is past. Her eyes alone would give beauty to almost any face. The ladies of this Home all dress in the white draperies so attractive in India. When Miss Carmichael carried me over a part of the Home this morning the little toddlers all ran to her with outstretched arms calling out, "Mother, Mother," and she sat down on the floor and let them pile themselves on her lap. The children are bathed every day; their skins are fine and their hair very soft and glossy. They are so pretty that one likes to pet them. They are bought very young to prevent them falling into the hands of the priests to be trained up as Nautch dancing girls. In this Home they are taught, among other things, to make very pretty baskets. I bought one of these for \$2.50 wishing to make a small contribution to the institution. It was started in 1904 and a few of the girls are now big enough to be useful.

PALAMCOTTAH,
January 23, 1914.

Before leaving yesterday evening for my return night trip to Palamcottah, Miss Carmichael took me over the rest of the Home. There are fifty children under five years of age and one hundred between five and ten. The little ones were made to play games for me. The ladies have composed all kinds of rhymes relating to every conceivable subject interesting to children. These are set to familiar tunes and sung with gestures and more or less acting by them. It is an admirable method of teaching a language, for these children with their Hindoo nurses (they can speak English, however) all speak and understand our language most wonderfully for their ages. While some of the children were

singing and acting for me, a band of them were seated close together on a long bench, wearing only a loin cloth for raiment. They looked just like half-picked birds on a perch. These were the very small ones, but they listened attentively and were learning insensibly all the words by heart. Many of these children are of Brahman parentage, with very refined features, and are very pretty. It struck me with astonishment that among 150 children not one was sick and none whose nose needed wiping. They all sleep on mats on the verandas, except the infants who are put in white cloth hammocks hung from the veranda ceiling. While making the rounds the children would call out to Miss Carmichael, "Kiss me Mother," and they all got kisses. Late in the afternoon when the smaller ones were put to bed, Miss Carmichael asked me to talk to some of the bigger ones gathered around her in one of the rooms. She said: "Tell them about your travels in Greece, for they are studying Greek history." I had been telling her, apropos of the beautiful oleanders in her garden, that the oleander was the Greek laurel called by them Daphne and used to crown the victors in the Delphic games, while at Olympia only a sprig of the sacred olive tree was given, and at the Nemean games a wreath of parsley. I did not care to teach the children but preferred relating anecdotes of my grandchildren to amuse them. They understood all that I said, and when I told of Pete and the daffodils, there was general laughter and cries of, "Oh, auntie, tell that story again." Miss Carmichael has no government aid for her school. It is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. She refused government aid because there were conditions attached, and she wishes the school conducted purely in the interest of Christian religion to form

teachers and propagators of the faith. Her own faith is as a great rock, unshakable. She never doubts that contributions will come in when they are needed, for this she trusts to prayer. She is making so many children happy that I hope her faith may never be deceived. I got her to give my driver most minute instructions before departing at nine o'clock for my return night drive. He was not to shout or speak to me under any circumstances. This seemed to depress him greatly, and he groaned frequently being convinced that if he spoke to me loud enough I could be made to understand his remarks. I might have slept, but my head was full of all I had seen of that little band of devoted workers so far away from human succor. One of them had her wrist badly broken and was forced to drive thirty miles to get it set. On her return, immediately after the operation, she went to her work because she couldn't be spared.

In speaking of Trichinopoly I forgot to mention that I visited the tank in which Bishop Heber was drowned in 1826. At the church and parsonage, built by the missionary Schwartz in 1766, I read the inscription on the porch saying that Bishop Heber had made his last address there to a large assemblage of natives who thronged the compound. The Bishop is supposed to have over-exerted himself, as he had baptized and confirmed many converts, after which the crowd demanded to hear him speak. He went then into the little bathing pool on one side of the bungalow and was never seen alive again. When I visit the old church cemeteries of India I am always struck by the youthfulness of those who were laid to rest in them at that early period. No sanitary laws were understood, no one dreamed of the danger in water or milk, or in the

insect world. I remember as a child when we went in the woods for a walk we drank any water we found. No one thought of doing otherwise and, of course, it was much more dangerous in India.

I asked Miss Swan to tell me something about the thief caste. She had suffered at their hands, for they are permitted to live in Trichinopoly and provide night watchmen for the houses. She was eloquent in denouncing them and their ways. They got angry with one of her Bible women and carried off her bullock which she only recovered after several months, nearly dead of starvation, and after having spent thirty-five rupees in rewards for its recovery. I asked Mr. and Mrs. Wallace about them. While Mr. Wallace was explaining that they were not allowed to remain in Madura and therefore were not such a nuisance in that city, Mrs. Wallace interposed, "And yet they are such honest people." From all their talk I gathered that they are something like the early Highlanders, good cattle lifters and raiders but very loyal, and faithful to their engagements.

(One of the letters was here lost.)

CALICUT, MALABAR COAST,
February 2, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I wrote last from Quilon in Travancore, where, in the travelers' bungalow I made the acquaintance of Mr. Vieyra, Secretary of the Maharajah. He gave me such a pressing invitation to visit Trivandrum, the capital, and be the guest of his family that I could not resist it. Travancore is the extreme southwestern state of India reaching to Cape Comorin. We took the motor bus

that afternoon for the beautiful drive of four hours through shady forests of cocoanut palms, avenues of big trees, and paddy fields, villages and native huts everywhere. I was charmingly received by Mrs. and Miss Vieyra and spent three very happy days with them. They live in luxury in a house built for them by the Maharajah's government. The table was very choice and my tastes were noticed and respected at every meal. I enjoyed everything hugely. Opposite their house were the public gardens and museum. I was taken over the gardens twice and saw birds I had read about but never before seen, the great gorgeous horn-bill and the snake bird the most striking. When the latter lifts its small head to look around from a tree or shrub and stretches its neck slowly out the illusion is perfect. If one did not see the body one would believe it to be a snake. It contracts its neck into a kind of pouch. On the ground when it can be seen well it is a large-bodied bird with handsome plumage. The horn-bill is grand; such a curious bill with roof-like piece of horn over it, the plumage very fine in color and texture. The big ourang-outang was in disgrace and confined in a strong iron cage. Someone had thrust a stick into his big roomy abode and he had promptly used it as a lever to break down the weaker parts and so procure his freedom. He was caught at this and more strictly confined until his cage could be repaired. He looked sadly in need of a bath, his hands and face quite dirty. I gave him some chocolate. After putting it into his mouth to soften it, he took it out and unwrapped the silver paper and then ate it. He is unusually large. Mr. Vieyra is director of the gardens and lets the ourang-outang out of his cage from time to time. On these occasions it takes a number of men to

carry him back, like a drunken sailor, struggling and kicking. A very large black bear was the biggest one I ever saw. He hated me particularly, and as soon as he would catch sight of me would spring with all four paws clutching the bars and utter loud, menacing cries which were truly terrifying. Mrs. Vieyra told me that one night when her husband was away two of these fierce bears got out and came on her veranda. The ladies barricaded doors and windows and screamed for help, but till daylight no one dared to come. Then some soldiers arrived. One of the bears had wandered away from the veranda and fallen into a pit. This was the one I saw. The skin of the other lies on the floor of one of the Vieyra reception rooms. Mr. Vieyra procured me an interview with the Maharajah of Travancore at seven o'clock one morning. These early hours are chosen because he is obliged to purify himself after such interviews before he can eat or drink, being a Hindoo of high caste with the rank of a Brahman. I was sent everywhere in the Vieyra carriage with footman and driver in livery. No one had told me, however, that the Maharajah would receive me himself at the door when I alighted from the carriage. Now, at that moment it came over me with consternation that I had forgotten my visiting cards. This so overwhelmed me that I thought of nothing else, for had I not put Yuan Shi Kai's palace in a state of stupefaction at a similar lapse of memory? I was inwardly abusing myself roundly when I perceived the most courtly and gentle old man standing near the door. My passing thought was "the Maharajah has the most courtly old servitor," but fearing lest he should torment me for my visiting card, I ignored his presence and turned away from him. Not knowing, however, which direction to take, I had

to address myself to him and then noticed that he was holding out his hand. The enormity of my conduct came over me with a sudden flash. I was profuse in my apologies, but needless to say, I could not regain my mental equilibrium. A prince so respected by the English for his pure and noble character and his person held sacred by his subjects to be mistaken for a common servant! Everybody was horrified when they heard the tale, and Mr. Vieyra said: "That comes from his Highness's modesty and wishing to be so simple in his manners. He should have someone to receive his guests and usher them into his presence." I tried to make the Maharajah smile, but only a faint reflection of one passed over his face when I said: "I met your prime minister on the beach yesterday evening. He is a man who knows when to laugh and when to be serious too. Your Highness knows well how to choose your counselors, for I know two of them." I said to him later: "If I make a very poor impression on your Highness, I beg of you not to mention that fact to Mr. Vieyra, for he feels personally responsible for me, and it would be a great mortification to him." I was discreet enough to remain a very short time, but on rising to go the Maharajah was pleased to show me a rare cabinet, a Japanese one. Now I should have preferred a Travancore cabinet and not one from Japan, but I held my tongue. I said among other things: "There is one thing that does not please me in this beautiful and happy land where your Highness is doing so much for your subjects in all kinds of public improvements—roads, schools, hospitals and sanitation,—and that is that one of your Highness's fine sons cannot succeed you one day on your throne." He turned away his head deprecatingly at this, for he is very conservative,

and Travancore has the custom and immemorial usage of succession through females. Having no sister, the Maharajah adopted, years ago, two nieces who had each a son but they died on reaching man's estate. Now he has adopted two distant female relatives as nieces. The elder is the Ranee, but she has no child. The younger, who is a little vixen, I hear, has given birth to a son, an heir to the throne. Mr. Vieyra told me the Maharajah, the prime minister, himself, and some other officials were all in the hall awaiting the birth of this child. When it was brought out on a golden salver, the Maharajah put one hundred gold sovereigns on the tray as his gift to the mother.

Mr. Vieyra gave me a curious book which shows the struggle these people are going through to adapt their matriarchal system to modern conditions. I may send it to Sedley as a curiosity. Mr. Vieyra gave permission for me to ask his Highness for one of his photos, and he has sent me a perfect beauty in his Durbar costume, but in consequence of not having left my card, the Maharajah wrote: "I do not know the name of the lady who called this morning, but you (Mr. V.) will give her the photograph." When I called at the Residency, Mrs. Forbes, wife of the Resident, said it was perhaps well that I forgot my cards for I might have given one to the Maharajah to carry to his master. The mistake was bad enough for an Eastern potentate!

The British Residents at the native courts have very beautiful homes, such taste and beauty in the furnishings, such spaciousness, and so many costly objects to interest one while waiting in the receiving rooms. From the Residency I went to call on the Prime Minister who had asked Mr. Vieyra to bring me. I had a jolly visit there. He is a great laughier and shows

willingly his fine teeth. All around the room were portraits of his predecessors.

While I was still in Quilon with Mr. Vieyra, he received a dispatch from an official who had charge of an Egyptian prince who came to Travancore with a letter of introduction from General Kitchener. The Prince had gone out on a hunting expedition for big game. The dispatch said: "One of the guide's horses is sick, send veterinary, also bundles of grass, the Prince will not drink anything but champagne." Besides this very fastidious Egyptian prince, the Maharajah had some distinguished English guests in his guest-house whom he had invited to pay a visit to Trivandrum I could but think that hunting in tropical forests was calculated to produce thirst, and I wondered if the Prince drank champagne only in his home in Cairo, and if so, if he were sent to Trivandrum for his own or his family's benefit. I had very decided opinions about this Egyptian prince and expressed them freely, which made Mr. Vieyra laugh. I said: "The land is infested with rats. They came in my room each night at Quilon and as Travancore lies on the water highway between Bombay and Ceylon, one infected rat could spread the plague throughout the country. The money spent on this worthless Egyptian prince would pay for the killing of thousands of rats and possibly avert a great calamity." Mr. Vieyra said he recognized the danger from rats, but I presume they are not in the habit of dealing with a question until the emergency arises, and I could make no impression by my words. One day while walking over the golf links with Mr. Vieyra, I said: "I really believe I am growing accustomed to the Indian sun for I feel perfectly comfortable at this moment." He laughed and on looking

around I saw one of his servants holding an umbrella very adroitly over my head. A flock of sheep are kept on these golf links to keep the grass down, but they are never allowed to be killed, for the natives imitate their ruler in being strictly vegetarians. The Vieyras were extremely kind to me, which I can never forget. Mrs. V. paints on silk gauze or fine muslin and you have no idea how wonderfully the little wreaths of painted flowers add to the beauty of her daughter's dresses and hats. It is the most useful amateur painting I have yet seen.

One morning early Mr. V. took me to a typical native home in which two families lived, a brother's and a sister's. The man showed us around, but he could not accompany me to his sister's apartments, said it would be contrary to their customs. These people are Nairs (Nayars). He took us to an old house in an adjoining compound where his parents had lived and worked their way up in the world. It was interesting to see that he kept this old house as a monument to them. Near this house was a large flat stone to serve as an altar on occasions. He said all cremations were performed in one corner of the compound (those of his family). He pointed out another and not too distant corner of the premises and said: "That corner belongs to the serpents. We treat them well and they treat us well." "Have you cobras there?" I asked. "Oh, yes, but I have never seen very big ones among them, but I have seen them there since I was a boy. We feed them from time to time and they never harm us." "But," I said, "if you tread on one in the dark, would it not forget the good treatment?" "Oh, they do us no harm," he reiterated. (Cobras are said to be deadly from the time they leave the shell.) His brother-in-law is re-

puted to cure snake bites and dog bites. Mr. Vieyra said he saw him treat a girl who had been bitten by a snake, not a cobra. He took a live fowl and scratching off a portion of the skin applied it to the bite. When the fowl died he took another. The girl got well, though she remained some time in a comatose state. When I heard that the man, who now has scruples about taking life in any form, refuses to use fowls any longer for his snake-bitten patients, treating their wounds with pieces of squash, and trusting more to his prayers and incantations than to this vegetable remedy, I felt no longer any confidence in him. While I was looking at the house and premises, this man was treating a dog-bitten woman, pressing a piece of squash on the wound and rubbing her head with his other hand, mumbling prayers the while. Unlimited patience seemed to possess both healer and patient, so there was no use trying to see the end of it. I left them both entirely engrossed, she with perfect faith in the result. My three happy days seemed all too short when I took the motor bus to return to Quilon, whence I was to proceed to Cochin through the Back Water Channels—a beautiful river-like highway with openings here and there into the sea. Mr. Vieyra had charged an official in Quilon to see that I got a very good “wallam,” a kind of sampan, and this gentleman had promised to provide me with a comfortable chair and send his own “boy” to accompany me as far as the steamboat landing, which he did. I started very early next morning from the bungalow, but unfortunately I had taken a very bad cold in the motor bus the preceding evening. The chair was comfortable and the boy a good one. My “wallam” was clean and roomy, the floor covered with clean mats, and I had two good rowers. These boats

have their roofs in sections, the middle one can be pushed aside leaving an opening over the center of the boat. The scenery was lovely, the Back Water or lagoons now widening into lakes, now narrowing into canal-like channels, on the banks a thick growth of cocoanut palms, many leaning far out over the stream in an effort to escape the throng of their comrades; native huts and villages on every side with now and then a pretty bridge over the narrowed channel. My boy's English was very limited and exercised mostly to express disapproval of my to him peculiar tastes. I wanted to get out at the pretty bridges and walk over them, which he could neither understand nor approve of, and when we approached very near the sea, my desire to walk along the shore where the waves chased my feet seemed to him rather to betoken a disordered brain. The people were mostly engaged in rope making, for which purpose they use the cocoanut fiber. The shells with the fiber on them are soaked for months in the lagoons, then pounded with wooden mallets. When it is then pulled to pieces, it makes a kind of tow. I saw where the natives had left their work, and taking up a mallet I proceeded to wield it vigorously. After the first pounding, water can be wrung out, after the third the fiber can be pulled apart and shaken when much vegetable matter falls out of it. It then dries rapidly and is ready to make into rope. I considered that I had learned a trade and the natives enjoyed seeing me work. Even the boy was pleased at the sensation I created, but I felt very badly and soon gave up sightseeing to go to bed. I had three folds of the heavy steamer rug and four of the heavy army blanket laid on the matting, but I felt, to my surprise, as though I were lying on the naked boards. I had shawls also



MAHARAJAH OF TRAVANCORE

and a pillow, nevertheless I was so uncomfortable that I spent my time turning over. My flesh was sore when I took the steamer next morning. After twenty-four hours or more in the "wallam," I was afraid to sit outside in the wind, so I remained in the cabin which was crowded with native first-class passengers, who were all very polite to me. I ate sugar-cane all day, for I had an indigestion the day before which gave me a distaste for the food I had brought from the bungalow. I gave this to the boy, paid his way back, and gave him a liberal fee, also to the boatmen. I was all day in the little steamer, reaching Cochin at five o'clock where I took two rickishaws to hold me and my luggage and started to see the city before nightfall. The synagogue of the white Jews interested me. It was Saturday, and two young men, hearing I wanted to see it offered, to show it to me. They were extremely polite. The floor is inlaid with very beautiful Chinese tiles, very old but still fresh looking. The congregation is very proud of them. I was taken to the gallery where the reader of the sacred books stands. Behind this is a place screened off for women. A back passage leads from this to a room containing an old Dutch clock of which they are also very proud. It is a very queer affair. The weights are big, heavy stones tied together and suspended by a very strong rope which lets itself down first into a warehouse room on the floor below and then into a deep well. It is wound up once in eight days. A few big and little wheels comprise the whole machinery, all venerable with age and very massive. I told the young men I wanted some Cochin stamps. They said as it was the Sabbath they could not unlock the office nor could they detach a stamp from an envelope. I offered them some American stamps in exchange but they

could not even pull them from the tissue paper to which they were lightly pasted, but I did this willingly for them and gave them those they selected. They promised to send me the Cochin stamps to Bombay. They have converted a good many of the natives who have several synagogues and are called black Jews in contradistinction to the white Jews. They are not black, however; some are very light brown in color. These Jews spoke still of the dreadful persecutions of the Portuguese, for these latter brought their persecuting spirit with them and tried to extirpate the heresy of the Nestorian Christians whom they found in India instead of fraternizing with them. Cochin was the first European settlement in India, the Portuguese building a factory here in 1500. It contains the oldest European church. I went to see this St. Francis Xavier Church. The Portuguese are buried on one side of it, the Dutch, who ousted them, on the other, while the English are in possession. It was too late for me to see the old graves, so I returned to my rickishaws and ordered the men to go to the ferry. I had to cross to the other side where, next morning at seven, my train would be waiting. Going along the seashore, I found it lined with very odd fishing arrangements. It seems the fish come in close to the shore in great shoals, so tall cranes are erected at short intervals all along the sea front, which let down and draw up the nets filled with fish. They look like phantom creatures of colossal size stretching out long skeleton arms, silhouetted against the evening sky, and have the most fantastic appearance. I did not get to the travelers' bungalow until after eight o'clock that night and was told dinner was over, the house crowded, no more rooms, and nothing to eat. Now my stomach had regained its tone

on the sugar-cane and I wanted a good square meal, but had to content myself with some poached eggs and bananas, then I had to undress myself in a dirty pantry and sleep in a bed on the veranda. I was cold in the night and it gave me toothache. I reached Calicut at one next day and was met by Miss Metzger who took me to the German Lutheran Mission. After tea, I drove with the ladies to the seashore. This Mission has a textile factory and two tile factories employing one thousand men and women. They are employed by the job. Each is paid for what he or she does. They begin work at seven-thirty, leave off at eleven-thirty, begin again at one, and leave off at five-thirty. They are said to earn, when skilled, thirty rupees per month or ten dollars of our money. I thought of that great factory at Pondicherry working women and children as well as men eleven hours a day with a maximum wage of nine cents. When I judge as to whether the treatment of factory children is iniquitous, I think of my boys doing the same work, and if it sends an awful shock through me with a sickening sensation, then I know it must be iniquitous. This German Lutheran Mission has a boys' school of nine hundred and a girls' school of four hundred besides a hospital. Miss Metzger is the principal and she and her assistants are the busiest women I have yet seen. I insisted, however, on hearing a Beethoven sonata with violin and piano from them. They said they really did not have the time and I believed them, but I wanted to forget my toothache.

Vasco da Gama landed in Calicut in 1498 after a voyage of ten months from Portugal.

BANGALORE,
February 4, 1914.

On the train from Calicut I met two American tourists, mother and pretty daughter from one of the New England States. I lay on one of the seats and the pretty girl was very nice to me. I did not feel well and was very sorry when they left the train. Then there got in an Englishman, his wife and baby, their ayah, and a dog. He had two coolies in the servants' apartment attached to every first-class car. The wife was very deaf. I asked him how she lost her hearing. He said it came on her very suddenly just before her marriage. I was touched by his devotion to this afflicted wife. They let me have one whole seat where I could lie down; only the dog shared it with me and he scratched more persistently than any dog I have yet seen, but I thought there were so many worse things than scratching dogs that I only said: "It must have been a great pet before the baby came." He said it was very jealous of the baby. It turned out well for me that I met this gentleman, for he showed me where my Cook's itinerary had made a mistake of an hour, and he got me off at the station where he left the train and told me the one to take in order not to change cars during the night. I feel often like the old Lama in *Kim* and let many people acquire merit by taking care of me. This gentleman did all he could to acquire merit along that line. Just before I got on my train, the ticket inspector, a native, came to interview me and finding me stiff and sore said he had a very fine rheumatism remedy. I was to procure a pigeon, partially kill it, and with the blood which trickled from the wound I was to rub my limbs thoroughly, then put the rest into hot water and drink it. This was warranted to drive away every

vestige of rheumatism. I thanked him warmly though I had no rheumatism. I write the remedy to you home people because you can experiment with it more readily than I can and let me hear the result. The inspector of tickets came back to see me and said, profoundly depressed, he had lost his wife who had left him with ten children. I said cheerfully: "But you have no rheumatism." He acknowledged that I was right and said in a deeply depressed tone of voice, "Please pray for me." Before leaving Calicut, I had written to the Methodist Mission here the hour of my arrival, but forgot to state the day. Now the principal of the big Baldwin School for Girls, an American institution, belonging to the Methodists, was expecting the arrival of a housekeeper, a young Englishwoman. When the train stopped before six in the morning, coolies entered my compartment and took out my luggage, while a servant handed me an envelope on which was written: "A carriage for Mrs. Bela." In the dim light I read: "A carriage from Mrs. Bela," so I got in, and after a long drive arrived, the servants showing me to a room. It was decidedly the simplest I had been put into, but as I am always saying I dislike all unnecessary furniture, I never thought of complaining. I was quite busy putting my things in order and waiting for my chota hazri when I heard a knock at the door, and opening it saw a lady who stood staring at me in blank amazement. I said: "How are you, Mrs. Bela?" All she was able to say was, "What is your name?" I thought it singular she could not read my signature. I told her my name and asked if she were an American. "Yes, but I was expecting another person. I was expecting Mrs. Bela." "Are you not then Mrs. Bela?" and so we went on with questions in bewildering rapidity. When

I related the scene at the breakfast table there was great hilarity, but Miss Fisher was seriously concerned as to what had become of her housekeeper. She soon found out where I belonged, which was fortunately very near the school.

Bangalore lies some three thousand feet high and it is cooler here than at Calicut, so Laura's shawl is invaluable.

HYDERABAD, MONTGOMERY HOTEL,
February 12, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I wrote you last, I believe, from the mission house in Bangalore. They were very kind to me there. In telling you of Calicut I forgot to describe a procession I saw the night of my arrival at the German Lutheran Mission. It was after dinner and I had an ulcerated tooth, but when I saw going by in the street the brilliant lights and the white-robed figures I started on a run to the gate, followed by Miss Metzger's assistant begging me not to go as far as the gate, but I did not listen to any such words. There were many women in the procession all clothed in pure white muslin with big golden clasps binding their black hair, their fine, thick, glossy hair. They had big golden disk-like earrings in their ears. I asked my lady companion what kind of a procession it was, and she thought it must be a wedding. I said: "Let me pay one of the servants to accompany me for a while and bring me back to the Mission, just for a little while, please." "Oh, no, that would never do"; I was a guest in the Mission and the example would be dreadful. Finding her inexorable I said: "Well, I shall just look at it a few moments and then come back to you." She was standing in the shadow

of the gate so as not to be seen. I ran out among the women. They answered my friendly greetings with smiles and held out their hands to shake mine, patting me on the back. I was fascinated and longed to go with them. I had forgotten my toothache and my fatigue. I seemed to have a sort of natural affinity for these heathen people. I feel such confidence in them. They are so gentle and friendly and so honest too. I was dreadfully sorry to have to leave them and wished that the missionaries could have had just a little sympathy for those who are also the children of God. They seem to have such a dread of showing sympathy for them, believing it would imperil their standing among them. On the contrary, I believe they would gain more than they could possibly lose by it. However, I have written of the good work they are doing among these poor outcasts, for the missions have little success except among the pariahs, and this is as it should be. Well, that good Mrs. Stephens put me up a nice lunch and I took the night train for Seringapatam reaching that station at about 6 A.M. I found there a good waiting-room and asked the man in charge to get me some coffee and hot milk. He said he would do so and an hour afterwards reappeared with two dirty brass vessels, one containing milk cooled by the long walk from the village, the other a decoction of coarse tea stems no longer hot, no sugar. I had waited so long and for such a drink! I poured a little of the thick tea decoction into the dirty milk vessel and managed to swallow a little of it. I then ate my breakfast which would have been very good with some hot coffee. I took a bullock cart with a small boy as driver. I protested against the size of the driver but it did no good, so I sat on a mat laid over straw and off we started to visit the scene of two very

famous sieges. Tourists, as a rule, do not get out at Seringapatam. They go on to the hotel at Mysore, then take an automobile or carriage and make the nine miles to Seringapatam in short time, going luxuriously and leisurely over the ground which embraces some miles in circuit. Well, I soon forgot all else in the interest evoked by the sight of places rendered so celebrated in history. I wished that Sedley had been with me. The last siege in which Tipu Sultan, son of Hyder Ali, was killed was in 1799. Colonel Arthur Wellesley (the Iron Duke), took part in this second siege, but the command of the operations was given by courtesy to General Baird, who was made general for the occasion, because he had suffered much in captivity after an engagement in which a British detachment was entirely cut to pieces by Hyder Ali and Tipu Sultan, and Colonel Baillie, the commander, Baird, and several other officers were taken prisoners. Poor Baillie died in captivity after two years of prison hardships, but to Baird was accorded the honor of commanding the attacking forces because of his much suffering, and he lived to assist in the triumph. The most interesting places to me at Seringapatam were the mausoleum of Hyder Ali and the summer palace of Tipu Sultan, both in beautiful gardens and kept in perfect order by the state. Near the mausoleum is a small enclosure containing an exquisite white tomb to Colonel Baillie, which was very touching to me. Colonel Wellesley was left in command after the surrender and had his headquarters in the lovely Moorish summer palace of Tipu Sultan. On its walls is a fresco depicting the victory of Hyder Ali and Tipu Sultan over Colonel Baillie's troops which is extremely interesting. Colonel Wellesley found it defaced (perhaps by English soldiers) and magnani-

mously had it restored. In this fresco, Colonel Baillie, has a conspicuous place in a palanquin looking most dismal, while the French allies have a very spirited appearance in marked contrast to the discomfited English. I found every spot at Seringapatam full of interest; the place where Tipu fell, unable to get back through the gate; the great breach in the walls; the ghat leading down to the river with its lively scenes; the odd and picturesque mosque, all were replete with interest. The bullock was the most perverse creature I ever saw. The boy had to get down continually, throw a rope over one of its horns, which it resisted by shaking its head, and then pull it back in the right direction. At more than one critical moment, passers by would come to our assistance, pushing the bullock off of obstructions which it knowingly ran against. It loved to haul up abruptly, half-way down steep slopes at the side of the road.

I went on to Mysore that afternoon, reaching it early enough to spend a couple of hours in the zoo. There I forgot fatigue and hunger, for I had had only cold things to eat and sugar-cane, which is my delight in traveling. I paid the keepers to make the animals show off. The leopards were enormous and let the keeper stroke them while they purred like cats, but the tigers got into a terrible and beautiful rage. The birds and monkeys were very fine too. I stood for two hours looking at them all. I certainly enjoyed my good dinner that night, and a good rest in the hotel. I was anxious to see the fine new palace which has just been finished and which has been much criticized. Some of the criticism was so offensive to his Highness, the Maharajah, that he has given strict orders against admitting any tourists unless with unusual recommendations. Now, I had

none. I went to call on the electrical engineer of the Maharajah at half-past seven A.M. The servant said: "Master has gone for a long walk but the carriage is going for him. If you wait, you will see him." I said: "All right, bring me some newspapers to read." Soon after I saw the carriage going out of the compound gate. I sprang into mine and told the coachman to follow, but the stupid fellow was so long understanding me that the engineer's good horse had a considerable start. It was difficult to keep his carriage in sight, but when well out in the country we saw it in front of a gate. There I stopped my poor horse, which was quite blown after what to him was a mad race, and soon Mr. Hardacre, the engineer, appeared. I said: "I have had a hard time finding you." He said, looking keenly at me: "What is the matter." "Nothing except that your horse is much better than mine and it was very difficult to follow him." "What do you want of me?" "I want to get into the new palace, of course." "Well, it can't be done. Orders are very strict against it." He was now standing by the carriage and after talking awhile I saw he was beginning to get interested in me and that if it were possible he was going to admit me to the palace. He succeeded in this and I went with my things all packed to go direct from there to the train. This Mysore palace is more like Alladin's than any I have yet seen. When I caught sight of its many colored domes in driving by the day before, I thought it was a mosque in the old Russian style of church architecture, so fantastic did it appear. It is of no particular style, but a mixture of many and as I like odd things, especially in the Orient, which seems to me to suit the fantastic and the extraordinary, I was delighted. The entrance court contains eight enormous stone tigers remarkably

well carved. On the gates there were beautiful bas-reliefs of rampant elephants, the coat of arms of the family. There were four double doors of solid carved silver, many others of exquisite wood carvings, and some superb ornaments in carved sandalwood. At Seringapatam, I had visited a warehouse for sandalwood and had learned much about that costliest of woods from the guide there. Small bars of it are sold for two and three rupees. When one takes up one of these insignificant looking bars, one is amazed at the weight of it. The funeral pyres of the Maharajahs and of the Princes of India are of sandalwood and cost their families enormous sums, but having this association it was used sparingly in the Alladin's palace at Mysore. Mr. Hardacre reached the palace before I had finished my inspection and took charge of me. He was so good and cordial and seemed to wish so much that the electricity had not all been turned off so that he could make the great double electrical organ play sweet music for me and set the colored fountain, an ornament for the dinner table, in movement. It was a bewildering place, throne rooms and great galleries around an enormously high central court with a stained glass dome over it and painted steel pillars reaching up high overhead to support it. I thanked Mr. Hardacre most warmly for all his goodness to me. He positively would not let me pay the servants one cent, which I really wished to do.

On my return to Bangalore, while the train was stopping at the station of Seringapatam, I thought I heard a familiar voice calling my name, but could not believe it possible. However, it came nearer and the words were: "Aunt Mary, Aunt Mary." I sprang up and saw on the platform the pretty smiling face of Mrs.

Shepherd. I was overjoyed to see them and she got into my compartment and told me of their trip through the north. It was one of triumph. They had visited London before coming to India and had been entertained by ministers and nobility, and came furnished with letters to the highest authorities in India. After telling me of all the native courts where they were entertained for days at a time, she added: "How often I wished that you could have been with us, for we could have shared with you many of these advantages. Our invitations often included many friends in our party." How much I regretted that I could not have accompanied this lovely and amiable woman in that wonderful tour. I tried to be happy in her happiness and, indeed, I was proud of the recognition they had received. I wish our country could always be so worthily represented. I parted from them in Bangalore, they going on to Madras and Ceylon where they had letters to the governors, then to Egypt where they had a letter to Lord Kitchener.

At the hotel in Bangalore I wrote a note to Mr. Campbell, private secretary to the Maharajah of Mysore. In this I mentioned the pleasure I had in going over the ground at Seringapatam. He came to the hotel immediately to see me and explained the siege, making a diagram which made everything clear. He told me he had made a study of those operations. I liked him very much. He said at first it would be impossible to get me an interview with the family of the Maharajah, but I felt sure he would do so if it were possible. Next day I got a note telling me that I was to go to the palace at five o'clock Monday afternoon. I answered this with my warmest thanks and he came in his auto to take me to see his wife and daughter,

two most charming ladies. Mrs. Campbell is English, he Scotch. They invited me to dinner after the audience, but I thought it best to take the night train for Secunderabad. On Monday at five o'clock, after a lovely drive around the royal park, I arrived punctually at the palace gates. This palace looks very much like Windsor Castle and is one of the most beautiful castle palaces I have seen. It was not built by the young Maharajah. The great stairway was lined with rare and beautiful plants and thickly carpeted, a grand entrance. At the head of the stairs, the Maharajah met me. I had seen his pictures, but they looked much lighter in color than he. He is perfectly brown, though his features are very handsome and refined. Of course, I did not recognize him and took him for a chamberlain till he spoke to me, and then I gave myself away by saying: "Is this the Maharajah?" with some surprise. In the great drawing-room were his mother, his beautiful young wife, two sisters, and a sister-in-law, besides an English lady, a teacher to the ladies, I imagine. I sat on the sofa with his mother, he opposite, behind him at a little distance the lovely young wife. I asked: "Have you any children?" "No, none," he answered. I felt I had struck the wrong chord. The poor wife and sisters sat outside the circle we three formed. In India where the children of the poor swarm on every side, it did seem a pity that the beautiful young wife could not have had one, at least. She was so fair that the blushes could be seen mounting to her cheeks when I made allusion to her. I could only talk to her on arriving and leaving for she was too far behind her husband. Her scarf was pinned by a superb diamond, a tiny one was in one nostril. The ladies wore very little jewelry, no doubt thinking it out of place in the afternoon calling

hour. They spoke so little that I had to talk *à tort et à travers* which was hard on me as I wanted to observe them and see something of the beautiful objects in the room. I hardly think I made a good impression, I talked too much. The Maharajah has aristocratically simple and easy manners. Since eighteen years of age, he has been on the throne with enormous wealth at his disposal. He has great hatred of the average tourist. They published criticisms of the great palace in Mysore, which he built, that were extremely offensive. First the lavish expenditure was criticized, then the bastard style of architecture, and one critic even went so far as to say the tiles reminded him of those in the latrines of London. I can understand after reading such criticisms why he gave strict orders to let no more tourists enter the Mysore palace. I was awfully sorry the Maharajah accompanied me downstairs, for all my luggage was in the carriage and so filled it that there was little room for my feet, but I felt I had to get off on the evening train. In the ladies' room at the station I took off my lace dress and slept very well, though it was horribly dusty and I had to shut out all the air. I reached Secunderabad at six next evening where Mr. Levering, the Baptist minister, met me. He had a great deal of mail for me. Mr. Arps wrote very enthusiastically of Wilson; I was charmed with his letter. He and I always think alike in politics.

(Two letters are here missing.)

NEW GOA, SOUTH OF BOMBAY,
February 26, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I came from Bombay here by steamer. Knowing nothing of the boat, I only brought along my steamer-



MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE

rug bundle. When I got on board, I found it very small with not a single cabin, only a small salon on deck with two benches and a narrow table between. This was a shock. There were two first-class native passengers abroad who soon got very seasick, but happily before this began I had some conversation with one, a lawyer from Bombay whose English was fluent. He spoke to the captain about me, a Mohammedan and a kind-hearted man. He sent up a mattress which was placed on a bench on the open deck for me. In my bundle were sheets, a blanket, and an air pillow. Well, I did not fall off my mattress though the vessel rolled the whole night most actively, and strange to say I slept well. I don't think there was another mattress on board. The other two passengers gave me some very fine fruit and when they got off another English-speaking native got on, so my communication with the Mohammedan crew was kept up. I was twenty-eight hours on board, the cheapest trip I ever took, the whole thing including meals, most excellent curry and hot tea, was only \$2.00. I arrived in Goa on Shrove Tuesday. From my hotel balcony I could see into the large club rooms opposite, where the fashionable Portuguese society of the city was holding carnival revels. The music, dancing, gay masqueraders of all ages were so fascinating that I could not resist, so over I went. No one I spoke to knew any language that I could speak so I sat down and watched the beautiful, fancy-dressed children dance. They were such beautiful children with such superb eyes. At last a young man came up to me who spoke English and of him I asked permission to watch the dancers. He went off to the committee and came back saying I could remain for a while. In spite of the beauty of the scene, the great heat and over-

powering perfumes soon drove me away. The streets, too, were alive with merry-makers, but I was too weary to sit up and went back to the hotel to bed.

Next day I drove to Old Goa, beginning by a lovely drive of three miles along the river bank, then two miles through cocoanut groves and villages with occasional flashing glimpses of water through the trees. The drive was worth while in itself, but Old Goa is extremely interesting. It was Albuquerque who conquered it from the Moslem power at Bijapur. In the middle of the fourteenth century, it was the wealthiest city in India, but the Dutch warred against the Portuguese incessantly and everywhere in the East, and the Portuguese had to yield much to them before the English occupancy. Malaria forced the Portuguese to abandon Old Goa for the new site, and now the jungle has invaded the old town to such an extent that it is impossible to trace even the ruins of its once superb palaces. Catholic piety has, however, preserved some large churches in perfect repair. In one of these lies the body of St. Francis Xavier in a solid silver coffin which lies in a great sarcophagus. These were a gift from the Grand Duke of Tuscany. There is also a solid silver statue of this saint presented by one of the queens of Portugal. I found here a young man who spoke English, but I informed him too abruptly and without adequate preparation that I was a Protestant. This seemed to daze him and I could get little information out of him. Old Goa is like a stranded ship on a far-off shore unconscious of the great world where it played a brilliant rôle long ago. In one of these empty churches, the priests were chanting the evening service. In the days of Goa's glory, the Inquisition had a huge palace here and the autos-da-fé were frequent and

solemn spectacles, the great bell tolling the while. The vast palace now lies under the jungle, and gone with it, I trust, is the vain attempt to control men's faith by force. To-morrow I take a comfortable steamer for Bombay. This hotel, called The Grand, is the best one here, but it is the dirtiest and the vilest I have ever been in. The crockery, knives and forks, everything is sticky with dirty dish water. I have eaten so little that I am weak. I am going to the Taj Mahal in Bombay and try to recuperate. My room here is large and airy with fine veranda in front, but everything is so dirty. The hotel is built on a beautiful plaza not far from the sea.

(Two letters lost.)

GUEST-HOUSE, BARODA, INDIA,
March 19, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Before I begin on Baroda, I must tell you of the Parsee wedding. Miss Cursetje called for me at four in the afternoon, and after a pleasant visit from that estimable little lady we started for the wedding. We drove through the most beautiful portion of that most beautiful city, and I was talking so eagerly that we reached the great courtyard, where all Parsee weddings take place, before I was aware that we were near it, so that when I turned my head I was transfixed by the sight. On one side of the courtyard was a numerous regimental band in white uniforms playing delightfully. All the space in front was filled with chairs occupied by Parsee gentlemen in flowing white robes. Many wore white caps or turbans instead of the usual black glazed Parsee cap. In the background was the gaily decorated pavilion for the wedding ceremony and chairs for the

ladies which were placed on carpets. The ladies occupying these seats wore gorgeous costumes. I wanted so much to stand up a moment or two in the carriage so as to take in the striking scene, so novel and captivating to me, but that could not be permitted, and dear Miss Cursetje soon had me out and was elbowing a place for me in the foreground where I could see everything, introducing me right and left to priests and laymen as she hurried me on. These priests wore quaint vestments interwoven with gold threads over their white robes. All Parsee ladies dress in silk if they can possibly afford it and their costumes are most beautiful. They also wear lovely and costly jewels. When the bride and groom appeared Miss Cursetje made people move in spite of my protests so that I could have an unobstructed view. The officiating priests, plentifully supplied with rice from brass salvers, pelted the young couple with it, while they went through the service in what I am assured is the oldest language in the world. This lasted fully an hour. Besides the rice, there were cocoanut and ghee having some symbolic meaning. My invitation included one to the wedding dinner and as this was now repeated verbally, I decided to stay. On one side of the courtyard under a long shed were rows of tables with seats on one side only so as to leave room for the servants to pass. Instead of plates, broad, fresh young banana leaves were spread on the table. The servants brought enormous round trays filled with food of all kinds: mountains of fried chicken and fried fish, stewed chicken and stewed fish, pickles, sauces, meat balls, vegetables, heaps of potato chips (I felt quite at home with these), huge platters of fried eggs cooked beautifully and garnished with minced vegetables, and sweetmeats served at the same time. The

head steward stood like a general in the midst of the hall and issued his orders. Rice and curry were served on one corner of the big leaf. After the guests had partaken of this plentiful repast, the leaves were gathered up with their abundant remaining contents, placed carefully in baskets, and handed out to the poor waiting in the streets. The dessert was ice cream, macaroons and toasted almonds; wine and all kinds of soft drinks were served in profusion. After dinner I talked to many of the ladies before returning to the hotel. Next day I interviewed a servant with a view to hiring him for my visit to the court of Baroda. It was apparently not satisfactory to him as he did not meet me at the station as he promised.

I reached Baroda at 5:30 in the morning and was met by the superintendent of the guest-house in a landau with liveried servants. Breakfast was served me as soon as I got here and at eight Miss Tottenham arrived, the private secretary of the Maharanee. I was prepared to like her from her letters and found her really charming, a pretty Irish lady with good sense and wit. She planned my day for me. First a visit to a palace five miles in the country, later the museum, and at five o'clock tea with her Highness at the Lakshmivilas palace. The five-mile drive in the country with the superintendent was delightful over a beautiful well-watered road. The palace was most interesting, with fascinating views from every window into well-kept gardens. On my return to the guest-house, a delicious tiffin was served at one, then came the museum and the menagerie, but I was more interested in the monkeys holding their little ones in their arms and roaming free in the gardens than in any caged animals. When dressing for the tea I found I had left my hatpins at the

Taj Mahal Hotel. I couldn't possibly keep my hat on my head, so was forced to go to this first formal interview bareheaded. The carriage was late too, and I kept her Highness waiting half an hour and royalty does not like to wait. When Miss Tottenham met me at the foot of the stairs she said: "Do you never wear a bonnet?" I was led up a flight of steps into a magnificent room and began my visit by elaborate apologies to the Maharanee for my delay. The palace is beautiful and beautifully furnished, but the Maharanee was to me the most beautiful object in it, a perfect example of an Eastern beauty, face and figure, and though over forty she does not look twenty-five. She wore delicately tinted draperies and superb diamonds. While we were talking the Maharajah came in dressed in a plain business suit like any Englishman. He asked about my travels, and either was much interested or successfully feigned to be so for I was led to talk volubly, but suddenly glancing at the Maharanee I saw that she was yawning fearfully and I said: "Oh, let's talk about India," and went on to congratulate myself on being here for the festivities in honor of the Maharajah's birthday; his equestrian statue was to be unveiled; two Durbars were to be held and a garden party given at night in the palace grounds. This equestrian statue is a present from some of his admirers who ordered it from a celebrated sculptor on the occasion of his silver jubilee a few years ago. Naturally I was much pleased at being invited to all these festivities, for I have a passion for pageants. I told his Highness I hoped he would not wear the stiff European dress on these occasions and that I might have the privilege of seeing a procession of elephants with howdahs on their backs and red trappings. He said he would wear the native

costume but could not promise me a procession of elephants. If I wished to ride one, however, that could easily be arranged. In thanking him I said that I had never been on an elephant but once and that was in 1897 when I rode with Sedley up the steep hill of Gwalior. The mention of Gwalior reminded the Maharanee of her great sorrow which she cannot get over. Her only daughter, brought up with every advantage of education and travel, whom they had hoped to marry to the young ruler of Gwalior, ran away and married the Maharajah of Cooch-Bihar, a much less important personage than Sindhia. Now Sindhia has one wife already and that would be to us Westerners conclusive, but she has no child and that to the Oriental is also conclusive. Sindhia, according to their customs, has a perfect right to take a second wife in order to give an heir to his illustrious line. But the young lady fell in love with the youthful Cooch-Bihar and told Miss Tottenham she was going to run away with him, so Miss Tottenham accompanied the young couple and saw them properly married, but neither parent was present at the ceremony which took place in London. The Maharajah of Baroda, whose family name is Gaekwar, had a son by his first marriage who died young, leaving two girls and a little boy, the latter is the present heir to Baroda. The lovely second wife has three sons besides the married daughter, though she looks so youthful. Two of these sons were married not long ago. Miss Tottenham tells me the festivities were on a grand scale. Though the Maharajah seemed interested in our conversation, I could see her Highness was dreadfully bored so I rose to go. Indeed, I had paid a long call. At ten o'clock next day, the first Durbar was to take place at a palace situated in the

city. I arrived early and found some Nautch girls waiting in one of the smaller corridors. I had quite a long talk with them through the medium of the head gardener of all the parks and palace gardens, with whom I had struck up an acquaintance and who undertook to translate for me. The girls had pearls hanging from their nostrils on one side and diamonds stuck in on the other. I told them that in our unfriendly climate we were unable to indulge in nose ornaments. We had to use our handkerchiefs too much. They exclaimed that they should like above all things to go to America with me. I assured them that they would create quite a sensation over there and make a good deal of money, which made them more eager to go, but I added: "I am old and may die en route. What, then, would become of you?" I also said that I meant first to travel through Persia which was infested with robbers and bandits who stripped travelers and left them naked on the roadside. This very true information abated their ardor for travel. I then went to look at the household guards dressed like Prussian Hussars. The gardener explained that the Hussars wore their sleeves hanging loose, because on one occasion they were surprised and had only the time to button their jackets around their necks. Thus arrayed they were victorious and ever after wore their jackets with sleeves hanging loose. The head gardener spoke English much better than personages of higher rank and pointed out all the important people to me. I took my seat finally in a chair just outside the door of the Durbar hall (only men were inside), where I could see everything. The Nautch girls were now dancing to amuse the waiting guests. They danced with much spirit, but in order to make their skirts look like trousers they had drawn

them from behind between the knees and stuck them into their belts in front, thus defining that portion of the body which were better left draped.

When the two Maharajahs entered they sat on a red velvet dais at the end of the hall. They wore white with dazzling jewels. Gaekwar wore the beautiful order of the Star of India with rows of big pearls around his neck, a small red cap on his head. The other Rajah wore a more fantastic headdress. Thick garlands of the small white jasmine were now brought and hung about their necks, also on those of a few of the highest officials; then bouquets were handed them, while perfumes from slender silver vases were poured on the flowers. Smaller bouquets were handed freely among the crowd. I got one of these. It was highly perfumed. The air was heavy with perfumes, for Orientals love them much more than we do. Missionaries have told me that native servants who would steal nothing else could not resist a bottle of scent. Often on the train I am sickened by the jasmine and tuberose the passengers bring with them. After this Durbar I went home with Miss Tottenham where I rested and read the papers. I saw in a Bombay newspaper the astonishing news that in a Berlin paper, the *Post*, the official organ of the Imperial party, there had been published on the front page a clarion call to arms against Russia and France. Such folly I could never have believed. To demand war against two powerful neighbors, one, Russia, almost invulnerable by reason of its colossal size and the fanatical devotion of the peasants to the "Little Father." Russia can pour millions on the soil of Germany and granting that Germany gains victories, what will they profit her against such an antagonist, for each victory will cost its hecatombs of dead, and still the

great colossus will remain practically unharmed. If the Kaiser permitted this (and the Press is not free in Germany) he must be mad and a mad emperor could drag that nation to ruin.

I forgot to say that after the Durbar, Miss Tottenham and I rode to her bungalow on the most gorgeous elephant I ever saw—his head and snout painted, his trappings of scarlet, and a mahout in spotless white, besides four attendants in white carrying long poles with sharp points, these in case the huge brute should become restive. But as Barrie says: "You can't expect to be baith grand and comfortable." Every movement the huge beast made was like a small earthquake, thumping my back against a brass railing which exactly struck the middle of it. While I felt the honor of riding in state and looking into the upper stories of peoples' houses, I was thankful to get my bruised and aching bones to earth. In the afternoon we went to the second Durbar. The special object of this was the installation of the new prime minister. This time I had to go upstairs with the purdah ladies and look down on the proceedings. This second Durbar was in the Residence palace. The Nautch girls had changed their finery and were dancing away tirelessly, not knowing what fatigue means. The Maharanee, the brides of her two sons, and the two wives of Holkar of Indore were in the purdah or screened gallery peeping through the bamboo shades. I was introduced to them all. The brides, two charming, laughing girls dressed alike, were as pleased as children to show me their jewels. One wore a chain of diamonds on her neck, the other one of big pearls. I told the beautiful mother that Miss Tottenham had introduced me to her three sons and that I had asked them if they were not proud of

their lovely mother. She asked eagerly: "What did they say?" "Nothing, absolutely nothing," I replied, and added that I believed it was the custom of secluding women that prevented the men from feeling proud of their female relatives. Naturally they could not have the same respect for them that they would feel for free and independent beings. She said: "Talk to the Maharajah and tell him what you think of purdah."

I really keep house in this guest-house. The major-domo comes for orders and the fare is delicious, while the choicest fruit is sent to my room every day. I am asked to say what wines I wish but I order none, for I am a very modest guest. The superintendent acts as my escort and all the servants are very attentive. Of course, I shall have to give large tips on leaving but they deserve it. The house is handsome and built in a fine garden. I have two balconies to my room, and a dense growth of white jasmine in full bloom climbs on the balustrade. At four-thirty in the afternoon Miss Marsden, the English governess to the little heir to the throne, came for me and drove me to see the unveiling of his Highness's equestrian statue. I had a very good seat and heard the Maharajah of Indore make an excellent speech in faultless English. On this occasion the wives of the two Maharajahs took seats with their husbands on the sofas in view of the crowd. After this ceremony, the wife of the state architect took me driving in her carriage. She and her husband are English and I found her very interesting. She brought me home in time to rest before dressing for dinner and the garden party. Miss Marsden took me to the garden party. I had a carriage and horses at my disposal, but I preferred going with these ladies for their company. The palace gardens looked like fairyland

with every kind of illumination. Tables loaded with refreshments were scattered through the grounds, and servants stood ready to bring any drinks desired. It was the most lavish Oriental hospitality I ever saw. Many kinds of amusements were also provided. My friends, the Nautch girls, had a big carpet laid for them and their musicians, and in fresh toilets they capered away smiling when they caught sight of me. Musicians and dancers were scattered all through the gardens, even card tables with cards and chairs were provided. Here I was introduced to the new prime minister who goes out with guards and is a very important personage. He is of the purest Aryan type I have yet met with in India, tall and commanding in person, with Roman nose, fine eyes and forehead. He reminded me strongly of the bust of Julius Cæsar in the Vatican gallery. I told him this and asked for his photo. Next day he paid me quite a long visit and brought the photograph. I wish I could repeat our conversation, it was so interesting, but I have not the time now. There was also a moving-picture show at the garden party, the whole winding up with elaborate fireworks. I got to bed at one o'clock after one of the fullest days of my life. I omitted to say that at the unveiling ceremony the two Maharajahs drove up in a golden coach drawn by four superb white horses attended by a picturesque bodyguard. When the Maharajah spoke to me at the garden party he said he had heard of my conversation with his three sons in the Durbar palace. I had said that men were such fighting animals but that when women had more influence wars would cease. The youngest son retorted: "What about the suffragettes?" I had to acknowledge myself worsted in the argument.

I had expected to leave yesterday after a three days'

visit to this court, but Miss Tottenham has brought me an invitation to stay another day. A party of French tourists have arrived, titled people, whom the Maharajah and his wife have visited in France in their château. They arrived too late for the birthday fêtes, but his Highness has ordered games and sports in their honor and I am delighted to stay over for them.

LATER.

I went with Miss Marsden to this festival where we sat behind the French party, three ladies and several men. They are in another guest-house. I imagine they do not spare the Maharajah's wine as I do.

The sports began with acrobats for which I care little, then buffalo fights. These animals no sooner caught sight of each other than they rushed to the attack with such impetuous fury that their heads struck with a resounding noise. They then pushed and pushed and butted and butted with their noses bored in the ground till the attendants pulled them apart with ropes attached to their hind legs, still struggling to continue the combat to a finish. As their horns lie far back on their shoulders, there was no question of goring each other. The rams fought in a precisely similar manner with much impotent fury, but there was nothing barbarous about it. The elephants promised to be more exciting. They were huge creatures and of great value. I was told they were worth \$5000 each. Their heads, snouts, and enormous tusks were painted in designs, and their bearing was very proud and stately. It was a thrilling moment while we waited to see what these moving mountains of flesh were going to do to each other. They approached with the greatest dignity, and by mutual and courteous consent began the most

gentlemanly combat I ever expected to see, putting all other animals, including man, to shame. They pushed each other steadily with their broad foreheads, using sparingly their huge tusks, tokens of their rank and masculine supremacy. Unfortunately one had a tusk partly broken, for, of course, their strength is so great they cannot push and butt without results following, but really they showed great self-restraint, were thoroughly civil and courteous to each other. Their value is so great the Maharajah did not want them injured. This was the only combat between elephants, but at the end the biggest of them all came in accompanied by a light horseman who rode admirably. He circled round the elephant trying to tease him, and the crowd too tried to enrage the animal who wanted to be reasonable and could not understand how human beings could change so in the twinkling of an eye into a rabble of jeering, tormenting hoodlums. Sometimes he would lose patience and make a bolt at them at which they would scatter, but he could not remain in a bad humor, the kindly, honest beast.

Though lack of time prevents me from repeating the long conversation I had with the prime minister during his call, I feel I must tell you what he said about the missionaries. I asked him for a candid and honest opinion, to which he replied: "Their influence has been excellent in India." Knowing him to be a Brahman of the highest rank, whose person the Hindoos hold sacred, I was astonished at this answer and asked for an explanation. He said the various religions of India had become hardened into superstitions. They needed an influence from without to arouse them, and the active propaganda of the missionaries had supplied this. Now all over the country there is spiritual activity. The

leaders are trying to cast off impurities. They are putting, as it were, their own house in order to meet the competition of the missions. He talked a long time about the beauty and perfection of the Brahmanical religion. I understood, of course, that under it his influence was paramount. He is, therefore, naturally conservative and wishes no radical changes which would affect the status of the Brahmans. He gave me his photo signed with his name, under which he wrote "the 20th century Julius Cæsar."

AHMADABAD, GUJARAT,
March 20, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Before leaving Baroda the superintendent of the guest-house took me to see the crown jewels. I never enjoyed looking at jewels as much before. One of the diamonds, called the Star of the South, belonged to the first Napoleon. Such necklaces, bracelets, and anklets of magnificent diamonds and emeralds I never saw. After this we went to see the two cannons, one of gold, the other of silver, mounted on gun carriages of brass plated with silver, each worth a fortune. Then we went to the elephant stables where we saw the combatants of the day before and the one I had ridden, "my elephant." These warriors had their faces fiercely painted and were chained far apart. I have, of course, seen many elephants before, though these were perhaps the largest, but I never saw anything like the wonderful state howdahs with the gorgeous elephant trappings and head ornaments. The state howdah of the Maharajah is of pure gold exquisitely ornamented. He alone sits in front, the seat behind is occupied on grand occasions by the prime minister. None of the keepers

of these treasures would accept the fees I offered them, saying it was their duty to show them.

GUEST-HOUSE, UDAIPUR,
March 25, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

My last letter, describing my visit to Baroda, was mailed at Ahmadabad. I cannot expect again to have such a good time as during my visit to Baroda where I was received with such cordiality and had the rare fortune of attending so many interesting and picturesque functions. The Maharanee was about to leave Baroda for a tiger hunt, for she is quite a sportswoman and has already killed more than one tiger. I told her that none of my lady friends in America had ever gone tiger shooting and I had great admiration for her pluck and nerve.

For Ahmadabad my good friend Miss Cursetje had given me a warm letter of introduction to a Mr. N. P. Vakil, a Parsi capitalist and member of the Viceroy's legislative council. He was absent from home, but sent a telegram to his family to attend to my comfort, which they did most thoroughly. To my surprise and somewhat to my confusion, I was met at the station by two young men, grandsons of Mr. Vakil, in a fine carriage and pair, bearing a great bouquet of lovely flowers. I felt that too much honor was being shown to a very simple old woman. I had written to Mr. Vakil when I should arrive and that I should go to the Grand Hotel where I hoped to see him. I had another introduction from Miss Cursetje to Miss Navalkar, principal of the Government Training School for Girls in Ahmadabad. She, too, had come to meet me. Next morning the father of one of the



PRIME MINISTER OF BARODA

young men came in a landau to show me the sights of Ahmadabad. I found most exquisite relics of the time of the Mohammedan Sultans of this city in the architecture of its mosques and in the lovely sculptures of its tombs. As the Vakil carriage came from a villa some miles in the country, I took the hotel carriage in the afternoons and the Vakil landau in the mornings. I was invited to tea at Miss Navalkar's the first afternoon. I had visited her training school that morning and had spoken to all the members of the classes who could understand English. I don't think they understood me very well, but the teachers were amused at my offhand discourse, and Miss Navalkar mentioned in her written invitation to tea that I should meet young ladies, not grandmothers, for I had said that morning that I felt more in touch with the rising generation than with my own. I had young Mr. Lalkaka, an artist and grandson of Mr. Vakil, to accompany me. I insisted on his going in to the tea party. Miss Navalkar seemed to have some doubts about his reception by the young ladies, but I said I thought as an artist he would be welcomed by them and, indeed, I think he was the feature of the occasion, for although none of them spoke to him, I am sure they were delighted to have him among them. Two very pretty ones sang together charmingly. I found I had to do all the talking, as it seemed to be expected of me. I literally talked the whole time I was in Ahmadabad and went to bed pretty well exhausted every night. The second afternoon I was invited to Mrs. Lalkaka's. Mr. Vakil has five daughters, no sons. Two of these married cousins, the brothers Lalkaka. Mr. Vakil built in a great compound surrounded by high walls five beautiful residences for his daughters. Three of them live there,

the other two in Bombay, but the latter spend a few days in their Ahmadabad homes each year. I was therefore invited to Mrs. Lalkaka's, daughter of Mr. Vakil, her husband his nephew. This latter gentleman took me around each morning, while the artist nephew accompanied me in the afternoons. I met many members of the family at the tea, the younger members speaking English very well. I had eaten but little lunch and the table was loaded with Parsee delicacies, so I tasted each dish and found them excellent. Mrs. Lalkaka, seeing that I liked the acid of tamarind very much, gave me a large bottle of the syrup to be drunk with water. It is very delicious, but the bottle is big and heavy. I shall take it to Shahjehanpur and leave it with the Morwoods. The proprietor of the Grand Hotel is a Parsi and he made my bill so moderate that I had to ask him if he had not forgotten my third night there. He said he had not charged it knowingly. One evening in the hotel an Englishman came on the veranda very drunk. He asked to shake hands with me which was very repugnant to me. I have heard a good deal about drunkenness among foreigners in the Orient. The Hindoos, who have not been corrupted by foreign associations, do not drink at all. I was over twenty-four hours getting to Udaipur. This is served by a branch line which begins at Chitorgarh. Now I had no idea in passing through that place at daylight that it was the famous Chitor of Rajput history. The suffix "garh" confused me, but it simply means a fort. Chitor was for centuries the capital of the principal Rajput power in India, the one that never gave a daughter in marriage to the Grand Moguls at Delhi, nor to any of the Moslem Sultans of India, and they declare themselves now the

allies of England, not her vassals. When I wrote to the secretary of the Maharajah of Udaipur, I said I should present my letters of introduction on my arrival and hoped to be his highness's guest during my visit. But having received no reply, I was entirely in doubt as to what would be the nature of my reception. To be a guest at a native court means many privileges, the most prized by me being an audience with the Maharajahs. The one at Udaipur is called Maharana, this being the title of the proud Mewar princes whose family name is Sesodia, descended from the Sun stock, their banner a golden sun. When I arrived at the Udaipur station about noon, I hoped to find a messenger at the car door, but was disappointed. I got two coolies to take my hand luggage and told them I was going to the hotel. They put it into the sorriest-looking vehicle with the sorriest-looking horses I have ever seen in any country in the world. But just as I was getting into this wretched concern a man handed me a paper on which was written "For Mrs. Ware to the Guest House." I had felt mortified and cast down, but all the time this carriage with coachman, footman and two superb horses, was there waiting for me. Still, mixed with the pleasure was some humiliation that no word of welcome had been offered me. It was so different in Baroda. Not only had I received a cordial invitation while still in Bombay, but the morning of my arrival a charming note was handed me at the station. In my letter to the private secretary of the Maharana, I had quoted the following passage from Colonel Sir James Roberts's letter to me: "If you go to Cashmere for the hot weather, please write and let me know, for her Excellency will be glad to assist you next season. Her Excellency has been much impressed by your courage in setting out to travel

around the world at your age, and she trusts your health is good and that you continue to enjoy your travels." Colonel Roberts then mentioned some of the native courts to which her Excellency promised to procure me invitations, Udaipur being one of these mentioned. I quoted this part of the letter also and stated frankly to the secretary that I was anticipating her Excellency's kind offices, because Udaipur, being on the way to Bhopal where I was going, it would save me from taking again next season the very long trip to this part of India if I were allowed to make my visit at this time. The superb horses brought me over the three miles' distance from the station in short time. I found the Guest House situated on a hill overlooking one of the most beautiful lakes in all India. I forgot everything else in the delight in being in such a beautiful spot. I had also to bathe and change my clothing after the long, dusty railway trip. In short, I forgot to show the head steward of the Guest House my credentials, and it seems he is a person of much importance with his master, who receives reports direct from him. In looking over the two visitors' books, I see in the one devoted to "Remarks" endless panegyrics of this head steward, "Babu Har Baksh." Now I shall not join in this note of praise, for he is the only person I have met in my travels who has doubted my word. He did nothing but his duty and I approve entirely of his caution, yet were I to engage in this competition of laudatory remarks, my heart would not be in it. He wrote me a note asking for my card that he might write to Colonel Roberts about me. I went to him immediately with my papers, including Colonel Roberts's letter, of course. He read them all attentively and I think he was satisfied. He said he would report to his

master. My first afternoon I devoted to the island palaces in the lake, including a row over its waters. In the late afternoon, I went to a high pavilion where I could see many wild hogs fed below on the rocks, while great numbers of peafowl circled around on the outer edge to get their share of the grain. I counted nine superb peacocks, their feathers gleaming in the evening sun. They would not let their beautiful tails drag upon the rocks. They were very long and it must have taken considerable muscular strength to hold them up out of the dust, but with all their greediness they did not neglect to keep themselves clean and beautiful. I love animals in a state of nature, and I watched the sight from the terrace a long time, the hogs squealing and squabbling, the lovely peacocks with their squadron of hens circling around, evading the fights and dangers as best they could.

Next morning I called on a high official (he asked me not to mention his name). He received me most kindly, even cordially, so I felt emboldened to tell him that I had a great desire to ascend the mountain crowned by a white palace and overlooking the two lakes. He said it was a difficult excursion and would have to be taken on an elephant after a carriage drive of four miles. I said I should like the elephant ride above all things, provided I had a comfortable howdah. I also expressed my preference for red trappings. That afternoon at four o'clock I started in the carriage, and on arriving at the foot of the mountain found an immensely tall elephant with a mahout on his neck and an attendant with a sharp pointed pole. The howdah was extremely comfortable, provided with soft cushions on which I could recline as I chose. The ascent was a perfect delight—such marvelous views of the hills, of the two

lakes, of Udaipur with its many palaces, and the white palaces on the islands. I felt the honor too of being on the elephant of the great Rajput prince, traditional chief of all India's princes, but I could not but say to myself, with a laugh, that there was a great deal of exertion thrown in with the honor, for of all beasts the elephant is the greatest jogger. His legs seem to move evenly, but his body goes forward in jerks. He snorted a great deal too, sprinkling me liberally from time to time. But I was happy, and when I reached the top of the steep hill and saw that marvelous palace, I was filled with enthusiasm. It was entirely deserted but in perfect repair and shining with exquisite cleanliness. Its floors were of gleaming white marble; there were terraces at each story and little domed pavilions with slender columns and projecting balconies, here and there exquisite carvings. It was the enchanted white palace of a fairy tale. I went all through the purdah apartments, the rooms of which are not so large as the Maharana's, but with plenty of air and numerous closets with shelves. At each story I went out on a terrace or on the top of a round bastion and looked toward Udaipur and its lakes. The great palace of the Maharana crowns the ridge of a hill parallel with one of the lakes, and it, as well as the island palaces, is gleaming white. It is an immense mass resting on the terrace whose arcades rise from the banks of the lake and are fifty feet high. It is marvelously picturesque with its many domes, turrets, and pavilions, the latter connected with each other by balustrades of open tracery work in stone. The whole landscape is one of perfect beauty. The elephant attendant was my guide over the palace, and on one of the terraces he, by signs and an English word or two, led me to understand that the Maharana

came there to shoot. I could see nothing living to shoot at but flocks of pigeons. I had heard that in winter wild hogs were shot to be eaten fresh but never to be cured into bacon or ham, so I saw no reason why pigeons should not be shot also. I remained fascinated in that romantic mountain palace till it began to grow late. The ride down was rougher than going up, but I lay with my head toward the elephant's head and that made it far easier. This morning, about ten o'clock, I received a note from my kind friend, the official, saying he thought the Maharana would receive me, so I went to his house as he was to accompany me. But as usual I forgot my visiting cards and had to return to the Guest House for them. On arriving, I was told by my friend with some anxiety that he had not heard from his highness that morning. I said: "Send a messenger." He did so. While waiting I found a wonderfully interesting book called *A Forgotten Chapter in the Great Mutiny*, by Major-General Showers, and I was so engrossed in it that I did not think about the messenger. At length my friend came to say that we must go immediately to the palace where his highness would receive me before going leopard shooting. The palace was a half-hour's brisk driving. We entered under the great portals and passed through several ante-chambers filled with attendants before reaching the apartment where the prince sat. He was much darker than I expected, and had his long mustaches and beard parted and brushed to each side. The Rajputs seem all to wear beards and mustaches after this fashion. I told his highness I had been reading of the greatness and heroism of his House, the Sun stock, ranking princes among the Rajputs. He asked my friend, who interpreted, if I had never before heard of the Rajputs

and Rajputana. I said of course I had but had never read a detailed history of his family till the day before. I then told him of my beautiful elephant ride and of the lovely palace on the mountain, but when I related to him that I had stood on the spot where he shot pigeons from the high terrace, he was so amazed I think he forgot his dignity for the moment and asked eagerly who told me that. I said: "The elephant man," whereupon his dignity gave way entirely and he actually laughed heartily. He said he not only never shot pigeons himself, but he never permitted one to be shot. I stood up to imitate the elephant man, demonstrating in dumb show how he shot pigeons. He seemed much amused. I told him of the wild pigs and peafowls I loved to look at because they were free and of my delight at the beauty of the lakes. I said when I first went round the world with my son, I had heard there was no land like Japan, but I had found India more varied in art and in architecture as well as in its different races and religions; that there was endless variety in India and it was so crowded with historic spots and the scenes of great events that to me it was the most fascinating and interesting land on earth. I believe I interested him. I had asked my friend to make the move to go, and told him to let the visit be short as his highness was all prepared for the leopard shooting, but my friend made no move, so, admonished by my experience with Yuan Shi Kai, I got up, and shaking hands cordially with his highness expressed my pleasure at the interview. I was then taken to see the heir apparent who lives in a detached palace near by. It was a charming home, and I was introduced immediately into the presence of the Crown Prince. As he stood up to greet me, I was struck by his

small stature, scarcely taller than a boy of ten. I sat beside him. He had on a brocaded silk coat quite long, and a turban, of course. He spoke English, so there was no need of an interpreter. My friend explained later that the young man has tuberculosis of the spine and had been confined to bed on his back for three years. The doctors had done a great deal for him and he was now better, but when I rose to go an attendant had to help him to his feet. He looked young. His father is sixty-four, old for an Oriental monarch. Before starting for my interview with the Maharana, I was warned not to mention any member of his women folk. I asked if his mother was living. "Yes, she was living." I said: "Can't I just ask after the health of the old lady, and whether she is as old or older than I?" "By no means. You must not mention the subject." Now I wanted above all things to inquire about that old princess, but I dared not do so. I was at the head center of conservatism, and in India. For me to have seen those harem ladies and talked to them would have been like spreading the pest in a healthy community.

I have met some guests in the Guest House and we talk to each other, though I do not know their names. I have learned a little gossip in this way. The court of Udaipur blames severely the emancipation of the ladies in the Baroda court, and I imagine the discomfiture of the beautiful Maharanee, when her daughter failed to get Sindhia and ran away to be married, was as a choice morsel to the court of Udaipur. In Udaipur, the officials are natives almost to a man. The private secretary is, of course, a native. One of the guests, a gentleman, asked if I knew I was coming to the Guest House when I arrived. I said: "No, I was starting for the Hotel when the paper was put into my hands." "They

did not send you any communication?" he asked. "No," I answered. From these remarks I concluded that he and his wife had been similarly treated, which I must confess was consoling to me. The officials I see here are all old like their master.

Apropos of the gossip about the Baroda family, and of the affair between the princess and Sindhia of Gwalior, it is commonly reported that they were engaged, but his mother was bitterly opposed to his marrying a young lady who had broken with caste and with purdah; it was her opposition which had caused Sindhia to break off the engagement. If this is true, it is a glimpse into the struggle going on between the old order and the new in India, the former still the stronger. Undoubtedly it will not do for any of these rulers to break too suddenly with old traditions and customs for they would thereby lose influence over the people. It seems odd to us that whereas women in western countries wield influence in proportion to their character and intelligence, in the Orient it is in proportion to their age. The Baroda family are interesting because they are cultivated and intelligent, the Maharajah particularly so. He has introduced everywhere in his dominion fine schools, and takes the deepest interest in the advancement of his subjects. The gossip of the Guest House also says that the Cooch-Bihar husband is not worthy, in point of rank, of the princess. I am told that Sindhia demanded that she should return to purdah, which she refused to do, so the match was broken off to the sorrow of her parents. The orthodox Hindoos laugh at the Baroda family for being progressive and say: "Look how they imitate the English." They believe too that it bodes them no good, but I believe Baroda is one of the most prosperous states in India, if not the most prosperous.



MAHARAJAH OF UDAIPUR

I asked Babu Har Baksh if he would eat or drink anything from my hand if he were perishing. He said he could take no food from me, nor water, unless it were bottled soda-water. Now if he were perishing of thirst, I might find it difficult to get bottled soda-water. Except for this soda-water, he said he would die before he would accept what I offered. I read in the Visitor's Book, in one of the panegyrics on Babu Har Baksh, that he was "the best guide, philosopher, and friend." I told him of these words and he called a servant immediately to fetch the book. When he had mastered the effusion, he asked me what "philosopher" meant, and I think he was pleased with the definition I gave him.

Everywhere in upper India I see wild monkeys. At Ahmadabad one afternoon, when the artist was driving me out to see his grandfather's villa, I saw a whole conclave of monkeys holding council by the side of the road. They were seated in a big circle. Others were perched on the stone posts protecting the sides of the road. Their faces were very black and their hair, which was light, framed in their black faces like a hood. I got out of the carriage to look at and admire them. They looked at me in such a human way I could not help a fellow feeling for them. They have a very good time in India. I enjoyed wandering through Mr. Vakil's villa and beautiful grounds. He has deeded the use of the great drawing-room and dining-room to any Christian or Parsi families who need large rooms for festivities, such as marriages, state dinners, etc. Mr. Tata's father gave thirty lakhs of rupees to found in Bangalore (Mysore) an institute of research. Murray says it bids fair to win a world-wide fame. A lakh of rupees is one hundred thousand, so this gift was three

million rupees or one million dollars. Everywhere in India one hears of the public spirit of the Parsis. They seem to be the most public spirited people in the world. There are only about 86,000 of them in India.

LATER. STATION CHITORGARH.

After my interview at the palace, I went to see the Cenotaphs of the royal family, which were interesting, some indeed beautiful. After cremation, the ashes are gathered up and preserved in these graceful little temples, husbands and wives together. Some of the most beautiful are going to ruin. I got back to the Guest House to a two-o'clock lunch after which I had to pack and be off to see the museum, situated in a fine garden. I carried my luggage with me in the carriage as I went from the museum to the train. The dining-room servant brought me a plate of nice lunch to bring away with me. I got to Chitorgarh at ten and have to wait till two-thirty to-night before my train arrives. I have employed this time in finishing my letter to catch the Bombay mail steamer. I had such a nice telegram from Bhopal telling me to come at once. I had inquired if it would be convenient to receive me now.

UJJAIN,
March 26, 1914.

P. S. I find that my itinerary is incorrect. I must wait at this station till nine o'clock to-night and not reach Bhopal until seven-thirty to-morrow morning. In telling you of my visit to Ahmadabad I forgot to mention the Mohammedan match factory I was taken to see, and where I viewed the whole process of making matches with much interest. Several boxes of pyrotechnic ones were given to me. I saw much unneces-

sary waste and inefficiency, and pointed out a simple remedy for some of the waste, but no attention was paid to me. The manager, a devout Moslem, talked to me a long time about the beauties of his religion. He said it was a religion of peace and brotherly love, that all the wars fought by Mohammedans had been forced on them, that the Koran inculcated peace and they would not fight unless compelled to do so. It was useless to argue with a man so ignorant of history, and besides I was glad he held such laudable opinions. As to the factory, I believe that cheap labor is a curse to this country, and think of a land where a moderate-sized family employ some ten to twenty servants!

CHITORGARH,
March 31, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I shall now tell you of my very delightful visit to Bhopal. I was met at the train by a superb equipage and driven to the Guest House situated in lovely gardens, the finest flowers I have seen in India. I wrote at once to the secretary that I should not leave the Guest House until I knew at what hour her Highness, the Begum, would receive me. I did not remember that it was Friday, a sacred day on which no business is transacted, so I wondered in vain why I got no answer. Next day a lady staying in the house told me I should have sent at once for the superintendent of the Guest House. I did this and he made all arrangements for me. There were several guests in the house. One of the gentlemen at the table told me he had never seen the Begum, though he had had many transactions with her. He could only talk to her through a curtain. When she appears in public she is closely veiled.

I was driven out four miles to the palace and received first by a native guest. She had come for a visit and was taken ill with measles and was still too weak to return home. She spoke English very well. There was a baby present, grandchild to the Begum, in the arms of its nurse. It had beautiful eyes and was very friendly. When the Begum appeared, she was very simply attired. I hear this is a matter of pride with her. Her feet were bare, she wore tight trousers with thin drapery over them, the regular costume for Mohammedan ladies. She is not very dark and has a commanding expression. Her mouth rather spoils her face, for her teeth are dark from betel chewing. This interview was short and I spent next day visiting various places. I went to the palaces of her two sons, the Crown Prince, and his younger brother, general of the native troops. I found in the Guest House here a *Life of the Begum* written very frankly by herself. I read it with great interest. In it she tells of all the sorrows of her life, how as a child, and later, she was persecuted by her stepfather who completely dominated her mother. Even on her death-bed the mother refused to see her, and ordered her and the grandchild, she had never seen, from the room. The British were much dissatisfied with the stepfather and reduced his honors, all of which he ascribed to the machinations of the Begum. As the English took her part in all this, one is bound to accept her account as correct.

In this state three Begums have succeeded one another in the government, male heirs failing. Each had a long reign and each has been highly endorsed by the English. The Begum of that day stood by the British during the mutiny. Both Macaulay and Mill speak with surprise of the genius for government shown by

these secluded women. I did not expect to meet the princes personally when I drove out to their palaces, so I merely wore my traveling dress. But the letter from Sir James Roberts proved an open sesame, and I was delightfully received both by them and their families. On my arrival, Mrs. Wheeler, the English governess, met and took me into the home of the second son, the general. We went to the class-room of the three little sons who were studying the Koran with their Arabic teacher when I entered. They had just come in from a ride and wore riding costumes with tall white turbans. They were well-bred and intelligent and very handsome boys too, speaking English very well. We then went to the zenana to meet the mother of these charming boys. She is the most beautiful woman I have yet seen in India, almost white, beautifully shaped, with the sweetest and most engaging manners. She wore the tightest possible trousers of pale blue satin. I am told it is a trying job for the maids to encase their mistress's limbs in these garments. Over these she wore diaphanous draperies of pale blue, stockings and slippers on her small feet. She could not speak English, the governess had to translate for her. The boys did it better, but not caring for our conversation, they left us. On our way to the house of the Crown Prince, we met him and he took me in his car telling me it was an American make, the Studebaker. He was his own chauffeur and took me to the zenana to see his wife and children. The two wives are sisters. While I cannot say that the Crown Princess and her children are homely, yet after the beauty of the other family, they looked very plain. I met the father of these two ladies on the road and should like to get his picture. He is very striking looking with his immense turban and huge black

whiskers massed together and standing at right angles to his face in an astonishing manner. I told the general that I was anxious to visit Afghanistan next September and asked his advice. He said he had tried in vain to get permission for Baron Rothschild to go into the Emir's country. I said the two cases were very different, that every brigand in that turbulent land would be eager to get at Baron Rothschild, but I was an humble tourist willing to wait until some convoy was actually going up, that I should give no trouble or expense. The general remained unconvinced, but I made a convert of his doctor who told me his mother was an Afghan and he had long wanted to visit that country. In fact, that he would like to go with me. I was charmed. I did not offer to pay him a salary, but said I should pay all expenses. He may have taken me for an American millionaire ready to employ him as doctor and guide. He told me he had been three months in a Constantinople hospital during the Balkan war.

At five o'clock Monday afternoon, I went to a meeting of the Purdah Club instituted by the Begum. Miss Murphy, her lady doctor, went with me. I had a carriage placed absolutely at my disposal all the time I was at Bhopal, as was also the case at the two other courts. We found the ladies at the Purdah Club ranged in two long rows and the Begum was playing on what looked like a toy piano, not three feet long, to which some of them sang. I felt really affectionate toward her now for I had read her book and met her sons and grandchildren. I had so much to say that I began at once and never ceased until a servant handed her a tray of bouquets which the Begum had to distribute. I told her of the doctor's offer to go to Afghanistan with me. She seemed much surprised and said: "He is a state

servant and cannot be spared. He is employed to teach students, and I do not believe he can speak a word of Afghan."

I met some very interesting people in the Guest House, among them Sir John and Lady Harrington. She is a Canadian but thoroughly English in sentiment. They both know Roosevelt and do not approve of him or his methods. Sir John told me that the United States needed a thorough taking down. I said: "Do you mean a thrashing?" "Yes," he replied emphatically. I answered: "Doubtless, but we shall not get it, for no one can give it to us. Like belling the cat, it is desirable but difficult." He thought Cleveland's Venezuela message should have led to a war. I said he should consider Cleveland's state of mind at the time, harried and worried beyond measure by his own party, unable to fulfill the pledges he had made owing to party dissensions. I said I thought it probable that he had turned in despair to this desperate means for regaining popularity. I had to own that I was in Europe at the time and not in touch with American politics and had only formed that conclusion as an excuse, though an inadequate one, for the want of courtesy of his ultimatum, and that I had been distressed to see that message applauded by so many Americans who think the proper way to show strength is to bully other and friendly nations. All the English I meet here are violently Tory. The liberals seem to stay at home. You should hear these fine people questioning me and see the astonishment my answers give. "Are you traveling alone?" "Yes." "Not entirely alone?" "Yes." "Not even a servant?" "No." "But how on earth do you get on without one?" "Remarkably well. I have far less to do when traveling than at home

where I wait on others besides myself." They then say that I am a very remarkable person, but they are far from meaning this as a compliment.

I must tell you that the Begum invited me to return to Bhopal when I come back from Cashmere. I was highly flattered by her invitation, but of course I cannot accept it.

BENARES, INDIA,
April 8, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I had one of the finest visits of my life in Shahjehanpur at the Morwoods. I fell in love with the whole family, four beautiful children, and Mrs. Morwood, extremely good-looking and interesting, while Colonel Morwood is very attractive and agreeable. The oldest child, Elizabeth, aged six, followed me about to see what she could do for me. The afternoon I arrived, Mrs. Morwood gave a garden party that I might at once meet her friends. Needless to say, these were the best people in the English circle. That night we were engaged to dine out, next evening a formal dinner at the Morwoods, so you see after traveling among natives so long, I was plunged into European society. The house is handsome, in the midst of a large garden full of flowers. Among Mrs. Morwood's friends is a niece of the Hindoo poet, Tagore. She is a Brahman widow of about thirty. Her husband held an important civil post. He died two years ago and left her very wealthy. Her home is near the Morwoods'. Oddly enough, she wants to travel with me, wants to go to Persia, Afghanistan, and even as far as Cabul, and says the danger is only an added attraction. All this sounds very charming, but we cannot make definite plans so soon. The

morning I left, the whole Morwood family were up to see me off and I had a hot breakfast at five-thirty. Mrs. Morwood gave me a card of introduction to Miss Flora Robinson, sister to the principal of the Isabella Thoburn College in Lucknow, where I was most kindly taken in for the twenty-four hours I spent in that city. It proved one of the happy episodes of my Indian trip. Miss Robinson is really fascinating and I was captivated by her. Though very busy, she managed to accompany me in my drive. We went, of course, to the old British Residency which withstood the long siege in the great mutiny. Here Sir Henry Lawrence was killed and here is his tomb. On it, his noble dying words are so awkwardly expressed that they become somewhat equivocal. He said: "I tried to do my duty," The inscription reads: "Here lies Sir Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." (He certainly did it.) Lucknow was once the capital city of Oude. It was the deposition of the last corrupt king and the incorporation of Oude into British territory which aggravated the discontent leading up to the mutiny.

The evening I got to Lucknow, I attended a conference of missionaries. I was anxious to hear the speeches, but after rising at four and traveling nearly all day, I could not keep my eyes open and was only roused by an introduction to Bishop Warne. This waked me up fully, for I have heard much of him and was anxious to meet him and to hear of the great mass movement of the pariahs into the Christian Church. He told me that last year he had baptized 48,000 of these outcasts. He attended a conference of their delegates a short time ago where he met three thousand eight hundred men representing many villages. They sat up all night asking him questions and listening to his explanations, and

in the dim dawn they returned to their people satisfied. These are all to be baptized. The missionaries are few and this influx of new converts is enormous. They call meetings of the village headmen and teach them the tenets of our faith, these then go home and instruct the rest. The outcasts or, as the government calls them, the fifth caste, are the descendants of the conquered races, conquered so many centuries ago and yet, during all this time, treated as pariahs, whose touch is defiling to the Aryan or Brahmanical race. These poor, long-suffering people have never been allowed to enter a temple, they make for themselves poor little idols to comfort themselves withal, but they are now deserting their unnatural fellow countrymen, who have been only oppressors, and are coming in great masses into the Christian fold. The Brahmans are stirred by this disaffection of their patient victims, but not being prepared to yield anything, clinging blindly to the past, they cannot arrest the movement. I believe it is a momentous one in the history of India. As Bishop Warne says, the foundations are being undermined by the defection of these multitudes, who are the hard workers of the land. They will become slowly educated in mission and government schools, and no doubt in time, supplant many of their Brahman superiors. I said to the Bishop: "This mass movement must have some other cause than conversion, for these poor people, sunk in ignorance, can have no real idea of our faith. Don't you think the message of equality, of freedom from caste, has penetrated among them and moved them toward the light of a better day dawning for them and theirs?" He answered: "It is the spirit of God moving them. It is His mighty work." What pleases me most in this movement is that our mission-

aries no longer accept individual converts from pariah villages; all must come in together, so there are no more martyrs now. I was greatly pleased with Bishop Warne, an earnest, noble-hearted man.

The Isabella Thoburn is a fine school where English is taught from the primary grades. I think our language is the greatest boon any school can confer on these people, but the English government insists that all schools receiving state aid shall teach the vernacular only in the primary grade. They hope it may thus become the vehicle of a great native literature just as German became when the great thinkers of that race abandoned French and wrote in their native tongue. While I do not agree with the government on this subject, I think it a disinterested position for them to take. How little justice do they receive from foreign critics as to their course in India and how generous in them to help American mission schools at all!

When Flora Robinson found that my heart was, as it were, set on sugar-cane, she had two big stalks cut up and tied in a package for my journey. Armed with this, I said good-bye to my new-made friends with a real heart pang. I was so weary when I left Lucknow that I fell asleep on the train, and when I woke with a start and looked out, I saw the city of Benares receding in the distance. I screamed to the signal man but all to no purpose. I thought I was on a through train which would not stop for hours, but fortunately I was mistaken. It halted only three miles off. I sprang out and ordered two coolies to bring out my luggage. I then consulted the station-master who advised me to take a gharry and drive to Benares. Now there was a dust storm blowing which had forced me to keep the windows closed all day on the train, but in spite of that

I got in the gharry and started. After a short time, I found I had left my precious sugar-cane at the station, so back we went only to find that some other lover of sweets had carried it off. Sugar-cane restores my digestion when other things fail. After many blunders, my driver got me to Mrs. Joseph's house at last, and when I saw the pretty garden and the little lady standing on her veranda, I could have hugged her for joy. "Are you Mrs. Ware, and why did you not arrive on the 2:40? I sent my servant to meet you," asked Mrs. Joseph as she welcomed me. "Because I was asleep at that time," I said. She showed me into a delightfully clean and comfortable room and in a few moments we sat down to tea and became friends at once. What a kindness that missionary lady did me when she put Mrs. Joseph's name on my list! This morning she went with me on the boat trip on the Ganges. When I took this trip with Sedley seventeen years ago, we had a hotel guide and oh, what a difference! Mrs. Joseph knew and explained everything and made it so interesting. Great palaces line the Benares bank of the river. She had heard something of interest about everyone. Then there were the temples and the ghats with their long flights of steep steps, and the streams of pilgrims bathing, praying, washing their babies and their scanty clothing, and cleaning their shining brass bowls. You see mothers putting shrieking children into the stream and making them drink its water, while dead bodies of men and beasts in every stage of decay go floating past with crows and vultures fighting over them. I can't see why they don't all die, but evidently they do not. We stopped at a burning ghat where two bodies had just arrived and were being burned. I saw the trunk of one body roll off the pile to the stone floor and

continue to burn there. One female corpse dressed in red was immersed in the river. The other, of a man superbly dressed, was merely sprinkled with the water. When his face was uncovered, I could see his attendants sobbing with every sign of intense grief. When the burning was over, water was poured on the pyre and the refuse was thrown into the river where a man began stirring up the water and catching the bits of floating charcoal. This charcoal is then packed in sacks and taken to the city where it is prepared and sold for use in pipes, and it is said to hold fire a long time. At the top of the bank was the house of the priests who keep the sacred fire for kindling the pyres. They charge for this in proportion to the wealth of the deceased, and in the case of a Maharajah, extort a princely sum. They become very wealthy. While I was watching this scene, there suddenly appeared a man on top of the bank dancing and whirling in the wildest, strangest dance. He wore a short red skirt cut in detached widths and highly ornamented, over this a wide leather belt with many dangling bells. His whirling movement made his dress fly out in every direction. One can hardly imagine such incongruities anywhere else in the world.

Benares is always full of pilgrims, yogis, and fakirs, the strangest, wildest gang. Religion seems to fill the thoughts of Orientals more than any other people. Indeed, it absorbs their whole being. We saw many men so rapt in prayer that nothing could distract their attention. The Maharajahs who have palaces here come to them when they believe death is near, leaving their courts to their successors and spending their last days in religious contemplation. From the river we went to the market. If I had room in my luggage, I should buy a good deal of this brass work. We then

went to the monkey temple where there are numbers of monkeys, some very large. Mrs. Joseph said: "Don't buy any food for these monkeys, they are kept stuffed all the time." They were indeed very fat, but while I gazed innocently at them, one crept under my dress and bit me on the leg. The keeper said he was angry at my not buying any food. I was so astonished at the sharp pain I could hardly believe my senses, but it was not a serious wound, and I could not help laughing to see how like they were to human beggars who grow furious at being denied. Then we went to the cow temple and saw three fat, stupid cows being worshipped by streams of pilgrims who marched round and round their shrine, thereby acquiring merit. There were little naked boys trotting by their mothers, each face set in stern gravity. A priest puts a dab of red paint on their foreheads as they pass in. Coming home we passed the great college which Mrs. Annie Besant helped to build. An attendant told me there were thirteen hundred students in attendance. It is a favorite institution with wealthy Hindoos who patronize it liberally. Mrs. Joseph has heard that Mrs. Besant no longer has anything to do with it, but does not know if this is true.

AGRA FORT,
April 14, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

From Benares I went to Cawnpore where I stayed in the American Methodist Mission. It was a happy choice, for Dr. and Mrs. Ashe were lovely to me. I found myself obliged to consult a dentist at once. The Ashes go to Lucknow for dentist work, but said there was a Eurasian dentist in Cawnpore. To him I went.



BURNING GHAT, BENARES

Ever since coming to India I have been maintaining that Eurasians should go into dentistry as a suitable occupation for them. The American dentists over here charge high and competition is badly needed, but this man speedily convinced me of the error of my judgment. The place was extremely dirty, the man the roughest practitioner into whose hands I ever fell. He burnt my tongue so that after a week it is still painful, and he hurt my jaw so badly that between it and the burn I quite forgot the misery of the tooth. On Good Friday I started to resee Cawnpore after a lapse of seventeen years. I went first to the beautiful garden so marvelously lovely and so filled with poignant associations. The Angel of the Resurrection has been surrounded by a Gothic screen since I was here. Formerly the glimpses of the Angel through the vistas of the shrubbery were so beautiful, and the view of it from distant points made it the dominating note of the landscape. Now the screen merely looks like the tall curbing of a well, and suggests only that awful well which one would like to forget if possible and remember only the Angel of forgiveness and the resurrection.

I went down to the river Ganges where the massacres began that awful June morning; the associations were too painful to dwell on. From there I went to the Memorial Church, arriving just as the services began. I gladly joined the congregation, largely made up of soldiers in dazzling white summer uniforms. No soldiers dress so well as the British. Their clothes fit so well. Each private has that look of distinction which belongs only to officers in other armies. During the service, the colonel of the regiment rose from his place and going to the lectern read the lesson for the day so well and so clearly that I could hear each word. He

wore his sword. After service I asked some question of a lady sitting in the pew. She said, "Have you seen the horrible picture?" When I answered that I had not, she offered to show it to me. She drew aside a curtain. After the English retook Cawnpore, an officer who could draw sketched the scene in the house where the butchery of the women and children had taken place. It was the butchers of the town who performed this office as the native soldiers refused. I told the lady that I had been struggling against my feelings all morning in the garden and at the massacre ghat on the river and now that picture was too much. After she left me, I examined the memorial tablets on the walls to the memory of those who perished during the relief expedition. As I was leaving the church, the colonel came up and most courteously offered to show me the grounds. This was an offer not to be refused and he made it most interesting. I could understand the hopeless nature of the defense, and that well 60 ft. deep under fire all the time, and their only source of water supply! Saddest of all is a recent discovery of the Archæological Society: two underground passages in perfect condition, vaulted and bricked. They would have given coolness and shelter to the wounded and to the women and children, but no one suspected their existence. The colonel most politely offered to come for me in the afternoon and show me over Cawnpore, but as I was leaving at once I was forced to decline. It was very picturesque to see those soldiers listening to their colonel read the Bible. It took me back to the time in history when church and army were most intimately connected, a romantic period in the retrospect, but the return of which one cannot wish. From Cawnpore I went to Agra where I remained four days.

Here I was again received by the American Methodist Mission. The preacher and his family are Eurasians. They had no other guests and made me most comfortable. On Easter Sunday I went to the English church where I admired the fine-looking Highlanders and other soldiers in their pure white uniforms, but no officer took part in the services as at Cawnpore. I spent a good deal of time in the fort. Since I was there in 1897, the government has made most judicious restorations, not only restoring the buildings but taking them from the modern usages to which they had been put. I went twice to the Taj Mahal, certainly the most beautiful building in this world. But it is too provoking that shrubbery has been allowed to impede the view. One gets no overpowering first impression as formerly. The guide-book advises to cross the river whence such a view can be obtained, but it was so hot I did not do this. I did, however, catch one matchless glimpse from a bridge. The structure seemed to be rising out of the earth through its own buoyancy and lightness. It was but a moment, for my conveyance was pushed on in the dense stream of travel. That screen of cypress trees should be removed and the gardens filled with roses and other small plants so that the full beauty of the building may be enjoyed. The view which used to take one's very breath away is gone.

MURREE,
April 20, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I spent four restful days at Lahore with Mr. and Mrs. Lucas. He has made a very happy marriage with the daughter of Dr. Ewing of the Presbyterian Mission. Dr. Ewing was so busy I saw but little of him, but his

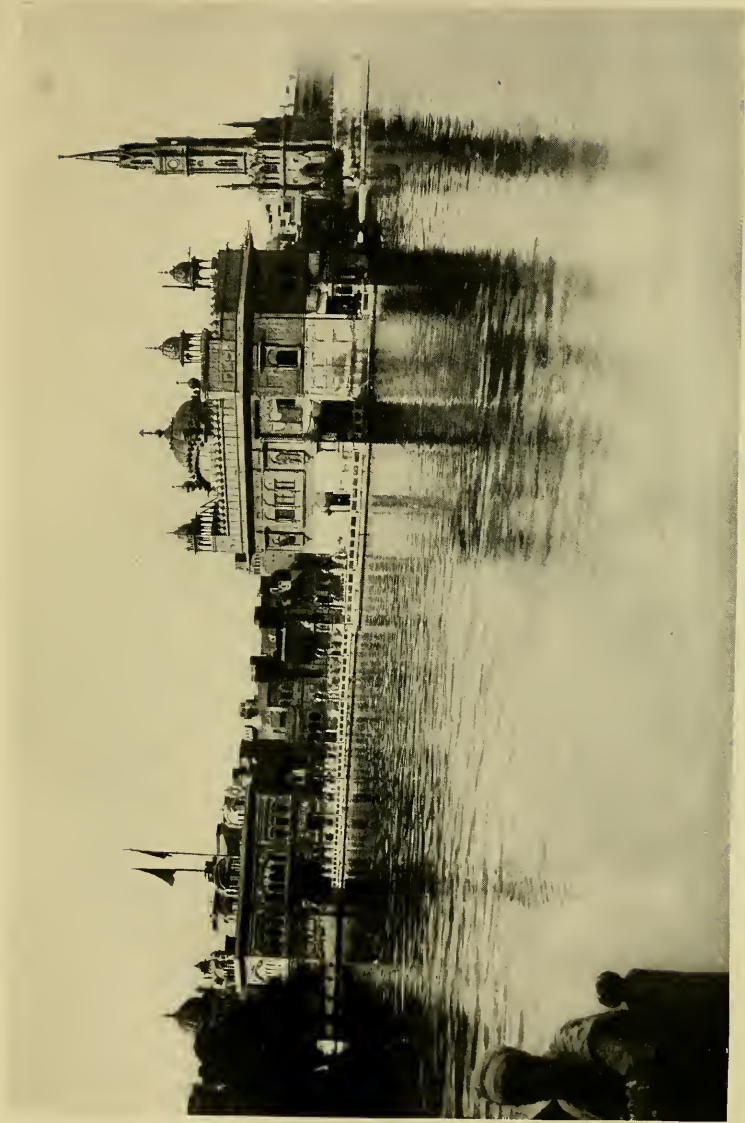
wife drove me over Lahore and was a very interesting companion. The Ewings have lived there for thirty years. He is president of the college and seems a man of great importance in the city. One thing which every tourist visits in Lahore is the great cannon on wheels on which Kim was astride when he first met the Lama. I often remind myself of that old Lama, because I let so many people acquire merit by being good to me, but I suppose I am really more like the old woman in the same book who talked so incessantly about her grandchildren. The great cannon no longer stands before the museum, because the latter has been moved to a fine new building. I was much interested in the Buddhist statuary in this museum. It shows very strongly the Greek influence on sculpture resulting from the invasion of Alexander. You remember how they excited the admiration of the old Lama.

I went to the Purdah Club with Mrs. Ewing. Remembering the one at Bhopal and how simply the women dressed, I merely wore my traveling dress and got out the wonderful bonnet from its paper bag, the bonnet which Laura trimmed and which is to last for the whole trip. It always gives me the sensation of being much dressed when I wear it. I beat out the dust and its flowers (real immortelles) bloom again in freshness for me. When I reached the house and met a crowd of beautifully dressed English and Mohammedan ladies, I felt very humble indeed. The receiving lady wore gold tissue and gorgeous jewels. The other Oriental ladies vied with her, and two English ladies of title were exquisitely dressed. We sat on a terrace overlooking a rose garden. I could not understand a word of the proceedings, which were in the native dialect.

One morning I visited Amritza by train, the holy city

of the Sikhs. The golden temple there is very striking, standing in the center of a big tank. In the second-class compartment of the train I found a young Irish soldier who was smoking and reclining in very easy fashion. He sprang up when I entered, but I told him I was very indulgent to young people and that he need not disturb himself. Presently two Hindoo ladies, modestly and neatly dressed, got in, but they only remained a few moments. Soon after they left us the conductor came and asked which of us had ordered them out. We all spoke up and denied it except the soldier. I said I had been sorry to see them go. Then the soldier said, "I drove them out." I was sorry to see those decent people so wantonly insulted. I was told of a case where a noble Punjabi and his wife were treated similarly by two English officers in the first-class. They called the guard and said: "Take these niggers out of here." I believe the bad manners of the English is the most potent cause of Indian discontent. I was so sorry not to be able to discuss this with Dr. Ewing, the more so as he is a warm supporter of British rule in India, as I am myself. Now I shall give you the English arguments on the other side. The Hindoos have not our customs. They generally chew betel and spit on the floors. They often act in a way that is very offensive to our taste. They are far from neat in the toilet rooms and leave them generally unfit for our use. On the train on which I left Lahore, I found myself in the compartment with a Mohammedan family, a lady with four children. The husband was, of course, in another section. I was tired and very sleepy so I made my bed and composed myself to rest. It was ten minutes after eleven, and still my fellow travelers made no motion toward preparing for sleep though they were to pass the night on

the car. They talked the whole time so that I could get no rest. The eldest boy spoke a little English and I asked him to try to keep the others quiet, which had no effect whatever. At the next station, the father came to the window to converse with his family and I asked him, "Are your children never going to sleep?" He answered that they had slept much during the day and were not sleepy. Not until one o'clock did they quiet down. The baby wore no clothes whatever and soiled both floor and seats. The toilet room was in such a condition that I could not enter it. It was my first disagreeable experience on second-class trains which are really very good and comfortable in the north of India. I generally took first-class tickets except for a few extra trips which I added to my itinerary for short distances, and I have usually had a compartment to myself. This woman seemed very lazy and took no care of her children. They were good children but without any guidance. The boy who spoke English was extremely courteous and obliging and pleased me. The baby stood in such awe of me that it was comical and kept the lazy mother amused. I hope never to have such another experience, but it certainly gave me an object lesson as to why the English will not travel with natives. I joined the Morwoods at Rawalpindi, and we got off rather late yesterday morning for the drive of thirty-nine miles to Murree where we are to remain two nights and a day. I hired a landau for this journey of some two hundred miles to Srinagar. The cost, including tolls, is about \$70.



GOLDEN TEMPLE OF AMRITZAR

SRINAGAR, KASHMIR,
April 27, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

We remained at Murree four days on account of the illness of little James Morwood. The hotel was good and the place a beautiful hill station, so I did not mind the delay. We were then in the Himalayas and have been ever since. We saw on the route peaks from sixteen thousand to twenty thousand feet in height. We stopped each day for lunch in the travelers' bungalows and rested, stopping again for the night in others. The Morwoods' servants traveled ahead to prepare our meals, and we always found them ready for us. We lived very well and very cheap too. The government charges a small sum for the use of these rest houses. Our route the whole way lay along the course of the river Jhelum, a most tempestuous river, a mountain torrent in fact. Most of the roads are cut into the sides of the hills above its banks. Land slides are very frequent and dangerous, and I was told of a man who was killed while walking near the carriage containing his wife and children. The boulder which struck him carried him over the bank into the stream, and his body was swept far down before it was recovered. We found numerous workmen removing the débris of landslides. Cliffs overhang the road in a most menacing way and heavy rains bring down earth and stone. We had splendid weather till the last day and then we were beyond the danger zone. Colonel Morwood most kindly rode in my carriage a good deal of the way and made the trip most interesting by explaining the various places we passed. He had been over the ground before and knew it thoroughly. He tells me that the Maharah of Kashmir is a strict Hindoo while 95% of his

subjects are Mohammedan. The valley is eighty-four miles long and from twenty to twenty-five miles broad, with a population of nearly one million. As the Hindoos worship the cow, the Rajah will permit no cattle to be killed or eaten in his dominions. Now the Koran does not permit the Moslems to eat pork, so this is a real hardship to these people, and great cruelty results in the treatment of old and worn-out cattle which the farmers cannot afford to feed during the snows of winter, and yet are not permitted to kill.

As the Morwoods' villa was not ready, we came to this hotel for a few days. It is very good in every way. My room is bright and sunny and as we are six thousand feet above sea level the sunshine is very welcome. The Morwoods insist on my paying them a visit, which would be most agreeable to me only I am always afraid of being in the way and of giving trouble. Still their invitation is so cordial that I shall accept it. They brought only six servants with them and are hiring others here. I say only six because they have twenty in their home in Shahjehanpur. After my life in California, this seems quite amazing, but the Morwoods simply live as other society people do in India. They remonstrate with me for waiting on myself, but I tell them if I acquire luxurious habits in India nobody will want me in their homes.

Colonel Morwood tells me that in past ages this whole valley was one vast lake. It has gradually been drained by the Jhelum wearing down its channel. The largest lake in India still remains here and some smaller ones.

Srinagar is a beautiful town embowered now in blossoming fruit trees and framed about on every side by towering snow mountains. The river runs through the town with rapid current spanned by several bridges.

It is crowded with house-boats which are anchored close in along the banks. There are lakes also near the town all connected by a series of canals. To live a while at least on a house-boat seems to be the desire of every tourist to Kashmir. One can wander thus from lake to river and up and down the canals through this most beautiful valley in the world. It is a unique experience I should not like to miss. I am going to rise early in the morning and walk up a high hill overlooking Srinagar. It is one thousand feet high and is crowned by a lonely temple. There are several temples here in Srinagar which have towers entirely covered with the flattened out tin cans of the Standard Oil Company. They look very imposing, gleaming in the sunshine, and I should never have suspected their humble origin had not Colonel Morwood told me.

We were discussing the servant question yesterday, and I asked Mrs. Morwood what were the special duties of the "bearer." She said: "I believe it consists principally in handing whiskey and soda-water at table. He is a Hindoo and can't touch the food prepared for us." I should prefer Mohammedan servants who can touch anything except pork. In this hotel our servants sleep in the corridor outside our doors and last night one named Liquor snored so that no one could sleep. I have never heard anything like it. I thought, at first, he was being killed. To-night he is to find other quarters for it seems he is an old offender.

April 28, 1914.

Just back from my glorious walk up the hill. I started ten minutes to seven and got back at ten fifteen. I walked up very slowly, often stopping to rest, for the path is steep. It is an isolated hill crowned by an

extremely old Hindoo temple now protected as an historical monument. It is forbidden to the public to ascend to the platform immediately surrounding the temple, for the whole place has special sanctity. But in going up a Brahman priest had passed me, and I had saluted him politely. When I got to the foot of the steps where the warning notice is posted, he was up on this platform chanting hymns to the morning sun. By a friendly gesture, he invited me to come up also, which I did. From that lofty perch, the view extends all over the valley, bounded only by the superb walls of the Himalayas. The river with all its loops and bends lay unfolded before and beneath me. The lakes, canals, and floating gardens were spread out as on a map. These floating gardens are earth heaps piled on floating bamboo rafts. On them are cultivated melons, cucumbers, and many vegetables. A nut called water chestnut grows wild in these lakes. The kernel is ground into flour or the nut is roasted and eaten. Every fruit, flower, and vegetable of the temperate zone grows in this rich and happy valley. The Morwoods did not want me to take this walk alone. They thought I should have gone up in the palanquin, but I knew I needed the climb and that it would do me much good. On my way down, I met the colonel and his wife taking a drive. The latter got out of her conveyance to embrace me and I saw she had felt very uneasy about me.

MORWOOD VILLA, KASHMIR,
May 4, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

We have now been five days in this beautiful spot overlooking the loveliest views one can imagine, the

Jhelum winding among almond groves in full bloom, with always the grandeur of the encircling mountains. Neither Mrs. Morwood nor the children have been well since we arrived, so I decided it was best to board with "Miss O'Connor" on her house-boat. She promises to take her guests on water trips a little later. I agreed to go to her at once, though the water tour is not to begin for two weeks. When I returned and told Mrs. Morwood of these arrangements, she opposed them vehemently and said I should not leave until the house-boat was ready to start. I had no idea she would take it seriously, and her opposition, though flattering, is painful to me. There is a good deal to see in Srinagar and I shall be close to the club library at Miss O'Connor's. The Morwoods go to Gulmarg in June and have asked me to pay them a visit there which I gladly accepted. Gulmarg is a hill station eight thousand feet high, much frequented by the British during the summer. Mrs. Morwood is now really ill, and since the superfluity of servants prevents my being useful, I shall leave to-morrow.

May 5, 1914.

We went on a very pleasant picnic yesterday to the Mogul gardens near the banks of Dal Lake. These were the gardens of Shah Jehangir, a contemporary of James I. of England. They are maintained in great beauty by the present Maharajah. We carried a hamper of dainty food and spread our cloth on the thick grass of an upper terrace under some immense chinar trees. These trees are wonderfully handsome and very numerous in Kashmir.

I see in the Bombay papers that Lord Strathcona has left one hundred thousand pounds sterling to Yale

University. This seems to me very remarkable. There was no unfavorable comment in the paper about it. Lord Strathcona was once asked what he thought the most remarkable product of modern civilization, and replied: "The educated American." Now that was certainly a very odd reply. How does an educated American differ from other educated men of Christian countries? Still if this were his opinion, he was logical in endowing Yale.

HOUSEBOAT *Klondike* ON THE JHELUM RIVER,
May 11, 1914.

I find myself most comfortable on this boat with Miss O'Connor. There were two other lady boarders when I arrived, one a young English lady, the other an American. That evening the American had a stiff quarrel with our hostess, who invited her to leave. She was much astonished at this as she thought she was entirely justified in criticizing Miss O'Connor's management, "giving her a good lesson," to use her own phrase. One indictment against her was taking me, an invalid, on the boat. Now, I was much fatigued the day I arrived, having walked for miles that morning but far from being an invalid. I am, however, on friendly terms with the lady and have even been to call on her in her new quarters. Miss O'Connor has not now enough boarders to justify her in giving the water excursions, which is a great disappointment to me. I may go later, but then the wondrous beauty of spring will be over. I go daily to see Mrs. Morwood who remains ill with malarial fever. She seems still worried about my leaving her house, but I beg her to put me out of her head altogether. I had a delightful excursion on Dal Lake this week with Colonel Morwood and two

of the children. It was interesting to see the people making and planting the floating gardens. Next day we took a long drive around the lake. The whole road runs between poplar avenues which form miles of green walls on either side. Beyond these are blooming orchards of quinces, peaches, apples, and cherries. The almond blossoms have passed. There is the same riotous outburst of roses and wild flowers here as in California, caused by the fertility of the soil and an abundant rainfall. But the distinctive feature of the valley, more fascinating even than the flowers, is the long chain of the Himalayas now deeply covered with snow. Two picturesque hills stand near the town, one crowned with the temple (which I ascended), the other with an old fortress. We are not permitted to ascend to this fortress.

I went with the American lady in a rowboat to see the solemn entry of the Maharajah into this, his summer capital. Opposite the palace the river bank was crowded with schoolboys in yellow turbans carrying banners. I made out this inscription on one of them, "King is God in man!" The river was crowded with pleasure craft of all kinds. The Maharajah arrived in a huge ornamental barge with fifty rowers and a tug to help, for the rowers had to contend against the rapid current.

We passed Mr. Biscoe's famous mission scout school on the river. On Wednesday I took tea with the American lady (who left this house-boat). She met me in her skiff at the junction of the river and lake. The trip was most beautiful, lasting an hour and a half. I enjoyed it so much it seemed short. It was one of the few clear afternoons we have had, for this is a rainy climate. Miss G. seemed pleased to see me, for she lives

quite alone on a boat at the end of Dal Lake, no other boats near her. I informed her as far as I was able as to American political and other news. She is in a beautiful spot, but it would be too lonely for me. Market boats stop alongside the house-boats on this river and everything seems very cheap. There are asparagus, green peas, new potatoes, and strawberries; eight cents a pound for the best mutton; chickens from ten to fifteen cents each. Servants are cheap and feed themselves.

May 20, 1914.

Mrs. Morwood is now well and we are paying calls together. I have been invited to various teas and receptions. On the 3d of June, the Morwoods go to Gulmarg where I am to join them later. We have been on another picnic to one of the old Mogul gardens. We found all the fountains playing in honor of a visiting Maharajah who was to take afternoon tea there. I think I never saw a more beautiful garden. If we had these chinara trees in the United States, people would come from afar to see them, I think. They are very handsome and as umbrageous as the oaks of England. We spread our tea cloth on the thick soft grass under one of them and enjoyed a dainty meal while looking at entrancing views in the soft evening light.

My fellow boarder came home from church Sunday and said the chaplain had quoted me from the pulpit. I was alarmed at first until I learned that no names were called. I had said, in speaking of the Panama tolls question, that when the Americans had a leader who inspired them with confidence they could always be persuaded to do the right thing. In fact, that my countrymen only wanted their duty pointed out to

them by those in whom they trust to make willingly any pecuniary sacrifices involved, though we were reputed to be such worshipers of the Almighty dollar. He misquoted me to such a degree that he made me say that we were worshipers of the Almighty dollar. However, I did not hear him and cannot judge fairly of his remarks.

I have heard that what surprises these natives more than anything else in Europeans is their outbursts of anger. The Asiatic is patient and self-restrained. Among them it is very bad form to show temper. Unfortunately, their patience and slave-like attitude encourage arrogance on the part of foreigners. But I believe it is a certain contemptuous demeanor which causes most discontent in India. It is, however, the want of truthfulness on the part of natives which makes the English despise them. In a law court it is very difficult to arrive at any degree of certainty from native testimony. They contradict themselves without compunction or shame, merely saying that they have been influenced to give false testimony and now wish to retract it. I am now reading the Koran, very dry reading, but one cannot realize how bloodthirsty the Moslem religion is without reading it. Mohammed seems to gloat in the mental contemplation of the torments in store for those that do not accept his teachings; their skins are to be renewed from time to time that they may feel more keenly the tortures inflicted on them. There is scarcely a page that does not threaten unbelievers with hell fire. It is a very confused jumble, for he was several years in writing it, and often contradicts himself, so that one can mark the changes in his sentiments. Of course his paradise is as material as his hell and is to be won most surely by killing unbelievers.

I have been over the mission hospital here. It is very up-to-date and exclusively for natives. Many successful operations are performed for cataract which astonish these people more than anything else.

SRINAGAR, HOUSEBOAT *Klondike*,
June 2, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

The Morwoods are leaving for Gulmarg this morning. I have promised to stay with Miss O'Connor until the tenth, when I shall have a house-boat belonging to the Maharajah placed at my disposal in which to make the various water excursions. There will be no rent to pay. Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Morwood, the children, and I took tea with the private secretary of the Maharajah. His wife does not speak English and left not only all the conversation to her husband, but let him wait on us at table. She did absolutely nothing but sit and look sad. Mr. Sharma was very pleasant. He speaks English admirably for a native. His table was loaded with fruit, fine strawberries, cherries, and mangoes, the latter brought up from the plains of India. We had also thick cream to eat with the berries, and delicious cake and confectionery. I enjoyed roaming among the flowers in his garden. His wife did not even seem to take any interest in these flowers, but left their care to her husband, a very capable man fortunately, for he is kept very busy at the Maharajah's. However, every family has many servants to do all the manual labor. Mr. Sharma sent his fine carriage for us. On Wednesday I went with Mrs. Morwood to the Biscoe Boys' Scout School. She was so delighted with the exercises that she told Mr. Biscoe to send her his subscription book. I invited him to dine with me next night and

enjoyed greatly his conversation. He brought me some of his reports, all of which are extremely interesting reading. The first game of football played by his scouts was quite unique. To the Hindoos the touch of leather is contaminating, so when the eventful day arrived for the first game, Mr. Biscoe had to post his teachers and helpers around with sticks to prevent the boys from escaping. When once on the field no words of command could induce them to kick the ball till the teachers were ordered to apply the sticks to their backs, a blow preceding each kick. One Brahman boy got knocked on the face, which seemed to him of such direful portent to his eternal salvation that he raised a howl, with sobs and tears. Mr. Biscoe had his face washed immediately, which consoled him partially. These Indian youths, formerly so superstitious, ignorant, and indolent have now been so transformed by the fine training of the Boys' Scout School that they perform actions which are not only manly but chivalrous and would do credit to any college in our own country. A few years ago an epidemic of cholera and plague was threatened in Srinagar. After a talk to the boys, Mr. Biscoe called for volunteers to help him clean the streets of the town. The priests raised the outcry that the boys would lose caste, the parents got excited, and the Maharajah, a bigoted Hindoo, put the police to stop such unheard-of excesses. Meanwhile Mr. Biscoe had provided himself with spades, shovels, and other tools. Next morning when he asked the boys to accompany him, all slunk away. Only one teacher remained with him. They were turned back from the filthy streets by the police, so they went to the lady missionaries' compound where the natives of the neighborhood had been throwing carcasses of dead animals and other rubbish as a

mark of their disapprobation. At this place they began their labors, and there they were joined by two Englishmen, one a colonel in the army, which was quite inspiring. Then a good many of the boys appeared. They had not had the moral courage to accompany him from the school, with a crowd of natives jeering, but they came in quietly and did manful work. These labors in the cause of sanitation produced much excitement among the population, and Mrs. Besant took it up, publishing in the Indian papers that Mr. Biscoe was forcing the Hindoos to break with caste. She judged the moment propitious for starting a rival school and in this way breaking up that of the missions. She succeeded in getting a building on the river opposite Mr. Biscoe's college. She won the favor of the Maharajah and the priests. Poor Mr. Biscoe saw his students deserting him and going over to the enemy. At last his native teachers informed him that they were going too. When this dreadful news came, he called them out in the courtyard and told them he stood there ready and determined to fight each one in turn, and asked them to come on. This form of argument was convincing, and they decided to stay with their strenuous master. But the struggle against such odds undermined his health. He went back to England to recuperate. Meanwhile Mrs. Besant, left in possession of the field, showed her incompetence. She lost the Maharajah's favor by predicting future events. She foretold that a son would be born to him. The child was born but died immediately. The palace favorites pursued the native doctor through the rooms with knives, and he only saved his life by hasty flight and refuge with the English. The Maharajah had no son, and he believed that if Mrs. Besant could predict the birth of a boy, she could have

kept him alive, so he told her to go. Mr. Biscoe returned encouraged to his labors and has had no serious troubles since. He now has, including fifty girls, over fourteen hundred students in his various schools. The boys from the college were in the habit of stripping and plunging from the college roof to the river Jhelum below, but lately the Maharajah sent word that he was tired of it and it must be stopped, so it had to be given up though the boys enjoyed it hugely. They have, every Tuesday, a rowing match on Dal Lake and have become expert in various sports.

When I told Mr. Biscoe I wanted to go to Afghanistan, he related to me what a friend of his, an engineer, told him of his experiences in that country where he had employment for a time. A young Afghan of Cabul was accused of having been to the British Resident's house. Now, the Emir is horribly suspicious of spies, so the young man was called before him. He was asked about his supposed visit to the Residency, which he denied, and to make his denial stronger he said, "I don't even know where the British Resident lives." "What," said the Emir, "after twenty years in Cabul you do not know where the British Resident lives? Your eyes are of no use to you. Bring the red hot irons and put them out." The engineer, when introduced into the Emir's presence, saw this man writhing on the floor. Such are the summary methods of an autocrat. I am told he is very cunning, with a great deal of native sagacity. Colonel Morwood says that if Mrs. Jwala Prasada (the niece of Tagore) accompanies me into Afghanistan, the Emir will seize her for his harem, for she is quite pretty enough to draw this danger on herself.

HOUSE-BOAT,
June 8, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

The boat which the Maharajah's secretary offered to lend me is so large that it requires twelve rowers, besides a kitchen boat and a cook. To be alone with all these heathen, each trying to get all he can and do as little as possible in return, does not attract me. I shall have trouble too in getting to Leh in Ladakh (Thibet). This region is called Western Thibet, but now forms a part of Kashmir. Its valleys are the loftiest inhabited portions of the globe. None of them is lower than nine thousand feet, and many lie from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand feet above sea level. There is little arable land and the people, who are Thibetans, practice polyandry. They have many monks also, for Buddhism is their religion.

I go to Gulmarg in two days and regard it as a great privilege to be with the Morwoods, where I shall have a place in the family circle, and not feel like a homeless wanderer. Mrs. Morwood wants me to spend Christmas with them in Shahjehanpor. She says customs there are very quaint and Christmas a very happy festival. The natives all bring gifts and receive them. The twenty servants all have connections and relations; each brings a gift, and, of course, each receives an ample equivalent. I met the clergyman and his wife to-day, and they were in much distress over the death of a dog. Strange to say, I sympathized with them. I am usually impatient over too much importance being given to pets, but this couple have no children and the little dog was a great comfort. Everyone here calls the clergyman Padre. It was the same in the Dutch colonies; I suppose because the Catholics were the first in the

mission field (Portuguese and Spaniards), so the name is now pretty universal in the Orient. Well, a few days ago a pariah dog went mad and bit several others, among them the Padre's pet. The mad dog was attacking the baby boy of a neighbor when the Padre's little dog sprang upon it and saved the baby. It was itself bitten, however, and had to be killed. Of course, the owners were doubly distressed in view of the service it had rendered. The Padre consulted every physician in reach, hoping to hear that he might safely keep his dog, but all agreed it must be killed. At the Sunday evening service I noticed the Padre's voice faltered over the petition for those in affliction, and I wondered if he thought of the poor little dog as well as of those whose homes were made desolate by the sinking of the *Empress of Ireland*.

GULMARG, KASHMIR,
June 15, 1914.

I arrived here on Wednesday after a pleasant drive of twenty-four miles across the Vale of Kashmir through green walls of poplar trees which lined the whole of the route. I took two ponies at the foot of the mountain (one for my luggage) and enjoyed the ride up very much. I met on the way up the "dandy" and coolies sent to meet me by the Morwoods, but I preferred the pony. The "dandy" is not uncomfortable but it looks very much like a coffin. Each end is attached to a cross pole and it is carried by four coolies.

This bungalow is built on a ridge above the golf links and we are nearly a mile from the church, the hotel, and the club house. When I reached the top of the pass, on the opposite side from here, and looked down at the undulating meadow, snowy white with wild flowers, with

spurs from the wooded hills pushing forward into it here and there, and snow peaks rising above, I thought I had never looked on a fairer scene. Hundreds of sheep were grazing in this flowery pasture.

There are lovely walks up and down these wooded hills. The fir trees are the biggest I have yet seen, some are huge. The tallest peak in sight is twenty-seven thousand feet high. It is beautifully shaped and heavily covered with snow.

GULMARG,
June 21, 1914.

To-morrow I go to Srinagar to attend the state banquet given every year by the Maharajah to the more distinguished guests in his domains. Of course, I owe my invitation to Colonel and Mrs. Morwood. Neither of them will go, she on account of the baby and he doesn't care for such things.

I believe the English now repent not having annexed Kashmir when they had a good opportunity in the middle of last century. This country is fit for European settlement and would be a wonderful sanitarium for English troops. The Maharajah being a strict Hindoo and his subjects mostly Mohammedans, the latter have many grievances, but English Residents are a great check on tyranny.

Yesterday morning, being alone at the breakfast table, I thoughtlessly offered my empty porridge plate to Liquor, the stately Hindoo bearer. He gravely shook his head, and I had to replace it on the table and wait for the proper servant who could touch it without contamination. The sweeper cannot carry out the waste water from my bathroom. It must wait for the bheesty.

The woods surround our bungalow, and in them we hear the cuckoo calling and many other birds, but none compares with the mocking bird of Mississippi. We should really afford more protection to that delightful singer. The shy nightingale avoids human society while the mocking bird builds in the vine over our door and sings from the eaves.

June 30, 1914.

Well, that state banquet was a grand affair, with all the gorgeousness of brilliant lights and uniforms and toilets. My partner for dinner was Colonel Frazer of the Royal Engineers. I was sorry such an old woman fell to his share, as he doubtless expected a young one. The guests were all presented to the Maharajah in the great hall before dinner. Being a high-caste Hindoo he could not eat with us, of course. The tables were beautifully decorated all in white, the dinner good, and champagne flowed freely. Servants in livery waved big white muslin fans to keep the air cool. After dinner we sat in the big glass-enclosed veranda and saw a display of fireworks across the river. The palace is on the river bank. I spent that night on a house-boat, with friends of Mrs. Morwood. As the return is all uphill, I did not arrive in Gulmarg until 5 P. M. when I found a tea party in progress and a precious packet of home letters awaiting me. We go to so many teas I shall not attempt to chronicle them. Yesterday we were at the house of a lady who told me she belonged to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and that a few days before she had seen a native overloading cruelly a poor spent pony. She got down from her own horse and gave the man a severe whipping with her riding whip and had the unfortunate animal put into her own

paddock to recuperate. She said the man wept and begged for mercy, but she punished him thoroughly, for his clothing was so scanty it was no protection to him. She is a small and extremely refined-looking lady and, like most of the wives of these officers, of aristocratic family. I could not help reflecting that the man had not learned a lesson of humanity and that his future treatment of ponies was not apt to be modified by this beating. This is an aristocratic hill station, and I am constantly told of the high connections of the people I meet. One very pleasant neighbor has an English duke for her stepfather. I am conscious that Americans are only valued by foreigners in proportion to the wealth they are supposed to possess, for wealth is our title to nobility in the eyes of Europe.

On little William's birthday, we took the children up to an elevation of 11,000 ft. so that he might make a snow man in June, but the rain came down in torrents, and we had to take shelter under a low-spreading fir tree where I had to unpack my poor little store of fairy tales to keep the children contented. The Colonel sang funny Irish songs in which they joined.

I had a letter from the British Consul at Bushire advising me against attempting to visit Persia and referring me to an American traveler who had just made the trip. For fear I should miss his warnings, the Consul wrote to him to communicate with me, which he did. His letter is most discouraging. As I have been forced to give up the trip to Thibet and Afghanistan, I still cling to the idea of Persia.

July 7, 1914.

The American just returned from Persia dined here last night. His account of that country is gloomy in the

extreme. He found the greatest difficulty in getting proper food, and carriage hire was enormously dear. He had to hire fifteen armed men to protect him as the country is in a state of anarchy, with bandits holding places where no traveler dares to go. The roads are so bad that it is absurd to call them by that name, muleteers and drivers so addicted to opium smoking that he had to rise at the most unearthly hours to get his caravan started. A friend gave him a new cowhide whip and told him the only way to move these individuals was to lay it on their backs and legs. He sorrowfully acknowledged that his friend had spoken only the bare truth, so he applied the whip vigorously, reinforcing this argument with kicks from his heavy boots. Strange to say, the natives refused to take this treatment in the right spirit and threw stones at him. I have therefore decided to give up my longed-for trip to Persia, more especially so since he tells me that in the absence of all effective government, the historical monuments remaining from the great past of Persia have been so injured and destroyed that there is now nothing to repay the traveler for time and money spent.

The lady who horsewhipped the coolie called yesterday and I asked for news of the ill-treated pony. She said the police had carried it off and she had been summoned to appear before the magistrate to give evidence. She was much annoyed at this and also with her unruly servants, two of whom she had been compelled to discharge. Colonel and Mrs. Morwood get on beautifully with their servants who all seem attached to them and the children. While we were out walking a few days ago we met an English lady who stopped us to tell her troubles to Colonel Morwood. She owns an agency in Srinagar, and the police recently made a descent

upon it and confiscated eighty cans of condensed soup, claiming that it contained beef extract. In addition they made her pay a fine of 100 rupees. She said she would appeal the case, but the Colonel told her it would be useless, even though she did not know the soup contained beef extract, for it is the law of the land that no preparation containing beef may be sold in Kashmir. Not even the hospitals can use beef extract. Mutton and fowls are very good and cheap here, so that I do not miss beef and never think of it. The law against killing cattle occasions much loss to farmers and cruelty to old animals, yet 5% of Hindoos are able to enforce it on a large community of Mohammedans.

July 14, 1914.

Now that I am not sightseeing I cannot help feeling homesick. My only reason for leaving home is to see and learn all I can of strange lands and write it for my grandchildren. Here I am, like Hannibal at Capua, living in luxury and treated with the most affectionate kindness by this family and receiving much hospitality from their friends.

The Morwood children are learning a little fairy play written for them by their mother, who has a decided literary gift. They are to give a party soon and act it for their friends. Yesterday at the club I met a young English lady who told me an interesting incident of her childhood. In 1897 when she and her brother were very small, they were living at a fort, on the Afghan frontier, of which her father was commander. The tribesmen rose suddenly and attacked the fort fiercely. The balls were falling in every direction and no one knew where the two children were. The Irish nurse ran out to look for them and, regardless of the bullets,

brought them in safely, then seeing the commander outside giving orders to his men with his bare head exposed alike to the burning sun and the bullets, the brave woman seized his sun-helmet, and running out, put it on his head. The mother took exactly this time to bring another child into the world, so the nurse had to wait on her as well as tend the wounded men after the engagement was over. Later when she went to London, she was decorated with the Victoria Cross by Queen Victoria in Windsor Castle. She was immensely flattered by this honor, but when the Queen had her called back for a private interview she was terrified lest it be taken from her. The Queen, however, only wished to hear the story from her own lips. It is sad to know that the general who braved so many dangers died of ptomaine poisoning in a Brussels hotel two years ago.

July 21, 1914.

I am giving a tea at the club this afternoon, and the rain is pouring in such torrents I doubt if a soul comes. Still I must dress and go down in case some kind-hearted person braves the elements.

At the club the other day I met quite accidentally the lady with whom I occupied a pew in the church at Cawnpore and who showed me the gruesome picture after service. She is an Italian married to an English major. I never recognize any one, but she knew me. I am always being embarrassed by this fatal weakness. I am afraid I shall not recognize Donna Lita if she comes this afternoon to my tea.

We are all very much interested in Irish politics here. Indeed, I accuse Colonel Morwood of being disappointed that there was no fighting on Orange day as he had predicted. He thinks if Ulster is excluded from the

Irish Home Rule Bill without time limit, it will put the Irish Parliament on its good behavior and make it more reasonable.

July 27, 1914.

Donna Lita has been to call and told us the following incident of her girlhood.

When I was a young girl I was returning from an English school to Italy. The ship stopped at Malta and we were asked to a masked ball given that night by the governor of the island. I knew no one but the French Consul who told me what his domino would be and said I could talk to him whenever I felt inclined. During the evening I met the Consul, as I thought, and began a conversation with him, which we both enjoyed very much, but when the time came to unmask it proved not to be the Consul at all, but a young American naval officer named Green, a very handsome and agreeable man. That same evening he proposed to me. It was my first love affair and I was so delighted, for it was most amusing. I asked, "What kind of position can you give me if I accept your offer?" He answered that he was a doctor on an American ship of war. I was dreadfully disappointed, for you must know a doctor has no social position in Italy, and I knew my mother would never permit me to marry one. I asked him where he came from and he said "Birmingham, A-L-A." The Americans have such funny ways of abbreviating their words. Now wasn't that funny, Birmingham, A-L-A? But he was nice, oh so nice, only I could not marry a doctor, of course, etc."

This long recital gave pleasure neither to Mrs. Morwood nor to me, Donna Lita must have known that Colonel Morwood is an army surgeon with military rank, and she certainly knew me to be an American.

It rains incessantly now and our only amusement is

bargaining with the peddlers. I have bought presents for all of you. I have spent a good deal and am wondering if you will care for the things.

August 4, 1914.

We are wild with excitement over the war news. I had really believed there was too much good sense in the world to permit such a thing, but yesterday we heard of the invasion of Luxemburg. This looks so serious that we are aghast. Colonel Morwood almost welcomes this news as a relief from the tragic situation in Ireland. It must be that the nations have grown weary of the endless rivalry of armaments and prefer to end it once for all. Their nerves must have given way under the strain, but a new crop of hatreds can lead to no better situation. The United States now stands preëminent as the one power working for a peaceful understanding between nations, and I think we owe this to Mr. Wilson's leadership. He may yet be called in to arbitrate between the contending parties when they shall have become exhausted. How excited my German friends must be. Frieda's husband is an officer of artillery and her father is also an officer in the reserve.

August 7, 1914.

We are so impatient over the slowness with which news comes up to this corner of the world. We get Indian papers which are three days old, but telegrams are received at the Residency every day. Of course, Mexican news is crowded out now. All thoughts turn to Europe. The officers here have all been recalled to

their commands or ordered to hold themselves in readiness, their families as yet remaining.

Mrs. Morwood does not think the native princes make voluntary contributions to the English navy. You know they recently gave a Dreadnought. She thinks the Residents and Commissioners influence them to make these contributions, that it is never entirely voluntary except when one wishes to win special favor. As these princes enjoy the protection of the British Raj, it would seem right and proper to contribute something toward the support of the navy. I am convinced that the peasants of India, who are vastly benefited by British rule, appreciate that fact. It is so much better than anything they ever knew before, and they form the backbone of the population. Cholera is now raging in Srinagar and the Morwoods think I had better abandon my water trip for the present.

I do not agree with Nellie about the Colombia question. I think Mr. Wilson entirely right in his general policy toward weaker nations. Of course, this is a new departure in diplomacy, but it means progress and not weakness. If twenty-five millions will salve the wounded pride of Colombia and make her cease to teach her school children that the United States is their bitterest enemy, it will be a wise investment. To them we are a big bully who dismembered their country and rode roughshod over its constitution, and in the case of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, I am proud that Mr. Wilson should uphold it in the sense in which its framers meant it, instead of accepting the interpretation of a special pleader, an expert in legal technicalities.

August 11, 1914.

We are so out of the world here that our latest newspapers are seven days old. We hear the wildest rumors of great naval battles but nothing definite. Italy reminds me of a woman who has just lost an unloved spouse, but who wishes to wait a decent interval before taking another. When I was in Italy I marked the strong current of public opinion in favor of acquiring Triest which is, of course, one of the dearest possessions of Austria.

I feel the deepest sympathy for the German nation going thus headlong to its ruin, whatever its initial successes may be. Its only chance is overwhelming victories at the start. If the war is prolonged, she will be starved into submission. We hear that Belgium is resisting the passage of the Germans through her territory. This means serious delay, for the Germans may have to attack fortified places entailing heavy losses. Ever since 1908 when the Kaiser had that interview with an American correspondent (you recall he claimed that the Boers were conquered by a plan of campaign prepared by his general staff at his order), I have looked upon him as mentally unsound, and yet this man holds the destinies of a great nation in his hands. Poor France will be overrun in spite of the desperate valor of her troops. Delay now means everything to the Allies. When war was first declared, it saddened me so that I would wake in the night with a heavy sense of some undefined calamity. I think of the sorrow of those good German mothers whom I knew, of the great men of that nation who, I feel sure, were not consulted in this supreme crisis. A high German official told me with bitterness that the Kaiser gave promotion only to pious men, to assiduous churchgoers, men who had faith in his

divine right. Can the Kaiser obtain by this means either men of talent or truly religious men? I do not believe, as a rule, that military men make the best statesmen, yet Germany seems to be ruled by them alone. Napoleon himself failed for want of far-seeing statesmanship, not for lack of military successes. Germany has had possession of Schleswig for over fifty years, yet a newly enacted law forbids Schleswig families from employing Danish servants, so that old and tried domestics, faithful nurses, have to be turned out of doors and Germans installed in their places to serve also as spies in the household. No lecture can be given in Danish, so that a famous explorer had to cancel his engagement because he was to speak in that language. Is any culture worth having that has to be dragooned into a people? Yet such are the methods inspired by a military government.

Colonel Morwood left Sunday to take up his duties in the hot plains of India. I grieve when I hear that my boys are reading Mark Twain's books for boys, for in them everything else is sacrificed to fun. To me there is no fun in lying and stealing. What a perversion of genius to corrupt the characters of the boys of one's country! The hero steals groceries to furnish a boat for a piratical expedition, tells lies with the utmost coolness and endless fertility. Even Mark Twain's wit cannot make such things acceptable to my taste. Boys who become real heroes have not had their minds nourished on such books. English boys have no such reading put into their hands. I believe the English hold character in higher respect than any other nation. Perhaps I have said all this before and fear I am boring you by repetition, but I think it is a most im-

portant matter to watch over the books put into the hands of our boys.

August 18, 1914.

I do not anticipate a long war. Suffering at home will force the Kaiser to give way in time to save something from the general wreck. With nearly all Europe against him and the navy of Japan also, it is a hopeless struggle. This is a rare chance for Yuan Shi Kai to regain the territory ceded to Germany. It may restore his lost popularity. He was governor of Shantung during the Boxer uprising, and the seizure of a part of that province must have been peculiarly painful to him. It is one of the richest in China.

The enthusiasm for the English cause in South Africa and India should be a lesson to Germany. She has never condescended to win the hearts of her annexed populations. She counted on uprisings in India, Egypt, and Africa as well as in Ireland. Before the war began, Mr. Asquith was afraid to appeal to the country. Now he and Sir Edward Grey will go down in history as the great war ministers. There is another Germany apart from that of the military caste, and when the war is over I believe it will come forward and play a leading rôle. How I wish in the great final settlement all the oppressed peoples of the world could find a voice and protectors. Then would this war not have been in vain. Gladstone once said: "You cannot put your finger on the map of Europe and say, 'Here Austrian rule has been beneficent,'" yet in Poland her rule is said to be milder than either the Russian or the Prussian. When the Kaiser was Crown Prince he said to G. W. Smalley, correspondent of the *Tribune* and later of the *London Times*: "Whenever the great events of

my grandfather's reign are discussed, no one mentions his name. Men speak only of Bismarck and of Moltke. When I come to the throne, I shall be known as the author of all the great events and policies of my reign." Yesterday at the club Sir David Masson asked me why a German cruiser had been permitted to coal at San Francisco. As I was taken by surprise, I entirely forgot that according to the law of nations, vessels have a right to take enough coal to carry them to the nearest neutral port. I am sure I bore you with this war, but I can think of nothing else.

August 25, 1914.

The cholera is still raging in Srinagar, and people are flying from it. An American lady, quite a traveler, died of it last week on her house-boat, after a brief illness. I took tea with her before leaving Srinagar. She was showing me some beautiful Russian pictures when she said: "Do you know, it has been proved that Peter the Great's second wife, Catherine, was a daughter of Frederick the Great?" This was an astounding piece of information, and I had to think a moment before I could reply. I said, "She was older than Frederick." "All modern historians are against you," she replied, with perfect conviction. I feel the tragedy of her death so far from home.

I met Sir Robert Pearson at the club yesterday and had a talk with him. He said when the Crown Prince was in India he told Lady Pearson that Germany needed a war to keep her army from rusting. What a motive for the most monstrous war in history.

Yesterday the great fast of Ramadan ended and our Mohammedan servants, who kept it strictly, went to

the mosque to pray for the success of British arms, they said.

Sir David Masson told me yesterday of an incident in his life which I will repeat. Some years ago he was traveling on an unfinished railway in a rough box-car where he had a talk with the engine driver. The man was a drunkard and Sir David proposed to him that they should take a mutual vow to abstain from all liquor. They wrote down their pledges and exchanged them. They further agreed that if either ever broke his vow he should write and tell the other. It lasted four years, and then Sir David got a letter saying the man had not been able to hold out any longer. Sir David said that he too was very tired of total abstinence. I think it remarkable that a man of his position, so wedded to his whiskey and soda should have been willing to forego it in order to reform a poor working man. He does not look like a drinking man, but his breath smelled of it.

September 1, 1914.

Yesterday I gave a tea at the club, which Mrs. Morwood said was a success in spite of the number thirteen. Saturday the children's fête came off in the woods. Within a circle of very big fir trees the ground was raised and covered with turf, thus making a kind of platform. Green boughs were stuck around to form the walls, and curtains hung before and behind. For once I was useful with my hands, for Mrs. Morwood taught me to make big red poppies of paper and fine wire. They were quite effective stuck in the boughs. The piano was carried out and the little play went off very well. Mrs. Morwood was the author, and this was the idea: the characters in Mother Goose begged the old

lady to allow them to exchange their book life for real life just for one day that they might become real children. A big book stood on the edge of the stage partly open. The children were dressed in character and sang or repeated the rhymes, then there was dancing. Elizabeth Morwood dances with the lightness and grace of a professional danseuse. Donna Lita's little boy, Peter, was the piper's son who stole the pig. With a big toy pig under his arm, he looked very comical. His mother nearly went into convulsions of laughter over him and he had much applause. The audience, including nurses, were about ninety. Delicious refreshments in great abundance were served to all. This little piece is to be given next week at the Residency for the benefit of the war fund. At this fête I had to confess to three ladies that I did not recognize them, yet two of them had entertained me at an elegant luncheon the day before. This lamentable and mortifying weakness gives me more trouble than you can imagine.

I hear that English people in house-boats on the Jhelum have been driven from the river by floating corpses of natives dead of cholera.

September 8, 1914.

At the club we have maps with flags indicating the positions of the contending forces, and it seems to me the Germans look dangerously far from their base. When one thinks what enormous forces England can raise in Canada, Australia, and India (these Gurkhas, Pathans, and Punjabees regard fighting as a banquet), it would almost seem that the retreat of the Allies, permitting the German right to penetrate into France, was a trap. I am convinced that the Kaiser has kept far from him men of independent judgment who might

criticize his actions. He considers himself not only endowed with divine right to rule but with Heaven-sent talents for the task. My heart bleeds for the noble people who have been delivered into his hands. I do not believe he consulted the statesmen of Germany when he precipitated this war. Every petty Prussian noble considers himself superior to German men of science and genius. Great university professors, with world-wide fame, cannot be received with their wives at court, not good enough, not "Hoffäig" as they say. In fact, German rule is a remnant of feudalism, and in Austria things are still worse.

Last Wednesday Mrs. Morwood and I went to a Gymkhana given by Hari Sing, heir to the Maharajah. He is an educated young man and speaks English well. There were many games, with prizes for the winners—a tug of war for ladies, married ladies against girls, both on foot and on ponies. This is very amusing. Some of the ladies fell from the ponies but these were small and the grass thick and soft so no one was hurt. There were refreshments also served.

The children's fête at the Residency was a great success. Elizabeth's dancing was greatly admired. Indeed, she is grace itself and her costume was beautiful. Little William is a born actor and has such a fine voice. They took in 550 rupees for the war fund.

September 15, 1914.

The splendid loyalty of India to the Empire seems to have caused great surprise. I hope the sending of Indian troops to Europe may aid to some degree in breaking up their superstitions. In former times an Indian lost caste who crossed the ocean and with it all hope of paradise until it was restored by the priest at much

expense. Now the soldiers are enthusiastic in demanding to be allowed to fight for the Empire. The English are constantly blamed for not giving educated Hindoos more government positions. I am told they are often deterred from doing this by the objections of the native princes. There are 700 of them and their caste prejudices are offended by this career open to talents. This is a serious problem, for it will not do to shock the feelings of the native rulers by giving important positions to men of inferior caste in those states. Still it is being done gradually as Indians are found fitted to fill such positions.

Saturday I met Sir David Masson at a tea. He said he had just heard that the German Consul-General at Calcutta had been shot because he had been found tampering with the natives. I said: "How horrible. He should never have been shot but merely imprisoned." All of the ladies as well as Sir David exclaimed against me. I argued that in war time suspicion is so easily aroused that many innocent people lose their lives, and I did not believe in the general shooting of spies. "Put them in prison," I said. "Danger never deterred a man from serving his country, and the death penalty ennobles the office of a spy, besides I hate to see the English imitate the Germans in their cruelties."

SRINAGAR,
October 6, 1914.

I am comfortably settled here with Mrs. Baines who is helping me a great deal in getting ready for the river excursions which I shall take alone. Mrs. Morwood and the children have arrived on their way down to India and are boarding in this house with me. They are delighted with it. It is with a real pang that I part

from them, but I realize that I must be up and about my tourist business.

HOUSE-BOAT ON THE JHELUM,
October 12, 1914.

I remained in Mrs. Baines's charming house until the Morwoods left for home. Mrs. Morwood invited me to spend the winter with them, and I may go to Shahjehanpur for Christmas. I do not know what I should have done but for Mrs. Baines's help in getting settled on this boat. She has lent me so many useful things and has given me quite a provision of homemade jam and candy. My boat is loaded with drinking water, so my men will not be tempted to drink the infected water of the river. I drink only boiled water and eat only cooked food. I have a supply of English walnuts which grow here and are sold for six cents a hundred. Fresh eggs are six cents a dozen. All native products are cheap, while imported things are very dear, owing to the long land carriage.

Before Mrs. Morwood left, we went shopping, and each of us bought Kashmir rugs. I got four. They are made of white felt, the best coming from eastern Turkestan. The dealer assured me mine came from there, but these people are said to lie with great facility. The Kashmiris embroider them all over and they are sometimes beautiful. Heaven knows how I shall get these heavy things home. At present they lie under my mattress.

I still set my heart on getting to Constantinople. I want to see the changes that have taken place since the fall of Abdul Hamid. When I was there in March, 1908, fear and suspicion enveloped society like a pall.

My bearer and cook, Kadra, knows so little English it

is difficult to communicate with him. I exhaust myself in pantomime, and he pretends to understand when he does not. My boat has only two rooms, with a tiny entry in front and a tiny bath room behind. Alas, there are many apt places for me to bump my head and I have neglected none of them. A lady in Gulmarg gave me some of the best homemade yeast I ever saw, and I am keeping the recipe for anybody who wants it. I have already made good brown bread. Kadra churns for me. The milk is first boiled and the cream scum put in a jar which he shakes till the fresh butter comes. Since traveling in the Orient, I am convinced that all children should be taught to like boiled milk; the fresh is often very dangerous, especially in traveling and at railway stations. I found the missionaries' children healthier than ours at home. They do not permit them to eat raw food of any kind except fruit that can be peeled, even salad has boiling water poured over it. Kadra has just come in with two small teal ducks for which I pay four cents each.

I got some books to read from the club library almost at random for I was in a great hurry. Rose's *Life of Napoleon*, Prince Hohenlohe's *Memoirs*, and the *Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox*. You know Lady Sarah became the mother of the famous Napier brothers, famous soldiers, and Sir William was the author of the *Peninsular War*, considered the best war history ever written, I believe.

In summer the banks of these lovely lakes and smaller streams are lined with house-boats and gay tents, but all is lonely and deserted now. I am constantly admiring the grand chinar trees of which there are so many on the banks. I move about constantly, but the names would mean nothing to you. I find beauty and charm

everywhere, but I miss my mail and the newspapers horribly.

How can you Americans be so low-spirited over the Allies' cause? There has never been the ghost of a chance for Germany. The longer she fights, the weaker she becomes. The longer England fights, the stronger she becomes. Troops and money are pouring in from every quarter of the globe to France and England, all animated with a fierce desire to put down the Kaiser and all he stands for. I constantly say to myself, "Oh, those poor Germans," because I do not for a moment believe they desired to leave their peaceful avocations to plunge into this execrable war which was forced on them.

My kitchen boat has two entire families living in its one room. I am not afraid of these people. My doors only lock on the outside.

October 20, 1914.

I wish you could see the post-office at Sambal. It is merely an open shed, and I had to send into the town for the postmaster to receive my letters. I hope you got them. That afternoon I went in my skiff through a mile-long canal to the lovely Lake of Manasbal. It was my last gleam of fine weather during this nine days' excursion. I landed at a Moslem village. The Moslem religion seems to me to lend much dignity to the poor in their poverty. I was the object of polite curiosity in this village, but no one asked for a penny. The women were beating out the rice, clad in primitive dirt and rags, yet they were all smiling and pleased at the interest I took in them. Perfectly confident that they have the true faith, what difference do poverty and privation make to them? My crew are all Moslems,

and I leave everything to their protection. When I am off rowing, I leave money in my clothes and in a bag between the mattresses, but I have never missed anything, not even from my provision stores. The captain of my crew is a very big, powerful man with a fine intelligent face. Had he been able to speak English, I should not have been obliged to hire a bearer at all. Kadra knows and understands so little English, he is of very little use. "Yes, Mem Sahib," he says like a parrot to everything.

From Sambal we went to Woolar Lake, the biggest sheet of water in Kashmir and said to be very dangerous by reason of the sudden squalls that come from the mountains without warning, so my boats were moored at a safe distance. Though the weather was threatening, I undertook a walk with Kadra across what is in high water a part of the lake bed. It was covered with Singgara nuts, a kind of water chestnut, and men were raking them up. I wanted to see the Island of Lanka, a picturesque feature of Woolar Lake. At this season of low water, it is not an island at all. The lake was not even in sight from it. The island stands in marshes in which I sank so low it took two men to pull me out. When I reached more stable ground, I looked back to see poor Kadra creeping on hands and knees over the mud, a comical object. I got to the island where there are some very holy graves of Moslem saints and the ruins of an old mosque. I went to the graves and was assured by the Moslems, who followed me, of their sanctity. I pointed up to ask if the occupants were in heaven. All the men nodded violently indicating that they were certainly there. As I looked convinced, they brought out a Mullah or priest as ragged and dirty as the rest, and I was told that the Sahibs were in the

habit of giving rupees to this Mullah. I replied gravely that I only gave to those who served me, that the Mullah had done nothing for me. By a circuitous route, Kadra and I succeeded in reaching our boat where we arrived covered with mud, and I had to devote much time to a thorough cleansing. I wanted to stay longer near Woolar Lake, but the weather was so bad and the men suffered so much from the cold, that I reluctantly gave orders to return to Srinagar. I hired an extra rower and told the men I should pay for ten days if they got me back in nine. That made them pull with a will. As soon as we got to town, I rushed to the club to read the war news, but found that nothing of importance had happened in my absence except the fall of unhappy Antwerp. The Russian steam roller is relentlessly pushing forward. Were the Allies simply to act on the defensive and spare their men, the result would be the same as to the final defeat of Germany, for the latter is in the toils from which there is no escape. Her factories are silent, her commerce strangled. Perhaps already hunger and cold invade the abodes of the poor in that country.

October 24, 1914.

I wish you could see the primitive water mills on the Jhelum River—low, thatched huts, the natives grouped around with their bags of Indian corn to be ground into what we call small hominy, much coarser than grits. I have tried in vain to procure corn-meal. They do not make it, only this hominy which I eat, though it is very roughly made, with a great deal of husk in it. Their bread is of wheat flour made into thin flat cakes, very good when toasted crisp.

Some saucy little birds fly in and out of my cabin to

eat my fruit and investigate my other stores. They are very indignant with me for being here and scold me freely. Kadra says they are bulbuls. They are very pretty, but I have not heard them sing. It is too late, perhaps. The bulbul is hardly less celebrated than the nightingale in Eastern tales.

I hear the United States postal authorities will not allow me more than \$100 in one remittance. It is feared, I am told, that I might speculate if I received \$1000 dollars. If I knew how to speculate and was sure of a good profit, I can't see what business it is of theirs, but no one can get home from India on \$100 without working his passage on the ship. However, I am not complaining. How could I when I think of the misery entailed by this war.

I am now on my trip up the Jhelum, Islamabad my first stopping place.

November 2, 1914.

Last Monday I made an excursion on horseback to the ruins of Martand. My horse was excellent, the day perfect. I rode through miles of poplar avenues clothed in exquisite autumn foliage of delicate yellow, the long strip of sky above looking like a deep blue river, while the mountains bore up proudly their mass of dazzling snow, which completed the beauty of the scene. I took lunch in the shadow of the old temple. I returned to my house-boat feeling so fresh after this twelve-mile excursion on horseback that I determined to make another to Achibal, six miles distant, but this time in a conveyance. Achibal is one of the many Mogul gardens scattered through Kashmir. It was planted by the beautiful queen of Shahjehangir and is well tended through the bounty of the Maharajah.

I took Kadra with me. He generally affects the appearance of a person with toothache and I thought he could not laugh, but this afternoon, in translating my remarks to the driver, he showed an unexpected capacity in that line. There were still flowers in the Achibal gardens, but the chinars in their gorgeous red livery made flowers superfluous. In all these Mogul gardens there is a profusion of fountains and running water. Next day the rain began again, and has not ceased day or night since.

SRINAGAR.

I received the London exchange at last and now have money enough to go home, but I am unwilling to forego the hope of a visit to Constantinople, the Balkans, and Germany. I long to find out from my German friends the real state of public sentiment toward the war and their divinely inspired Kaiser.

I see in the paper that the German sailors taken prisoners on the *Emden* were amazed at the kindness with which they were treated. They have been fed on lies about English cruelty. Since my return to Srinagar, I have moved into a larger and better boat, the *Bulbul*, and now have a nice sitting-room with a fireplace where I can entertain my friends at tea.

Lady Pearson sent me a curious old necklace a friend of hers in need of money wished to sell. It is so odd and pretty too, that I bought it, though curios and jewelry are little in my line. It was made in an Indian village where only one family engaged in this industry and was bought forty years ago.

It is quite the custom in India for ladies returning to Europe to send their dresses, hats, etc. around for sale among their friends. Mrs. Morwood tells me such

things are frequently offered to her and I have seen columns in the newspapers devoted to descriptions of such clothing. Sometimes a rich native admirer of an official will buy at its original value the finery of his wife who is going back to England.

Yesterday, returning from a tea at Mrs. Stewart's, I stopped to call on an old lady friend who has now retired into winter quarters on her comfortable house-boat where she lives the year round. I found her in a close room with a good fire burning in the chimney and a Kashmir fire basket at her feet under the hem of her garments. It is an iron cage holding an earthenware bowl filled with glowing coals which send out a pleasant and pervasive warmth. Old and young Kashmiris carry these fire baskets in winter hugged to their stomachs under their clothing. Their figures seen in profile are truly remarkable. I found my old lady friend much depressed, a prey to the dread of death. I felt sincerely sorry for her and said what I could about its being a beneficent end to our existence, but she could not see it in this light and no doubt thought I was talking very much at my own ease. She was making herself so miserable by her repinings that I said, "At least while we live, let us devote our thoughts to living and not let the idea of death spoil life for us and for those around us. Remember that cowards die a thousand deaths while the brave man dies but once." We are all, however, alike in this. In old age, we cling still to the tatters of existence, which may be a part of our decrepitude, or is life so priceless a boon? What I shall most hate to give up when my time comes is the morning paper bringing news from the four quarters of the globe. Apropos of Kashmir fire baskets, Dr. Neve says they



POPLAR AVENUES. KASHMIR

give the natives skin cancers of which he has many cases to treat.

HOUSE-BOAT *Bulbul*,
November 9, 1914.

I spend my time in quite a whirl of gayety going to entertainments almost daily. Mrs. Baines gave me a delicious luncheon. She is extremely generous and kind-hearted and keeps one of the best boarding houses I have ever seen. I have asked fourteen people to tea on Wednesday and will see what Kadra can do in the way of cake baking. I am proud of the bread I make, and send presents of it to my acquaintances who feel obliged to praise it, whether they like it or not.

My home letters are thrilling. Here I am so far from the eventful scene and get such meager news, but I am afraid to start home, afraid to trust myself to a ship. I read of ships taken by the Germans and the passengers sent far from their route with but a fraction of their luggage. My luggage may be very unimportant, but still I value it highly. I have presents for all at home and I don't want to lose them.

I have been reading in the *Memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe* of a conversation he had with Bismarck as to the terms of peace made with Austria in 1866. Bismarck told what infinite trouble he had with the military party before he could carry through his policy. He was branded as a traitor by high officers and so hounded by them that he often thought of committing suicide. He says once he left the council table slamming the door behind him, went to his room, threw himself on his bed, and howled like a dog.

Col. Hart says he hopes the Allies will burn the Kaiser's palaces. I do not. I do not like to see pro-

perty and the products of labor destroyed. Generosity can turn foes into friends which harshness can never do. Let the Allies begin a new era of conciliation leaving as little bitterness as possible; to act otherwise is to sow dragons' teeth. I cannot help weeping over the accounts of Belgian refugees. The Prussian has been so nourished on the pride of his warlike achievements that he has become perfectly ruthless so that the least indignity to a German soldier must be expiated by the blood of the helpless and the destruction of their homes. By such deeds, they have made themselves the enemies of mankind.

November 16, 1914.

Last Monday I went with Col. and Mrs. Stewart to see the Maharajah distribute prizes to the students of his college. The place is very beautiful, surrounded by superb avenues of chinars and poplars and framed in by towering mountains whose spurs of lesser hills invade the valley. In spite of the Maharajah's hostility to Mr. Biscoe and his school, it was amusing and gratifying to see how he has imitated him, much to the advantage of the youth of Kashmir. He, too, now gives medals for heroism and athletic sports as well as for studies. I went on Wednesday to see Mr. Biscoe's distribution of prizes, which was much more interesting to me than the Maharajah's. Sixteen youths obtained medals for life saving. Some got medals for swimming across Dal Lake, two to three miles, also for other gymnastic sports, as well as for proficiency in their studies. Indian youths are inclined to be effeminate so that athletics are very important in their training. Each squad wore a different colored turban. When

they squatted in long lines, they looked just like big chrysanthemums, a single blossom to each stalk.

Col. Hart has just received the news of the death of his son, Captain Hart, who was killed in action on November 2d. I had been with the Harts the day before. We had a long walk together and they had been very cordial. I was much moved by this news and wrote a letter of condolence immediately, asking that it should not be answered, but two days later Mrs. Hart wrote me a beautiful letter. I was glad to learn that she is a second wife and this young man not her son. She will be in a position to comfort her husband.

I called there Saturday evening and Col. Hart showed me a cablegram from the King and Queen, which I think gratified him very much. His brother, Sir Reginald Hart, is quite a friend of the King's, so I presume he called his Majesty's attention to poor Capt. Hart's death. One can hardly expect the King and Queen to send cablegrams of sympathy to all the families bereaved by this war.

My tea was a success. My friends gave me quantities of chrysanthemums with which I decorated my rooms. I also laid down my Kashmir rugs. My sandwiches of home-made bread were very good.

My friends send me much game and fruit and vegetables. I cannot consume it all, but it is a pleasure to share it with others. One young lady sent me a bird she had shot herself, a chikor, a very large partridge, perfectly delicious.

November 23, 1914.

My letters were much delayed last week and came finally with the words "Opened by the censor" stamped upon them. When I began to read them, I could not

but laugh at the task laid upon the poor censor. Unless like me, he is interested in all children, the sayings and doings of the dear grandchildren must have been a sore trial to him. A friend here tells me that some of her mother's letters from England are so erased by the censor as to be scarcely intelligible. Some wives of officers, too, have received, instead of the hoped-for letters from the front, a laconic statement from the censor: "Your husband has been too communicative." I do not object to the censor in the least except that he delays my mail several days.

I give another tea to-day to which I have asked Mrs. Frazer. I wish you could have seen a tray of game and vegetables she sent me. I could hardly believe it was intended for one person. Col. Frazer called me in one afternoon as I was passing and asked me to take tea with them. They have an elegant bungalow in the midst of a fine garden and such a beautiful conservatory full of blooming plants. I went later with them to a memorial service for Lord Roberts. It was most impressive. We all stood while Chopin's *Funeral March* was being played.

Many of the ladies here are devotedly attached to their pet dogs. Yesterday while walking by the river, I heard the sounds of a conflict and, following them up, arrived at the scene of a dog fight. Two of these pets were locked in furious embrace, biting each other most clamorously. While one distracted mistress was groaning aloud at a prudent distance, the other had entered actively into the fray armed with a tennis racket. By great agility of movement she was putting in telling blows on the adversary while carefully sparing her own darling. As I was acquainted with both ladies, I tried to speak to them, but neither had any thought

for me. The dogs were at last separated, each having amply vindicated his honor, I trust and believe.

November 29, 1914.

I have a hard time carrying on an intelligible conversation with Kadra. Monday while I was preparing for my tea party, he came full of a, to him, very important matter. He had seen that Mrs. Frazer was sending me delicious game quite often and concluded that we were intimate friends and that he might turn this friendship to his own account, so he came to impart his ideas to me. After much expenditure of time and patience, I learned that Mrs. Frazer wanted a cook, but could not see how this concerned me. Finally I gathered that he had a friend, then in my kitchen, and he wished me on the spot to write a warm letter of recommendation for this friend to carry to one of the most justly aristocratic ladies of Srinagar. I could not make him understand that it would be dishonest in me to recommend a person of whom I knew nothing. He caught only the word "dishonest" and protested repeatedly that his friend shone by his honesty. Finally I had simply to tell him to go, worn out with wrestling with the Oriental mind.

I have had such quantities of game sent me as well as fruit and vegetables that I may be said to be living on charity. Not only that, but I am provided with enough game to make presents to my friends. Ducks, snipe, and chikors, great big beautiful partridges, really very delicious.

The Harts got off yesterday. Mrs. Hart gave quite a sum of money and a trunk of clothing to be sent to the Belgians. I see in a telegram that Col. Hart's brother has been made Governor of the Island of Guernsey,

which will keep him out of danger, for he was trying to get to the front.

I asked Mrs. Baines to each of my tea-parties but she was engaged each time. She is a broad-minded, generous woman and makes people thoroughly comfortable in her house. Still if I ever came back, I should take a boat and keep house. One is so independent and I like to entertain under my own roof.

November 29, 1914.

I always have to cut the bacon myself for Kadra and he receives it with averted head while I can see him shuddering. I am sure he would rather die than eat a piece of it. He dislikes cooking it so much that I have scarcely used any of the big piece I bought, and I am so fond of bacon.

I paid farewell calls this afternoon and enjoyed my little visit at Col. Frazer's. Their home is lovely and always decorated with a profusion of the handsomest flowers. The Colonel and I talked war while Mrs. Frazer superintended the baby's bath. He thinks the war will be a long one. I said cyclones do not last long, but he thinks the cyclonic stage is over and the combatants have settled to a dogged test of endurance. I told him the Allies could count on the Kaiser's mistakes, for he has surrounded himself with men from whom he will never get honest advice. Well, I have the highest respect for Col. Frazer's opinions. His wife is a very fine woman. She has five children in England. Only the baby born last summer is here. I enjoy the boat life. It combines plenty of society with freedom, but I shall be glad to reach a warmer climate.

My dear Mrs. Stewart is working very hard collecting

money and supplies for the refugees from Belgium. The native merchants give freely to the cause, she tells me. They are proud of their King Emperor. King George's visit to India was a wonderful stroke of policy. Hundreds of peasants tramped long, weary miles to see him pass, and then kissed the ground over which he had driven.

SHAHJEHANPUR,
December 6, 1914.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I arrived this morning and had one of the most charming welcomes one can imagine. Little William came with a bound to put his arms around my neck while crying out to the others that I had come. All were at the door to meet me, although I had not written when I should arrive, and having done so at 6.15 A.M., I was hoping that no one would be disturbed. This hope grew vain when Liquor, the Colonel's body servant, met me at the train. I fear I mortified my good friend Liquor, for, of course, I did not recognize him and kept telling him that I did not need his services and that he must go away; then he mentioned Col. Morwood's name and I saw my mistake.

I asked my friends not to call on me on my last day in Srinagar but Miss Murray, a fine Scotch girl, did come and what a blessing she proved, for she went straight to work to help with my packing. She was eager to lend me various luxurious conveniences for traveling which I had difficulty in declining. While I loved her for her kindness and generosity, my repugnance to borrowing was invincible, nor do I take kindly to luxuries of any kind.

December 8, 1914.

Very early yesterday morning I started off with Col. Morwood on a long tour of inspection of dispensaries and small hospitals. The village magistrates all know him well and he seems to have very cordial relations with them. One of these officials told us he had been taught by Italian priests the art of making macaroni. He brought out a bag of fine specimens of various sizes. I admired these priests who tried to improve the material condition of the people. Colonel Morwood holds this official in high esteem. We went through his garden of fruits and vegetables and gratified him by our praise. At one of our stopping places, the Colonel was quite busy and left me seated under some big shade trees. Soon I heard heartrending lamentations and naturally wished to know what dreadful thing was happening. I found the assistant native doctor who could speak a little English and begged him to accompany me to the scene of the trouble. He was extremely reluctant to do so, saying I could do no good, that it was only a young woman leaving her family to go home with her husband. I concluded straightway that the poor creature did not love her husband and was being cruelly treated. Her weeping sounded most pathetic, now rising in high notes, now sinking into convulsive sobs. I found the young woman in a bullock cart closely screened by a heavy curtain, for she could not be seen of men. She was seated on her belongings enveloped head and body in a red calico bedspread and abandoned apparently to the most hopeless grief. I began to talk to her while the native doctor translated at some little distance. "Do you not love your husband?" I asked. No response. I pulled the spread from her face and tried

to divert her attention by admiring her rings, bracelets, etc., but I could get nothing from her. I asked the doctor where her husband was, and hearing that he was the driver, I went to the front of the cart to interview him. I told him he must never take another wife into his house. The native doctor here interposed to say that he had no intention of doing so, that it was not the custom of his caste to take more than one wife. I then enjoined him to be very good to her, which he readily promised. I repeated this promise to the woman and implored her to have courage and patience and to cease her exhaustive weeping. I told her to be a good wife and make the best of her lot. Still, she was inconsolable. I didn't know what next to do or say when the doctor said, "She will not stop crying until her father stops following the cart and goes home. It is the custom and she is obliged to cry." I was astonished at this information. "Where is her father?" I demanded. "There," answered the doctor. I turned and beheld a tall old patriarch leaning on a long staff. He looked exactly as though he had just tumbled out of the Old Testament with his staff and bare feet and legs. The rest of his body was enveloped in a long flowing white garment. He wore a big white turban and it was at once evident that his daughter's able performance was sweet music to his ears. I looked at him fixedly and said slowly, "Don't you think you could go home now and leave your daughter in peace?" The patriarch looked for a moment rather foolish and embarrassed. Then gathering up his dignity, he turned and departed. I then, after a few more remarks on their marital duties, bade the young couple go their way with the peace of Heaven resting on them. The husband seemed genuinely impressed by my fervid

admonitions and made me many salaams, and I felt that I had at least restored peace to the neighborhood.

Col. Morwood had sent a servant on ahead to the 22d mile bungalow to prepare hot lunch for us. I was so hungry it tasted fit for a king.

At several places on our road there stood long lines of native women each holding a baby, most of them yelling. These women were in charge of native officials. The Colonel sprang out at each place and inspected each little arm to see if the vaccination had taken. The vaccination was done by the native doctors.

The Colonel is Medical, Sanitary, and Jail Inspector. He is Governor of the prison as well as its medical officer. He looks so much better now than he did at Gulmarg that I tell him the way to keep a man in good health is to work him to death.

December 9, 1914.

Yesterday Mrs. Jwala Prasada (Tagore's niece) and her sister came to tea and remained quite late. The sister has written a book about Indian myths which has been accepted by the Macmillans. Mrs. Morwood told them of my trying to break up the immemorial customs of old India by silencing the young married woman the day before. Mrs. Jwala Prasada then told me that the Hindoos had the right to take as many wives as they please and only those who have been much influenced by Western ideas adopt the one wife system. She said she informed her family when she married that she did not mean to weep and howl when she departed for her husband's home, and she did not do it, but years afterwards she was bitterly reproached by her aunt for her heartless conduct. She has invited

me to visit her at her camp which I have accepted with pleasure.

December 16, 1914.

How noble were the words of Dr. Butler when he said that the United States owed the high respect she now enjoys in Europe to her repeal of the Canal Tolls Bill. Otherwise, her judgment on the moral aspects of this war would neither have been sought nor valued.

Last Thursday Mrs. Jwala Prasada drove us in her carriage to a Hindoo wedding for which she had procured invitations for us. It was a child wedding, very well-to-do people but not in the highest society. The families on both sides are jewelers. The rooms of the house were built around a paved courtyard. On this pavement were spread quantities of food, mounds of pastries, sweet and plain cakes, fruits, nuts, etc., big solid blocks of sugar, and in fact all kinds of eatables. We had armchairs provided for us on a long curtained veranda, for the ladies are in purdah. There we found the poor little bride. She should have been playing dolls. We admired the many presents she was receiving. This seemed all that was done that day but we were cordially invited to return the next night at midnight to the real ceremony. The priest fixes the hour according to rules of auspiciousness, but I did not think midnight auspicious for people of my age, so we declined. After we got home, the lady of the house sent two immense trays of cakes, pastries, etc., one for Mrs. Morwood and one for me. I wanted some of those delicious looking pastries toasted for tea. They were made with butter and fried in butter and looked very good, but Mrs. Morwood said that after being exposed

to dust on that pavement, they were unfit for our consumption.

Friday night we went to a large dinner given by the Prime Minister of Bhopal on the occasion of his daughter's marriage. They are Mohammedans. The ladies of this family were so strictly secluded that we did not see them. I did not sit near the Prime Minister and had only the chance to speak a few words to him and inquire for her Highness, the Begum. His ancestral home is here and here the wedding took place. There were several gentlemen guests but only one other lady besides ourselves.

The next day we were asked to tea at a very handsome Indian home situated in a large parklike garden. The host, who will be a rajah when his father dies, speaks English fluently. I remonstrated with him for not eating and drinking with us. He replied that he now has some influence with his Hindoo compatriots and uses it to promote liberal ideas as to education and sanitation, but if he broke caste he would have no influence whatever. I owned myself convinced. He is a Brahmin, eats only twice daily, and never touches animal food. He was left a widower very young and has never married again, believing that death is not final and that souls are reincarnated and reunited.

The Morwood house is in a very spacious garden now full of beautiful poinsettias. Yesterday she gave a large garden party in this lovely setting and to-night she gives a large dinner. Her servants are so capable that entertaining is no trouble to her.

December 17, 1914.

The dinner went off delightfully last night. The Rajah was here. We spoke of Baroda and Udaipur. He

has been entertained in both places. He told me that but for advising the Maharajah of Indore not to take another wife, he would be minister there. The first wife had no children. For want of a better title, I called the Rajah "Judge." He said that was one among his titles. It was a pleasure to talk to him because he speaks English so well. There were present also Mrs. Jwala Prasada and her sister, Mrs. Mookaji, and the latter's husband, also some members of the English society of the place. Mrs. Mookaji sang a song composed, both words and music, by her famous uncle, Tagore. It has a singularly exotic tone and rhythm and I liked it very much. Later she sang again and I asked, "Is that also by your uncle?" She replied, "It is 4000 years old." It was from one of the Vedas. Both the Rajah and the other native guests knew these words by heart. He had been talking to me about the great epic poems of India and I had felt mortified at my ignorance of them. When I heard these songs from the Vedas and saw the reverential attention with which they were listened to, I began to realize to what a remote period their civilization extended and with what affection and appreciation they recall that glorious past of their Brahmin race. Every influence combines to foster this pride of race, for the rest of the Hindoo world regards them as sacred beings. When the two sisters sign their names, they add the word "Devi." In becoming Christians, they are lowered, not elevated as are the poor outcasts who gain immensely by the change. The missionaries now tell me they have had to stop baptizing these pariahs wholesale, as they had too few teachers to go among them and instruct them. What a pity!

December 23, 1914.

I left Shahjehanpur very early Friday morning for my visit to the camp of Mrs. Jwala Prasada. In spite of my remonstrances, Mrs. Morwood made me take one of her servants. She also prepared a fine tiffin basket. With the same forethought, a tent, a mattress, and a quantity of covering were placed in the bullock cart with my luggage. Mrs. Morwood told me to ask for the Tesseldar, or chief magistrate, at Pawayan station. This I did and gave him many messages of thanks from her for favors he had done, but the poor man seemed worried and depressed and presently he handed me a note to read. On glancing over it I saw that certain gentlemen were to arrive at Pawayan at midday and had asked the Tesseldar to furnish them with pony-carts and supplies, also to borrow riding ponies for them. It was a pretty big and absolutely thankless task I believe, so I sent the poor man off as politely as I could to grapple with his difficulties.

I reached the little station at 11 A.M. and as Mrs. Jwala Prasada's bullock carts had not arrived, "Hamed" took me to the travelers' bungalow. This was very clean, cool, and airy, one single room with bath attached supported on arches over offices below. I was delighted with it. It reminded me of the prophet's little room on the wall of the Shunammite's garden. Here Hamed spread a substantial repast on a clean cloth, bringing up hot tea from below. Before I had finished, the two carts arrived, drawn by big bullocks. Soon thereafter we set out on a lovely ten-mile drive. We had to ford a shallow river and I was so absorbed in watching the wild life which always flocks to the watercourses in India that the sudden jolt down the bank nearly threw me out on my head, but fortunately Hamed sat in front

of me and by clutching him I saved myself. The monkeys were so amusing, jumping in the water and swimming off with the same ease and agility they display in the trees. Some of the birds were beautifully colored and there was quite a variety of them. I walked from the river to the camp. Mrs. Jwala Prasada came to meet me surrounded by several of her servants. I was taken to a very nice guest tent where hot water was brought for my bath. Dinner was served in another tent. Many of the dishes I liked, but others were seasoned with strange herbs or spices to which I am unaccustomed. My hostess dined with me, but she does not touch animal food, not even an egg, nor are eggs used in her kitchen. While visiting her, I never saw a fowl in her villages. Her people like herself are strict vegetarians. She had fish and chicken for me, besides vegetables, of course. A pudding made of custard apples was really excellent. We both went to bed early, she having a dreadful cold and I glad to rest after my long drive. I slept delightfully, feeling quite secure among her retainers and servants. Breakfast was brought to me, one I had ordered, tea and toast with hot rice and boiled milk. The sun rose so free of mist that it seemed almost to come up out of the ocean, so level is this land. I watched the herd of wild cattle defile past on the way to the forest. She calls them wild because they are never milked or handled, but are kept for the rearing of working bullocks. The pair which pulled me the day before were superb creatures, ash colored with straight horns. Her agent said there were two hundred in this herd, mostly cows and calves. They are driven up every night as there are many leopards in the forest. When the sun shone warm, her birds were taken out of their cages for their baths; one,

a myna (the same I had seen in Srinagar turning over stones to find insects), took great pleasure in his bath, and when he got out he flew to his mistress, caressing her most affectionately, touching her face and lips with his beak, a very pretty sight.

Mrs. Jwala Prasada then had a table placed before her and got ready to receive her tenants, for she had only arrived in this village the day before. Soon the villagers came to do homage and to pay her the customary tribute of one rupee from each man. This tribute has nothing to do with rent. It is called a gift, but by long prescription has become a part of the landlord's regular revenue. Each tenant had something to say and Mrs. Jwala Prasada asked about his family and circumstances, how many cows and bullocks he had, etc. Then he knelt, touched each of her feet with his hand, and carrying it to his forehead placed his rupee on the table. There were fifty-four rupees. One of these men came to me and going through the same form presented me with a rupee. Mrs. Jwala Prasada said it would hurt his feelings if I did not take it, that it was customary to give something to the friend of the zemindar, or landlord, but nothing could induce me to take money from an Indian peasant. The man seemed bewildered by my refusal and gave it to Mrs. Jwala Prasada, who laid it on her pile. This ceremony over, we went to the home of the chief man of the Mohammeden village. He had a pile of rice of many bushels as a gift to his zemindar. The heap was decorated with flowers. His wife knelt and did homage, presenting a rupee. Then she came to me and went through the same ceremony, but I put the money back in her hand. I had no right to it though I recognized that their zemindar had. That afternoon we went to see



MRS. JWALA PRASADA

the women in one of the quarters of the village. They knelt as usual, but only the wife of the head man gave a rupee. The women sat or squatted in a group devouring their zemindar with their eyes. How much she represents to their imagination!—exalted rank, wealth and power, and being a Brahmin, she is also divine, an incarnation in part of the deity. One of the old women complained of the well. It was not “pucker.” It was “kucher.” So that was inquired into and a “pucker” well promised. In all these interviews, my hostess appeared at her best. She dresses in white muslin draperies, severely plain as becomes a Brahmin widow, but they are laundered daily and are snowy white. This muslin goes over her head but does not conceal her face. She is small and pretty and there was something fascinating about her as she listened to the complaints of her villagers and inquired into the circumstances of each family. Still I do not enjoy seeing the poor make gifts to the rich. I think it should be the other way round. These gifts are, however, a time-honored source of land revenue, and I am assured that the villagers are very prosperous.

She had bought a magic lantern with slides for that evening’s entertainment in the village, but for some reason it would not work so we had to get out the graphophone instead. That should have been for the next day so that I could see them enjoy it, but now they listened in the darkness, for the few lanterns made little impression in the night. All the records were in their language. Afterwards in the tent we had some very fine music by Melba, Caruso, and others.

Next day the bullock carts were brought up and we went across the fields to the forest of twenty-two hundred acres. One of the peasants whose duty it is

to guard the crops on the edge of this forest told us that the night before two male leopards were fighting near his shack. We crossed the river again and the water came into our cart, but we kept dry. We were accompanied by her agent and two men to shoot game as she wished to send some to Mrs. Morwood. We saw numbers of ducks flying over the water and the men shot some, but as they had no dog only three were secured. I felt much pity for the poor wounded creatures left to die. Near where we crossed the river there was an enormous "pepel" tree filled with birds. This tree is considered sacred because it furnishes so much shade, and so much fruit for birds.

That afternoon we got in the cart again and started off to a big village four miles distant. Mrs. J. had completed her stay there before I joined her. It numbers 673 houses and the families own six thousand head of cattle. We saw many of these cattle in the fields. The houses are of mud, flat roofed, surrounded by cattle sheds of the same construction, cool in summer and warm in winter, but ugly and dirty. They have no fuel but cow dung the year round, depending in winter on the sun for warmth, but the climate then is very fine. I went into one house and talked to the woman. She had five children and seven head of cattle. This village is surrounded by an immense grove of mango trees, the fruit of which is free to the villagers and it must be an immense boon to them. They may be considered quite prosperous from an Indian point of view. I had long talks with my hostess on various subjects. She is much opposed to the missionary propaganda among the outcasts, has a contempt for them for appealing to such an element, the lowest in the Hindoo world. I agreed with her that

the Christianity of these poor people was simply a name, but I said that there was such power in that name that through it their children's children would be materially and socially elevated, for they would be taught by the missionaries gradually as funds could be provided for teachers, and that, regarded merely as a social movement, it must have momentous consequences for India. "What," I asked, "has Hindooism done for these poor degraded creatures who have remained pariahs for many centuries, not even permitted to enter a Hindoo temple, their touch, their very presence defiling? They have been a dead weight of ignorance and degradation for India to carry, clogging all her efforts for the uplift of her people. None of the higher caste could associate with them or conceive the possibility of intermarriage. Now let the Christians see what they can do with them." She relished my talk no more than a Southern planter before the war did that of the Abolitionists. I did not make myself popular with her, but in a serious conversation I was bound to express my real convictions.

We spoke of the case of the Tesseldar of Pawayan. She said she had posted notices in her forest to prevent shooting without her permission but if officers wrote her a polite request to be allowed to shoot there, she always consented and made every arrangement to insure successful sport. She said, "I have no children, I have no favors to ask of them. I am independent and stand in no awe of them. I protect my tenants when illegal exactions are made. There are many poor native officials hoping for promotion who will sometimes exact labor from the peasants to please those higher up. They even intimidate the peasants into parting from their grain below its market value when their chief

in the office tells them to buy grain as cheap as possible."

I repeated this conversation to Mrs. Morwood who is very fair-minded, and she said it could well happen from time to time, but she believed that Indian officials were much more likely to make such exactions than the English. She had known many English employees who drew very small pay for white men, but all seemed to live strictly within their income. Colonel Morwood said it was the custom in the game season to call on the peasants for their labor, sometimes even for their carts and bullocks. Mrs. Morwood thinks this is done through their rajahs and zemindars. I can see no remedy except to educate the masses to know their rights. Undoubtedly the English Government protects them to a great extent, but it is hard to protect sheep from dogs, and there are some in every race who prey upon the weak. The English, I believe, have as few such as any race on earth.

I was most delighted with my visit and very grateful to Mrs. Jwala Prasada for inviting me. She is a very wealthy woman with large estates in various parts of the country. Although she has no children, her husband left her all his property to dispose of as she sees fit. Her income is about one hundred thousand rupees I am told. She is a very interesting personage, young and pretty, so very dainty in her appearance. She has a school for girls in Shahjehanpur and there was one in the larger village I saw but none in the smaller. She said this latter was only five years old and she intended to provide it with a school. I asked if she would permit a missionary teacher. She replied "no" most emphatically. I told her I had found the missionary schools admirable and quoted the Prime Minister of Baroda.

But one must not expect a Brahmin widow to be too advanced. It is wonderful that she should eat with me. I told her what the Rajah gave as a reason for not breaking caste. She replied, "My husband had as much influence as he, and he ate with his guests." I fancy the Rajah-Judge still has the caste prejudice himself very strongly.

I had one talk with my hostess which I fear has permanently lowered me in her estimation. I was speaking of Kashmir and mentioned the cruelty shown by the farmers in getting rid of the cattle too old to repay for winter feeding. I said in countries where cattle are eaten their fate is a far happier one. In old age they are fattened in stalls in the winter, in summer they lie down in green pastures. Their death, unanticipated and made as painless as possible, is very different from that of the poor old cows of Kashmir which are devoured by the vultures when they are too weak to struggle, or else thrown into the icy waters of the Jhelum with their legs shackled. She said: "With a like reasoning, you would have our grandmothers killed." I saw then that our souls could not really come in contact for she was still of the Orient and I of the West, but I admire her greatly and wish I could make a fitting return for all the pleasure she has given me

I forgot to say earlier that Colonel Morwood has been ordered to Benares. They are busy packing. They leave on the thirtieth and I go on the same date to Delhi.

SHAHJEHANPUR,

December 30, 1914.

Last night just as I was going to bed, Mrs. Morwood came to say that her husband did not like the idea of

my going to Delhi at this season, that it was too cold for me there and I might take pneumonia, that I must go to Benares with them for at least the first half of January. I was much touched at the affectionate interest shown in me and we are now off to Benares, the Holy City. I have come over to this dear, gentle Mrs. Jwala Prasada's to ask if I may use her writing desk as ours is packed.

Christmas in Shahjehanpur has been very gay. I refused two fashionable, and as Mrs. Morwood informs me, typical Anglo-Indian festival dinners, followed by old-fashioned dances in their big rooms with all sorts of merrymaking. For days the Morwoods were bombarded with presents from their Indian friends. It is the custom in India to give lavishly. The Morwoods thought that as it was so well known they were to leave here, gifts would be few. On the contrary it seems that their Indian friends wanted to show their appreciation all the more. The front veranda was kept positively covered with big trays of wicker filled with the choicest fruits and vegetables, cones of loaf sugar, nuts, beautifully iced fruit cakes ordered from the finest confectioner of Lucknow, all sorts of sweetmeats, dolls and mechanical toys for the children, a fish weighing fully twenty pounds, smaller fish alive in water, a turkey, all kinds of Indian dainties, and dozens of jars and boxes of imported bon-bons. The Morwoods could easily stock a shop with these things. The vegetables are very fine, immense cauliflowers like those in California.

The day after Christmas, Mrs. Morwood gave a children's party to sixty little guests. There was a merry-go-round, a phonograph, and a big Christmas tree loaded with gifts. The table, covered with refresh-

ments, had seats for all. After the dance they went home surfeited with presents and sweets. Yesterday afternoon another big children's party took place at a very handsome home, an elegant affair, but I thought not so charming as the Morwood garden party. All these children are not English, of course. There were Eurasians and some pure Indians.

I went with Mrs. Morwood to an afternoon tea at the house of the Minister of Bhopal. We saw the ladies of the family on this occasion, as no men were invited. Mrs. Mookaji took us there in her sister's elegant carriage. The ladies of the Prime Minister's family spoke no English so I could only entertain myself by looking at them. Being Mohammedans, they wore tight trousers, short skirts and draperies, very gay colors, and were loaded with jewelry. I tried to talk to the Prime Minister but his English is wretched. He showed us two superb horses of which he is very proud. Both have taken several prizes.

BENARES,
January 6, 1915.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Many friends of the Morwoods were at the station in Shahjehanpur to see us off. Mrs. Jwala Prasada was ill but sent beautiful garlands of roses. On our arrival in Benares, we were met by Indian friends of the Colonel who brought long garlands of marigolds. We looked like a festive procession driving through the streets in open carriages thus decorated up to this lovely and stately home in its green garden. It is one of the handsomest private houses I have yet visited. It stands high above the ground with lofty pillars and a roof garden. The weather is most delightful, the nights cool enough

for me to sleep under a good deal of cover. We are rather far from the town and must drive everywhere.

January 13, 1915.

Mrs. Morwood said yesterday: "Few tourists in India have had your experience of moving with an official's family from one station to another and now you are to pay my visits of ceremony with me, for in India the new comer pays the first calls." Colonel Morwood is extremely busy. On one day since coming here, he performed six operations for cataract. In India, a man is retired at the early age of fifty-five. This must sometimes be a real misfortune, for a man of that age is usually in his prime and they can't take to needlework and knitting like women. L. is surprised at my saying I thought it a privilege to see this war through. I certainly had not realized its horrors, but if we are ever to have lasting peace, militarism must be crushed.

In coming to this house, the Morwoods not only found a beautiful home but it was already furnished, so we avoided the turmoil and discomfort of getting ourselves settled. We simply walked in as into an enchanted palace.

January 20, 1915.

I want to go to Paris on my way home, but I am dreadfully afraid of German bombs and mines. I am not as bold as Luther when he started to Worms, still my objection to dying in that way might not be insuperable were it not for my longing to see you all once more, and also the very childish desire to deliver the little gifts I have bought.

During a walk with Colonel Morwood, he pointed out the house occupied by Warren Hastings in 1784. In the garden stands a big sundial with an inscription saying it was erected by his order. It is in perfect preservation and as useful as a sundial is able to be.

I decided not to go to Allahabad to see the thousand naked fakirs dance down into the Ganges in holy frenzy. My friend, the fakir, who sits near the Ganges here on a bed of nail points, went to Allahabad on this occasion, but I suppose has now returned to his chosen site. He is a powerful man with his broad face smeared with ashes and I think might be better employed. Yet I paid him for the good look I took of him. We went yesterday to call on a family of Brahmins, highly respectable and well-to-do. They sent their handsome carriage for us, but they retain the simple, primitive customs of their ancestors, and their household expenditure cannot be great. We found cows feeding at the front door, the house large but very plain. Three brothers live there, together with their families. The men and the children were all dressed like peasants. They provided chairs for us which were carried from one part of the house to the other. The ladies live in strict purdah, not even going into the garden. We had garlands hung about our necks before we were carried to see them. The youngest babies were brought out for our admiration. One, only six weeks old, had on a nose ring. I asked why a boy wore a nose ring. The answer was that the parents had already lost three boys, so to deceive the evil spirits, they were treating this one as a girl. As it was entirely naked, I thought even the most foolish evil spirit could hardly be deceived. The three wives all wore large nose rings. When you see such things, it is useless to look for in-

telligence or culture. Mrs. Morwood and little Elizabeth had brought some little presents which gave much pleasure. One of the brothers tried in return to give Elizabeth a handsome ring, but her mother would not let her accept it. These brothers have the rank of Pundits, but their superstitions seem very absurd to me.

January 28, 1915.

Two days ago the wealthiest zemindar near here sent an elegant automobile to carry us to his country place. He met us at the door dressed in European style except for his embroidered bedroom slippers. The ladies of the family received us in a large reception room crowded with costly and tasteless articles. It was a pity to see such a waste of money. The zemindar was gratified by our compliments, and pleased that we could tell him the names and meanings of his copies of antique marbles. He has his own electric light plant and the rooms were provided with elegant electroliers. The ladies took their seats in a row and stared at us. There was no possibility of conversation. Mrs. Morwood, who is very tactful, asked the young married daughters to show us their work, which they did with pleasure, crochet work, and various home-made dolls which, like the ladies, wore nose rings, that mark of inferiority. They tried to give the dolls to Elizabeth, who was induced at length to accept two of the simplest. The zemindar showed us his gardens and greenhouses containing many fine plants. I said, "Your daughters must take great pleasure in these gardens," forgetting that they are confined to the women's apartments. This man has no sons, which is a great sorrow to him. If his daughters could go out with him and be his

companions, he would not feel the need of a son. The girls looked about fifteen and sixteen. Though married, they have not yet been sent to the homes of their husbands. The zemindar has had water brought into his grounds and made an artificial lake enclosing an island garden. The flowers are in pots, no trees. Then there are pavilions lit by electricity. His secretary told me it had cost a lot of money and I can well believe it.

My Christmas letters telling how the children went down the mountain to get the Christmas tree and how they decorated it themselves and the fun they had were most delightful. I leave Benares in two days. My stay here has been very agreeable and interesting. Mrs. Morwood and I have been doing some sightseeing together. We went to a native silk brocade factory where the weaving is done on hand looms. The worker sits on the edge of a pit, his feet in it, his loom partly over it. The brocade thus woven is most elegant. Mrs. M. ordered a dress pattern for a court dress to be made up in London after the war. This brocade costs from \$10 a yard up. The weavers work twelve hours daily for \$3½ dollars a month. My heart ached for those long hours, four too much. The gold thread used to come from Germany, but now from France. The head man complained of the way Indian industry had been disorganized by the war owing to the suspension of trade with Germany. How rich Germany was growing before she precipitated this war. She was taking peaceful possession of the earth and everywhere welcomed, her ships in every port, and wherever England had control, they received the same treatment as her own, for England alone carried out in this respect the principles of free trade. How astounding then, this trail of death and desolation wherever her armies have

penetrated! The other day at a tea given by Mrs. Morwood, I met an interesting Indian official who speaks English perfectly and has broken with caste. He agreed with me that the movement of the pariah class into the Christian church will have momentous consequences for this country, if it continues. An Englishman present said that neither he nor his friends would hire native Christians because they were not trustworthy. I said that might have been true hitherto for, on becoming Christians, they became outcasts from their own people so that public opinion could no longer exercise its salutary and restraining influence over them, but that this could no longer be the case under the conditions of the present movement. In this opinion the Indian gentleman concurred. He told me much about Mrs. Annie Besant and her doings. He said she tried to force the students of the college and university of Benares to subscribe to her views about a Hindoo youth she is having educated at Oxford. This youth she represents as a reincarnation both of Christ and Buddha. The parents of the students became so alarmed at this heretical teaching that she was forced to withdraw from active participation in the management of these institutions which she had done much to found. The Hindoo gentleman tells me that the native princes contributed very largely toward founding them. The zemindar whom we visited made also a contribution of one hundred thousand dollars. The other evening at the club I met an Englishman who was opposed to home rule for Ireland and an Irish Catholic who was strongly in favor of it. I said I should love to hear each express his views and his reasons for holding them if they would both keep cool. They then argued with so much warmth and feeling that the rest of the company

sat quite silent to listen. The Englishman declared that there were rights so sacred that they could never be submitted to the ballot or to arbitration. I said there was but one alternative,—war. This he frankly acknowledged. I pointed out that even in Ulster there were counties which were in favor of home rule; and however imperfect majority rule might be, it was preferable to civil war. The Englishman maintained that he preferred civil war, so the Irish Catholic and I joined forces against him. My hope is that this war will solve that question as it doubtless will solve many another in its great ordeal of fire. I enjoyed this talk, for I get tired of society conversation which consists so much in personalities.

LUCKNOW,
February 10, 1915.

MY DEAR FAMILY :

I am writing at the station while I wait for the train which is to carry me to Delhi. I have had four delightful days with Flora Robinson at the Isabella Thoburn College.

In spite of my entreaties, the Morwood family were up to see me off, the kindest, best, most generous of people. Mrs. Morwood spent the last days improving my wardrobe and adding touches to my hat. Little William clung to me, kissing me and begging me not to go. Well, it was a wrench to part after months of close and delightful intimacy, for with them I felt I had a home and a family even in India.

I got to the College in time to share in a very agreeable entertainment which was given to say farewell to a departing teacher. There were refreshments and music. I found some interesting American magazines which I

devoured eagerly. Sunday I heard Bishop Robinson, Flora's father, preach, a very attractive old gentleman. I went early to secure a front seat where I could hear. While I was waiting, an old man entered and coming up to me offered his hand. I rose and shook it warmly, thinking, "This old man is on the brink of the grave and I wish him a silent *bon voyage*." I don't doubt he had the same thought for me. Flora is a delightful companion when she has any time to give to you, but she is very busy, for her duties are manifold. It is pathetic to me to see such beauty and sweetness spent in working over these Indian girls when she ought to have a home of her own and be bringing up her own children. She listened with apparent interest to my stories of my grandchildren. Yesterday there was a big dinner at the college. Two Bishop John Robinsons were present, Bishop Warne, and Flora's brother, Dr. Robinson, who is an accomplished surgeon. He worked several years with the Mayo brothers. Bishop Warne told me they could not secure enough teachers for the new converts to the Christian faith. How I wish they could be taught and elevated! The Hindoo faith, as we outsiders see it, is so filthy and degrading, and yet its adherents have so many fine qualities. Generally speaking, they are very trustworthy. I cannot forget what the missionary's wife in southern India said when speaking of the thief caste, "They are so honest," which her husband did not deny. Mr. Biscoe's method of teaching morals and religion was, I must confess, most congenial to me. Indeed, I admired him greatly.

Bishop Warne hopes England will establish a protectorate over Palestine and Arabia and give them the blessings of a settled government. There would, of

course, be many obstacles to this, though I think not insuperable.

Well, my comfort about the war is that the existing horrors will make people hate it more than all sermons and peace societies could ever hope to do. I am so harrowed when I read of the Belgian children and their sufferings! I think instantly of ours and picture them homeless, starving, and freezing, flying before the German armies. And the women who can never be wives and mothers because the young men lie in bloody graves who should have married them! I sometimes wonder whether monogamy will not break down after this fearful slaughter.

I hope the terms of peace will be merciful to Germany. They in their triumph were not merciful to France. They have been savagely cruel to Belgium, and should they defeat England they would, no doubt, exact the whole pound of flesh. Yet to imitate injustice and cruelty is but to perpetuate hatreds and retard civilization.

MARTEN'S HOTEL, DELHI,
February 18, 1915.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I am surprised to hear that so many Californians sympathize with Germany in this war. No one admired Germans more than I did, indeed I loved them, and still do, but I cannot consider their cause a just one. Nothing like the treatment of Belgium has been seen since the Turks overran eastern Europe, and this from a country which was to lead us to a higher culture! There is no free press in Germany. Their churches, their schools, their universities are state institutions, and those who control the government have been able

to mould the people at will into the most docile instruments ever perhaps wielded by an autocrat.

I called on Sir James Roberts soon after I arrived here. He received me with great kindness and returned the call the same day. He is surgeon to the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge. I took lunch with Lady Roberts to-day and Sunday they are to dine with me at this hotel. Lady Roberts has a beautiful little girl who behaved most admirably at luncheon.

On Monday I leave for Gwalior. Sir James is to write and put me in charge of the British Resident there. I hope to see the Maharajah's family and Sindia who belongs to a celebrated line of Indian princes. I shall then go on to Jaipur under the same circumstances. I asked Sir James Roberts if there had been the slightest pressure put upon these Indian potentates to make them send in war contributions. "Not the slightest," he answered emphatically.

A few days ago I drove out to the Kutub Minar. There is now a wonderful road leading to it eleven miles long under trees the whole way. The new capital is to reach within three miles of the Kutub. The plain on which it is to be built has seen the rise and decay of more than one Delhi. On all sides are the ruins of tombs, mosques, and palaces. The great Tower of Victory is as perfect as ever in its beauty. The garden is now carefully tended and far more beautiful than when Sedley and I were there eighteen years ago.

GWALIOR,
February 25, 1915.

The day before I left Delhi, Sir James and Lady Roberts dined with me. I had met some pleasant people in the hotel, a mother and daughter whom I asked to

join the party. They made themselves agreeable to Lady Roberts while I talked politics to her husband. As he has access to all sources of information in this country, he is thoroughly acquainted with the sentiment of its native ruling classes. Apart from his varied information, he is a delightful man, one of the finest specimens of the men England sends out to her colonies, modest and unassuming, with an air of gentle deference in his manner to those with whom he is conversing which is very flattering. My little party, however, was not without its irritations. I had put the matter of wines and drinks entirely in the hands of the hotel manager, but they were so long in appearing that it became embarrassing. Then after dinner, as soon as I had begun an absorbing discussion of American politics, here came the waiter with my bill. I no sooner got rid of him and resumed my conversation than the manager appeared at the door. Hastily concluding that he was looking for me, for I was to leave at a very early hour next morning, I sprang up and took the long walk to my room for my purse. On paying the bill, I expressed my surprise at the way I was treated, when the manager assured me warmly that he was not looking for me at all but for a gentleman for whom he had a letter. He apologized also profusely for the presentation of the bill as the mistake of a stupid waiter. I returned to the drawing room, but I could not get into the vein again. On leaving, Sir James said he had written to his friends in Gwalior and Jaipur to "put me up." I protested saying that of course I had expected to go to an hotel, but he insisted on having his own way. I left very early on Monday, Washington's birthday. I had as a companion a very nice English girl who lives in Lisbon but was visiting friends here. Her brother is an official

at Simla. She was in high spirits as she found India very delightful. I laughingly told her that I meant to get out of the train as quickly as possible so as to prevent the English Resident from seeing that I was traveling second class, but before I could put my foot on the platform a gentleman took my hand and assisted me to alight. It was the English Resident. He had his motor car waiting and as we whirled off he said, "I am not taking you to the Residency, but to the house of some friends. My new abode is unfinished and the old one is not suited for entertaining." So I was driven to the home of the Director-General of Education, Mr. Bull. His wife met me with great amiability and when I said I should have gone to an hotel as I had expected to do, she answered, "I do not have many guests and am very glad to have you. You will be less lonely here than in the hotel." This was a most pleasant beginning. They were waiting lunch for us and when this was over, the Resident said he would return to take us to tea in the new Residency grounds, and later to dinner with him.

We had a pleasant drive of three miles to the new Residency. Tea was laid in the garden which was full of lovely flowers. There were other guests; one, Sir John Marshall, is at the head of the archæological department for all India. His wife has gone to England to put their boy at school. No one here likes to keep a son after he is ten years old. They say he must be brought up in the English atmosphere at an English school. I agree with this view. Oriental influences on boys cannot be for good. We wandered through the gardens and the new building, finally climbing up to the turret for the view. That evening we dined at the old Residency, which I prefer to the fine new one. It is

homelike and comfortable. I am so deaf I cannot follow general conversation, and this is very trying to me as well as to others.

A big elephant was ordered for me next morning, and busy as Mr. Bull was, he accompanied me on an excursion to the famous old hill fortress. I told Mr. Bull of my trip on an elephant up this same hill seventeen years ago with my son, how he wanted to talk about the historical associations of the place, but it was my first elephant ride and I could only think and talk of the many ways in which the huge creature could kill us if it chose. It ended in Sedley's losing all patience with me. Mr. Bull is a superb guide. This fortress was built when Henry VII was on the English throne, yet its apartments could be occupied to-day. That afternoon, we had a picnic tea with some friends of Mr. Jardine (the Resident) on the other side of the hill fortress, on a lower terrace, shaded from the sun. After this tea, we went on an elephant to see the great images carved on the perpendicular walls of rock. They are very ancient and so huge that the hand of one figure is six feet long.

Sindia of Gwalior is very wealthy and has done much for the city. Long rows of buildings are beautifully carved with such lightness and delicacy that it looks like lace work. Sindia has progressive ideas and has built a hospital, the Victoria College, a club house, a fine theater, a general post-office, and many municipal buildings.

Yesterday, we went to the weekly reception at the palace. Mrs. Bull first took me up the private stairway to the purdah apartments. We found only the first or principal wife in the drawing-room, a small fat lady dressed in a sari, very airy. She could speak English so we sat together and talked. Sindia took his second

wife because this one had no children. He was engaged at one time to the Baroda princess, but his mother managed to break off the engagement, so it is said, as she regarded the princess as too emancipated from purdah restraints. I should not have dared to mention the Baroda family to Her Highness but one of her first questions was, "Do you know the Maharanee of Baroda?" So we talked of them. When I mentioned having met the brides of the two sons, she was eager to know how they were dressed, what colors they wore, "and the Maharanee, how was she dressed?" I racked my brain in vain to remember the toilet details. "Were they all very fair, or not?" She herself was fair for a Hindoo. I asked to see the baby, for the new wife has an infant, and I also asked to see the other ladies. While the servant was gone with inquiries, I examined the full-length portrait of Sindia on the wall, very dark with low brows, the hair forming a straight line across the forehead, so when a woman entered bearing an infant with these characteristic features I exclaimed that its likeness was very great to its father, the Maharajah. I felt very foolish when I was told it was not his child but that of a general. The baby was in fact a grandchild of the Prime Minister who held office at the time of the great mutiny, and who influenced the Sindia of that day to stand by the English. When the servant returned he reported that the little princess was asleep, the Maharanee mother not well and lying down, so without seeing any more ladies, we went to the public reception room to meet Sindia. He did not much resemble his portrait, wore European clothes, and had lost his upper front teeth which detracts much from his appearance and I suspect this was the reason the Baroda princess would not marry him. Sindia speaks English

very well, of course. I congratulated him on the first child being a girl saying an heir who came too early often proved embarrassing. He said many people thought he was disappointed in the baby, but he was not. He added that his mother had told him that morning that the baby was now two months old and it was time to take her out in the air and show her to his friends, which he intended doing that very afternoon. He spoke of his mother's advice in the tone of one who had perfect confidence in the wisdom of age. This is the Oriental point of view and I could wish that facts bore it out. The old lady is conservative to the last degree. I was very sorry not to have seen her.

Sindia sent a ship to Europe to bring back invalided soldiers. Mr. Bull went to Bombay to receive them and says those who were wounded and disabled were most cheerful, but those whose health had given way, preventing them from seeing any fighting, were very melancholy. The ship is to return for more.

JAIPUR HOTEL,
March 1, 1915.

Here I am all alone in this hotel, a guest of the Maharajah who is himself absent. The clerk of his council comes morning and afternoon in a carriage from the royal stables and takes me on interesting drives. A member of the state council called also by direction of His Highness and he accompanied me one day. They are both Brahmins and when we went to see the observatory, they got a third, a learned Pundit, to explain this remarkable building erected by Jai Sing, who founded the city. He lived in the time of Louis XIV and must have been a very remarkable man, for he himself invented many of the curious instruments used

for astronomical observations. He dotted his observatories all over central India. The one at Delhi is still used by the Pundits. My Pundit was evidently a very learned man, but all the king's horses and all the king's men could not make me understand these abstruse subjects.

I leave to-night after four days of great interest here. I have become very friendly with the council clerk. He has told me so much about his family affairs which interest me very much. He has two brothers living elsewhere, but the way they coöperate in bringing up their children is most admirable. I had a glorious drive with him out to the old palace of Amber. It looked fresher and more beautiful than ever. Whatever desire I expressed, the friendly clerk declared himself ready to gratify. Seeing the camels go by I said, "I should like so much to ride on a swift dromedary." "I can easily arrange that. His Highness has some fine ones." I answered, "How lovely, I want you to accompany me on one." Fatal remark! He has not mentioned the subject since. He is rather inclined to be fat and averse to exercise, and it may be that he might appear ridiculous to his people riding on a swift dromedary with an old woman from across the sea. In vain I tried to make him understand the charm of climbing these steep and tower-crowned hills around Jaipur. I have asked him to carry me to the foot of the steepest and then to climb it with me. He said he should certainly arrange it, but he persistently avoids the subject since then. However, he has treated me most handsomely and I am very grateful to him. The name of Sir James Roberts is one to conjure with. My friend, the clerk, guided him through Jaipur, and years later when Sir James returned with Lord Hardinge he remembered and asked

for him by name. Such thoughtful consideration completely won his heart.

At the Amber palace, we passed before a temple and my guide, who is a Brahmin, stopped to speak to its guardians. Then he knelt and bowed very low three times to the goddess Kali. He then showed me an image of that bloodthirsty female with her necklace of human heads. I was about to express my opinion of this inhuman worship when the thought of the eternal hell fire of our Christian creed came to moderate my indignation.

This corner of India is like an eddy off from the main current. So conservative is the Maharajah that he will not own a motor car. His nobles long for them but dare not indulge themselves against his prejudices. Not one of the ladies of his purdah has ever received a European woman, not even a woman doctor, yet even here some little progress has filtered through. I asked the clerk of the council if he would kill a cobra. He said he had done so and would do it again. Then I asked if he would take a drink of water from my hand. Under ordinary circumstances, no, but if he were suffering greatly he would. These are large concessions which please me highly. We went to the jail this morning and I was greatly pleased with the superintendent. He said he had never had a prisoner flogged since he took the post eight years ago, that he did all he could to ameliorate their lot, and had never had any disturbance among them. Some were weaving lovely carpets for His Highness, but I do not think they can follow this trade after leaving prison though I forgot to ask. I told him about the Manila jail and how it fitted its inmates to lead useful lives. I disapproved highly of the fetters on the legs of the men and he said he would try

to get them removed, that he had urged His Highness to give the necessary orders for it, which he had promised to do at some future time on visiting the jail in person. His Highness is now making a pilgrimage to the holy places on the Ganges, but a far holier deed would have been to strike the chains from these poor wretches. The jailer said he would do his utmost on his return to get it done. This man has been in the English service and has been lent to Jaipur by them.

The Museum here was opened for me. It is fine but fatiguing. In the garden, I looked at my friends, the big tigers and the crocodiles. The old crocodile with three eyes which Sedley and I saw is no longer here. I do not think the Pink Street is as brilliant in color as it was seventeen years ago.

I am the only guest in the hotel. The crows come to my veranda to snatch the remains of my chota-hazri and the sparrows hop on the dinner table for my crumbs. I am so lonely I feel like the prophet being fed by the ravens, only these birds come to be fed and not to feed me. During my drives, I see the most gorgeous peafowls. They and the pigeons are sacred.

AJMER,
March 3, 1915.

It was quite a come-down arriving here with no one to meet me. There is no good hotel and after trying the railway station room, I sallied out in quest of missionaries and was lucky enough to find Americans, young ladies from Michigan, a teaching mission. I am most comfortable with them. All the mission ladies I have met are very good housekeepers and make the most of simple, wholesome food. There is a very fine college here, built for the education of Rajput princes and



MAHARAJAH OF JAIPUR

nobles, the Mayo College. In the center of the garden is a large building used for classes. Around it in the big enclosure are grouped thirteen beautiful buildings erected for the boys by the rulers of the native states from which they come. The boys all belong to the nobility, of course. The day I saw it was a holiday. It must have been something like a Puritan Sabbath for they were not even allowed to play games. I went through one dormitory. Each room had its little library of English books. I became quite interested in three small brothers from Nepal. They were quite fair with refined features. The English books in the room of the youngest were profusely illustrated. This little fellow wore big diamond studs in his ears. I said, "You should give those jewels to your sister." "Oh, my sister has some," he replied. He told me proudly, "I am a Gurka of the ruling race in Nepal." Nepal is entirely free, I understand, except that it can make no treaty with foreign powers. These three brothers were of a very different type from the Nepalese pilgrims I saw in Benares. These latter looked like Tartars with flat faces and high cheekbones. The youngest brother had an accordion and played quite well on it. I told the teacher who conducted me that all these boys should learn music and dancing; that in America these things were highly esteemed. The Orientals associate them with Nautsch girls. Of course these Rajputs are exceedingly conservative and when I said I loved to dance with my grandchildren I only horrified them.

In the afternoon two of the mission ladies drove with me to the public gardens. A horticultural exposition was being held and the flowers were perfectly exquisite. We could stay but a short time, however, for when a crowd of Hindoo holiday makers came in my lady

companions were frightened. It seems that Europeans are expected to stay in their houses during this festival. I was not scared and wanted to look at the flowers longer, but I was obliged to go.

This morning I rode seven miles in a tonga with a pair of stout horses over the mountain to see the most sacred lake in all India and the only Brahma temple in the peninsula. The lake is called Pushkar and is surrounded by temples making a picturesque scene. I do not know why this should be the only temple erected to Brahma unless it be that he does not inspire fear. In the visitor's book kept by the priests, I copied off the following lines of some enthusiastic Indian scholar: "Only temple of our old historic times and have become much pleased with the nice management of (name of the manager) who possess in him very good magnetic power to attract all community and amiability of character which will please everybody of every kind of rank in society. Our generous Great Britain is patronizing this holy temple by which I can imagine our Hindoo religion will some day or other be regarded as the most sacred of all the religions prevailing in the world at present. All religionists will at this temple with the same eye as our ancients used to do so." I presume there were other equally racy entries but I only read this one. The signatures of Lord Hardinge and his wife, Winifred, were framed and put under glass, the only ones so honored.

TAJ MAHAL HOTEL, BOMBAY,
March 6, 1915.

As I had written to my Parsi friend, Miss Cursetjee, that I was coming, I found waiting for me an invitation to attend a great memorial meeting in honor of the late

Mr. Gokhal, the Hindoo patriot and statesman. I arrived late and found the hall densely crowded, but Miss Cursetjee's name was all sufficient. A gentleman took me to the front row where I found her seated. At first she asked a sweet-faced Parsi lady sitting behind her to share her seat with me. This I positively refused to accept, but I perched myself on the extreme edge of her chair as she is very small. I was not uncomfortable and highly interested. Electric fans cooled the air. Many races and religions were represented on the platform. All paid the warmest tribute to the dead man, and all spoke in English. The Aga Khan had a good deal to say. His color and face are almost European. I am curious to know more about this gentleman who is called "His Highness." I am told he is the head of a numerous sect of Mohammedans, not only in India but in Zanzibar and South Africa; that he is a cultivated gentleman with immense influence over his followers which he uses for good from the European point of view. He does not look over thirty, but I cannot judge of his age. Sir James Roberts, in speaking of him, said he was descended from the Old Man of the Mountain. Now I think that individual lived during the crusades and founded the Order of Assassins, but I have no books here to look him up. I never heard of any Mohammedan sects except the Sunnis and the Shiahs, though I have read there is a reform movement going on in Persia.

After the meeting was over, the Governor's wife stopped to shake hands with Miss Cursetjee. I saw no other lady so honored. My kind friend would not let me go back to the hotel in a street car, so turning to the sweet-looking Parsi lady, she spoke to her rapidly in their language and borrowed her carriage. When I

objected to this she said: "She can go home in her husband's motor car." The master of ceremonies called the carriage, and up it came, exceedingly handsome, with two fiery horses. A sice in livery was holding on to each horse's head with one hand, while carrying in the other a long staff from which floated a plume of white horsehair. After the carriage started, these two grooms ran some little distance holding the horses and then they leaped on to their places behind. The Parsis are very wealthy and are foremost in public spirit and in all good works. Naturally they are the friends of English rule, for that means peace and security. The discontent which exists in India is like that in the Philippines, mostly confined to the young educated class eager to seize the reins of government and rule the country themselves. They resent that their salaries should be lower than those of English officials, but an Englishman could not and would not live on what is affluence to a Hindoo. No doubt many chiefs would love to play at the great game of war. An independent, ambitious career appeals to their imagination. But India is now being bound together by the use of a world language, English. The vast majority of English officials are entirely honest and capable. Under them the lion of Islam with its bloody creed is made to lie down in peace with the lamb of Hindooism.

We had a gay dance in the hotel last night at which I looked on with pleasure. The modern dances are very fascinating to watch. Among the spectators was the native prince of Kapurthala. One of his wives, who was present, was a Spanish danseuse. She looked lovely, but he was far from attractive in appearance. When we see these native princes in moving pictures arrayed

in gorgeous Oriental dress, we are struck with admiration, but in European dress and bareheaded, they lose immensely in their good looks.

Yesterday I went to Cook's to see about my ticket and to engage a deck cabin. After the agent had looked at my papers, he asked, "Are you an American?" "Yes," I answered. "I never should have thought it, for you have no accent, and I mean it as a compliment, Madam." Bows and acknowledgments on my part.

ON BOARD THE ITALIAN STEAMSHIP *Roma*,
March 15, 1915.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

After Colonel and Mrs. Stewart left the hotel in Bombay, I should have been very lonely but for my friend, Miss Cursetjee, who obtained the most desirable invitations for me. One afternoon while driving, we passed an elegant residence on the water front. "To whom does that palace belong?" I asked. "Would you like to see it?" replied Miss Cursetjee. "Indeed I should"; so we stopped the carriage and went in. The family were sitting on a veranda enjoying the evening lights on the water. They embraced Miss Cursetjee cordially, and one of the ladies showed me the beautiful house, with its reception rooms, large enough for hundreds of guests, lit by enormous chandeliers. This family, or rather one member of it, has built a large sanitarium for the use of poor Parsis. In it a suite of rooms overlooking a garden and the sea may be had for one rupee a day.

Monday afternoon I went to the meeting of a society intended to bring together in India ladies of various races and creeds. Lady Willingden, wife of the Governor of Bombay, is president of this society. I went alone

by Miss Cursetjee's instructions, dismissing my carriage when I arrived. I found that dear lady standing with Lady Willingden on the thick green sward in front of the garden pavilion, in which were laid long tables covered with dainties. The contrast between the tall fair English lady in white muslin and lace and the little Parsi lady was quite striking to the eye. Lady Willingden is beautiful and still young, though she has lost a son in the war. The arrival of the guests in their gorgeous dresses was very interesting. They wore Indian tissues sparkling with gold and silver threads and shining jewels. They descended from elegant carriages and motor cars and were received by servants in red and gold liveries. The guests all took refreshments, except me. I was introduced to some Parsi ladies and was much entertained by the whole affair. As usual Miss Cursetjee captured a superb motor car in which we were whirled off to the house of the Aga Khan's mother. I had hoped to see him, as he speaks English perfectly, but he left for Delhi that morning. I am told he has used his immense influence with his co-religionists to prevent the possibility of a holy war which the Germans and Turks are inciting. His mother, the Lady Alisha, was expecting us. In her antechamber was a group of prettily dressed girls. The old lady was in her reception room which opened on a wide veranda. A garden lay between this veranda and the sea. She could speak no English, and as Miss Cursetjee is eloquence itself, my rôle was a silent one. After waiting for some time, I ventured to suggest that I should like to ask a few questions. Miss Cursetjee then let me know that she was engaged in recounting my history, which was apparently far more interesting than anything I could possibly have to say. Miss Cursetjee had,

from time to time, already related something of this history in my presence in English, and I had found it necessary to restrain the narrator in many particulars, but since the language was unknown and the history interminable, I was forced to amuse myself with my elegant surroundings, in examining the old carved ebony furniture and the exquisite rugs brought from Persia. Most of the furniture, also, came from Persia and was brought over by this family. The rugs do not wear out or change. I have been told that the Aga Khan's parents were both descended from a certain Persian Shah. In the troubles of that land, this branch of the family moved to Beloochistan where the grandfather fought for the British. They have been much honored by the English government since then, and their titles have been restored to them. Beyond this I could learn nothing, since I could take no part in the conversation. I have read that some Shah of Persia saw a ballet in Paris and was so pleased with the dress that when he returned to his country, he enforced it in his harem. The Lady Alisha's costume reminded me of that story. Her skirt reached but little below her knees. She wore the tight trousers that all Mohammedan ladies seem to wear. The old lady keeps purdah very strictly and has fallen into certain careless habits which the society of men would have corrected. She sat hugging one foot across one of her knees. She had a good sensible countenance and wore an air of dignified authority. Very strong tea mixed with cream was served. I drank a cup and sacrificed my night's rest. I also tasted some Persian sweetmeats. A large ornamented cake seemed to be made principally of almond paste mixed with some odd conserves. I ate a piece, found it very good, and was seized with a prompt pain.

I can't understand why people in hot climates should eat such indigestible things, but the climate of Persia is very cold in winter. As I was free to wander where I chose, I went into the veranda whence I could overlook the garden and the sea. The two ladies followed me here and talked until it was time to leave. The Aga Khan's fine car took us away to Miss Cursetjee's own pretty home where she lives happily and usefully with her brother and his wife. She brought up her sister-in-law and now helps to rear the children. She is a most useful woman and is head of the Alexandra English School for Indian girls, is vastly respected, with hosts of friends. Indeed, she is a most admirable character.

Before I left, Miss Cursetjee made an engagement for me with a Mohammedan lady of high rank. The latter called punctually at four o'clock and took me to a reception at the Commissioner's house. The rooms were elegant, the music lovely, and the refreshments delicious. I had not meant to eat anything, but was so tempted by the fine strawberries and cream which were offered in the greatest profusion that I ended by partaking heartily of this luscious fruit. The dazzling dresses of the Oriental ladies interested me greatly. One dear lady took a seat by me and said, with a rich color mantling her cheek: "I am glad, so glad to meet you, for I have heard Miss Cursetjee talk of you." It was well I was leaving the next day, for I never could have lived up to that marvelous history and reputation, and it is very painful to destroy illusions. The Moslem lady, after this reception, took me for a visit to her own home where she showed me her wedding dress and jewels. There was a mantle of dark, heavy silk loaded with gold embroidery which had wrapped her up head and all the night of the marriage ceremony. In this she

had to sit the whole night and was nearly dead from fatigue the next morning. How much gayer is a Parsi wedding where there is no purdah for the women. They are like the Europeans in their customs. The Moslem lady asked me about the war, and was much distressed when I told her I believed the Turks would lose Constantinople. She said she hoped I was mistaken, that the people of India dreaded Russia and hoped to rule themselves some day. She sent me back to the hotel in her car and so ended my last day in India.

Next morning I went to the censor's office and begged so persuasively for my letters that on reaching the ship I found them there waiting for me.

March 21, 1915.

I have been much interested in the conversation of an American missionary on leave of absence who is on board with his wife and little boy. Mr. Perkins has lived in India twenty-nine years, knows the Tamil language of his district perfectly, is very intelligent and a man of high character. L. had written me of certain charges made in America, that famines are more common in India since British rule than before. I shall quote Mr. Perkins:

The longer I lived in India, the more I admired British rule in that country. My district lies three fourths under the English government and one fourth under native jurisdiction. The farmers in the latter portion are constantly complaining that they cannot have the security and justice that those across the border possess, while these latter are fully conscious of the advantages they enjoy and often tell me how much better off they are than those who live under a native prince. If I had a suggestion to make, it would be that the English increase the taxes sufficiently to employ

more English officials and fewer native ones. This would be in the interest of the farmers. At present the humbler posts are held by natives. These have the traditions and habits of their race, they take bribes and annoy those who refuse to give them. A man who receives forty dollars a month will not only support his own family but help his poor relations and save money. Those getting salaries of from eighty dollars to one hundred dollars a month have more checks on them, are more carefully supervised, and consequently have to be more honest in their dealings.

He told me of a farmer who refused to pay a bribe to a native official and his land was actually put up for sale without his knowledge (I mean his lease). It cost the man much money and Mr. Perkins much trouble to arrange the matter. The sons of the pariahs, who get education from the missionaries, are in demand in their villages to read leases, receipts, etc. One such man who had been thus educated rose so high in his village community that in a deadlock between opposing candidates he was actually chosen mayor. To one who knows the attitude of the higher castes in India toward the pariahs, this incident is extremely significant. In this connection I remember that Mrs. Jwala Prasada had a Christian for a cook who had been a pariah. Had he remained an outcast, he could not have entered her kitchen in any capacity. I was surprised to hear Mr. Perkins say he would rather be a poor farmer in India than a poor man in any large American city, for such farmers lead independent, happy lives, but many are improvident in spite of mission teaching. They will go heavily in debt at the marriage of a daughter, borrowing money at usurious rates. As for the greater frequency of famines, Mr. Perkins and all others I spoke to on the subject agree

that this is untrue. Irrigation has greatly reduced the famine area. Railroads can hurry food to stricken districts. Mr. Perkins and a Scotch engineer on board both told me of the enormous irrigation works which are being extended all the time. Mr. Perkins says the English do pay the natives engaged in the big game drives, but their native princes frequently do not. He conceded that English manners toward natives are often offensive and overbearing. This he says is but the adoption of the native manner toward an inferior caste, and is steadily diminishing. Mr. Perkins's eldest son was a wireless operator on the steamer, *State of California*, and was lost on that vessel nearly two years ago, for instead of saving himself he stayed at his post to send out messages which saved many lives.

PORT SAÏD,
March 24, 1915.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

At Suez, the southern end of the canal, we were plunged into great excitement. We reached the entrance before day Monday morning and were expecting to enter the canal in a short time when the news came that a battle between Turks and Indian troops was in progress on or near the waterway. Those who could hear better than I said they heard the boom of cannon. We were detained there all day, hearing the wildest rumors. The captain would not permit any one to go ashore, but the German passengers, two first-class and some second class, were taken off the ship. They did not like it at first, but I think they got reconciled. They were sure of kind treatment and were not averse, I imagine, to seeing Egypt at the expense of their enemies.

Well, Tuesday morning (yesterday) at eight o'clock we entered the canal, and the sound of cannon was now so loud that even I could hear it. To add to our excitement, a paper was circulated asking all the passengers to remain on the left or Egyptian side of the vessel as it would be dangerous for us to show ourselves on the other side. Iron plates were fastened around the pilot's house to protect him and the captain. Naturally all the passengers crowded to the dangerous side hoping to see something. I was torn between fear and curiosity. A lady passenger to whom a gentleman had lent a fine field-glass reported to me all she could see. She called out: "I see two regiments . . . they have artillery . . . now they are moving forward at double-quick, the men are running. . . . They have stopped running . . . they are seeking cover, etc." I was in a state of feverish excitement. Oh, that they had been just a little nearer. The odor of battle is certainly intoxicating. An aeroplane came in sight, but too high for me to see it well. At length the cannon ceased firing or we could no longer hear it for we were hurrying through the danger zone, passing camp after camp of Indian troops. Some were digging entrenchments. Their camps were all protected by trenches and wire entanglements. In some camps were many horses, in others large numbers of camels. We tied up for another vessel to pass us and questioned some of the officers on board. They said the skirmishing had begun the day before and was continued that morning. We were now out of the fighting zone, but the whole length of the canal is guarded by camps of Indian troops. I took my place on the highest part of the vessel above the pilot's house. The captain sent up a chair for me so that I could sit comfortably and see the long stretch of narrow blue

water, the shining sands, the entrenched camps, and the signal stations as well as the warships inside the canal. One of them, *The Bacchante*, had been very near us off the town of Suez, and we had waved greetings to the men as she moved into the canal to take part, as we thought, in the fighting, and the men had cheered us vociferously. She is a black-looking monster of twelve thousand tons. While I was up there talking to some American ladies, suddenly a terrific noise burst out behind our heads. It was only the big steam whistle, but I was sure it was an enemy's bomb. The lady next me and I began to scream and we threw ourselves into each other's arms, both tumbling over to the floor in the process. When we saw the absurdity of the situation, we laughed heartily, but a steam whistle close at hand can make a lot of noise.

We reached Port Saïd last night and the five American ladies left the ship there. All the passengers who went ashore had their luggage thoroughly examined in a mad search for bombs, or contraband articles, or incriminating papers. To have to repack all their belongings at eleven o'clock at night was not very agreeable, but such are the customs of war times.

OFF NAPLES,
March 29, 1915.

We got Italian papers at Catania and Messina giving war news. Poor Messina! The earthquake happened in 1908 and she still sits amid her ruins. The last great earthquake wrought enormous damage in central Italy, yet these young men on board are eager to plunge their country into war. My heart aches for the peasants who must do the fighting and pay for the war also.

Last night looking at Stromboli with the red-hot lava streaming down its steep cone into the sea and listening to the young Italians singing patriotic songs about freeing their brothers from the Austrian yoke, I was so deeply moved by the thought of all the misery about to be poured out on the hard-working, frugal population of Italy that I could think of nothing else. One of the officers told me that Stromboli was so constantly in eruption that it served as a lighthouse to sailors. It stands out a huge cone in the midst of the ocean doing no damage, for the lava rolls into the waves. The ladies were dancing on deck, and I was listening to war talk and looking at this awful monster pouring its red-hot stream into the sea until a late hour.

I have written a German letter to Magda. One of the German passengers is to take it for me. They returned to the ship at Port Saïd whither they had been sent by rail, for the English were not willing for them to see the canal defenses. I was just now telling my friends on board a little story illustrating the lack of political liberty in Germany. Once when I was visiting one of my German friends, we were talking together in the evening when the lady suddenly sprang up, tiptoed to the door, and looked out into the hall to see if there were any eavesdropping servants near by. She then returned and said solemnly to her husband: "Now you are completely in the power of Mrs. Ware. She could ruin us if she chose." What he had said was absolutely trivial. I could not possibly remember it, but the all-pervading fear and suspicion made a deep impression on my mind.

HOTEL SMITH, GENOA,
April 7, 1915.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I had no difficulty here with the customs as I had feared. After assuring them that I had no salt, sugar, tea, coffee, chocolate, or tobacco, they did not even open my things. How I wish the United States would be equally considerate. I became very much interested in my companions after twenty-two days on shipboard and parted from them reluctantly. I should like a picture of Papalarga, our deck steward. We became very friendly. He was almost square, so short and so powerfully built was he, and he had a good, honest, smiling face, but he was terribly severe on the Arab merchants who boarded our ship as soon as we touched Egyptian soil. They had the loveliest ostrich plumes for sale. One of the German passengers bought eight for his five sisters. Papalarga expedited the departure of these merchants by beating them from the head of the steps as far as his long arms could reach. If they turned to remonstrate, they got the blows in front. I spoke to the stewardess and the captain about it and asked them to restrain Papalarga's ardor, but both approved his conduct on the ground that the itinerant merchants were thieves, which I do not for one moment believe, though such treatment might make thieves even of well-intentioned men. But to see Papalarga resting from these labors with such a look of satisfaction as if to say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," was truly amusing. At Naples, his family came on board to see him and then who so proud and tender as Papalarga over the boy and the little wife, who was yet taller than he. I tendered them all the compliments and good wishes my Italian would permit and supplemented

this with two francs in the little boy's hand, while the father beamed with satisfied pride. Italy is very democratic and I treated Papalarga with as much politeness as though he had been a ship's officer.

The Consul-General here is Dr. Jones, a very pleasant and intelligent man. He lunched with me yesterday. He has been very busy getting Americans home from Italy. He says last winter he was requested by the State Department to recover an American passport from a Harvard professor of German birth who proved to be a spy. The man came to the Consulate and Dr. Jones, after locking the door, demanded his passport. At first, he refused to give it up saying he had paid for it, that it was his and he meant to keep it, but finding Dr. Jones determined, he finally threw the passport at the Doctor's head. Dr. Jones is from Virginia and knows Mr. Crosby, the gentleman I met in Bombay and who I was so proud to learn was a Mississippian. He says Mr. Crosby has offered his services to the United States to take entire charge of the Belgian relief work, paying all his own expenses. This will be a noble service, even better than the explorations in which he was engaged when I met him. His eldest daughter is to be married in a few months to an Italian officer of high rank in Tripoli.

To-day I made a little excursion to Rapallo, about an hour and a half by rail. On reaching the station, I found the weather very threatening, so I drove to the villa of Colonel and Mrs. Clark to pay them a call. My Srinagar friend, Miss Maud Murray, made me promise to do so if ever I went to Rapallo. My driver saw Colonel and Mrs. Clark on an upper balcony and called out loudly to them, "I am bringing an English lady to see you." On hearing this, Mrs. Clark came down to

the gate where I stood admiring her beautiful garden. I explained that we had a mutual friend in India and was received very cordially by mother and daughter. I had brought lunch with me from the hotel, but Mrs. Clark would not hear of my not taking that meal with them. This visit gave me a great deal of pleasure. When I left, I took a seat in an automobile bus for one of the loveliest drives, I believe, in the world. In spite of the rain, the scenery was enchanting. The coast is rocky and deeply indented, the waves and spray were dashing high in the air. All the way up the hills to the very summits were nestled picturesque houses set in verdure. This whole coast is lined with hotels, villas, and pretty cottages. I visited one of these cottages one day by tram with an English lady who is living in this hotel. We went to see her husband and his niece. The poor gentleman's mind is not normal and he is more tractable with his niece than with his wife. He began at once to ask me about theosophy in India but paid not the slightest attention to my replies. He told me he had written to the King of Italy saying it was robbery not to allow passengers any luggage free on railways. I could wish this letter might have the desired effect.

I spend much time reading the Italian papers. I am so interested in their state of mind just now. They want to enter the war but wish to do so in conjunction with Greece, Rumania, and even Bulgaria, if possible. In default of this combination, they are watching Austria as the matador watches the bull to see when he is so weak that the death-blow may be given without danger. I approve most highly this attitude of Italy. Austria rules harshly her Italian provinces, and many refugees are here clamoring to be rescued, but the

richest part of Italy lies in her plains to the north and it would be dreadful to have them desolated and those fine cities, world renowned, laid under contribution by Austria. Austria, too, has always fought her best on Italian soil expressing great contempt for Italy's army. Some of the newspapers seem to fear that the war will end before Italy gets into it, in which case adieu Trentino, Triest, and a full share of Albania.

When I was here in 1908, Italian and French money were at par. Now French money commands a handsome premium in spite of France being engaged in a death struggle. It is true that England is sustaining the finances of her Allies. It seems to me one of the most stupendous achievements in history, the financial rôle that England is playing, and all this with free trade! Why cannot America give up antiquated tariffs and begin a fuller development?

I am to lunch at the Consul's to-day. He is a Virginian and I like him very much indeed. He tells me he has been here ten years and has never been able during that time to live on his salary. He is a protectionist and gave as one reason for this that our country needs such enormous revenues, mentioning particularly the expenses of the consular service. I was glad to point out to him that with all her tariffs, the United States paid much smaller salaries than free-trade England. I do not object to America paying small salaries if she wishes her citizens to set an example of the simple life. I do object, however, to such arguments in favor of protection. Dr. Jones is a Republican, but I should be glad to see two parties in the South. I have no politics myself except freedom, and fraternity between all nations, and I should like to see the sources of demoralization and corruption eliminated as much as possible

in our country. I cannot forget when I was in Japan with my son in 1897, that the merchants offered to make out two bills for us: one to pay them and the other to show at our custom house. They said they always did this for their American customers. Thus we corrupt the Japanese merchants and then abuse them for not being honest. They are just as honest as we make them and I do not believe they are below our average. Since free trade was introduced into England, what a difference in public and private morality there. I think we Americans are wonderfully good considering all the sources of corruption in our country. I have been eight days in this hotel, and as this is my third visit here they are only charging me nine francs a day, both rooms and food remarkably good.

PARIS,
April 17, 1915.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

The day before I left Genoa I lunched at our Consul's. The occasion was somewhat spoiled for me by a headache. On the street that morning I had met him, and opening my bag to show him my tickets to Paris, I found I had lost them all. I returned on flying feet to the post-office, where I had just bought some stamps, in a fever of worry at the thought of being delayed here till I could get a check on London collected, but when the stamp clerk saw me coming he held out my tickets. I grasped his hand warmly for he had done me a great service. The shock gave me a headache which was not relieved till I had eaten an excellent lunch and had drunk the best tea at our good Consul's. All this and many similar worries would have been avoided had I stuck to my old time underskirt pocket instead of

trusting all my papers and money to a treacherous handbag. The want of pockets goes a long way to explain the inferiority of women to men.

On the train from Genoa, a French sergeant got aboard. I spoke to him at once saying he was the first French soldier I had seen since the war began and that I wanted to hear him talk. He was willing enough to do this and soon had everyone in the compartment delighted listeners. He described the good feeling, the comradeship in the army. The trenches have been great levelers. His own lieutenant, he said, got down from his horse to shake hands with him, which pleased him greatly. He said the prisoners they took were badly frightened at first, having heard wild tales of French cruelty. He showed us a patch on his coat where a ball had entered his shoulder and said that nothing would induce him to part with that coat. He was to have a whole day in Paris with his family and then return to the front.

I was truly surprised on arriving here to find that this very house had been struck by a bomb from a Taube last October. Emilie has a photograph of the wrecked roof. It fell on a heap of mattresses in the garret which apparently deadened its explosive force, but fourteen persons were killed and wounded in a neighboring street on this occasion. Emilie thinks Paris is so closely watched now that there is no danger, but only last month a Taube bombarded a suburb mistaking it for Paris because it was so brilliantly lighted. I have taken two night walks with Emilie through this dark Paris and I rather like it. The bridges and smaller streets have no lights. Those on the boulevards are hooded so as to throw the light downward. All windows are closely curtained by police orders so that no light

shows through. We saw very few people on the streets. Yesterday we called on a cousin of Emilie's beyond the Seine, a charming lady whose husband is a naval commander at Saigon. They have six sons, three in the army, yet she is still pretty and youthful looking. The walk back was quite romantic over the long dark bridge, the full river flowing under with its muffled sound. I fancy things looked so in feudal times.

I found Hallie and Sylvia at once and enjoyed greatly meeting them. Hallie wants me to move to their pension and declares I am as fixed here with Emilie as the Germans are in their trenches, but I do not like to change.

One afternoon we went to the Sorbonne where we heard a fine address from a former minister who has lost a son in the war. There was fine music and the *Marseillaise* was so beautifully sung that we applauded till my hands were sore.

Soldiers' letters are often published in the papers. I shall quote you a passage from one of them:

You think you have heard the *Marseillaise*, you who have listened to it at distributions of school prizes and similar occasions. You know nothing of its meaning to the soldier when, disheartened in the tide of battle, the bugle sounds, "the flag is in danger," and again "the flag has been captured," and then "Charge!" But the *Marseillaise* rings out, and each one feels inspired with the certainty of victory. We charge. We recapture the flag. We drive the enemy before us. Just so it happened the other day. The Bosches had driven us across the river; we had lost heavily. We found ourselves in a little village lit by the flames of burning houses, where women and children screaming with terror clung to us. Then we heard the call, "Charge! Rescue the flag!" and the *Marseillaise* bore us on. The fight was desperate, but we won and drove the enemy

from the village. I do not wish ever again to hear the *Marseillaise* under any ordinary circumstances. I shall turn away for I wish to keep such memories sacred.

I give only a free translation. I cannot do justice to the letter which filled me with emotion.

We have been to the great American hospital called "Les Ambulances Américaines." The men there are so thoroughly cared for that when I asked if there were anything I could bring them I was told to bring flowers. They really need nothing which is not provided. This is very gratifying, but I think I can give more pleasure by going to the big French hospitals where luxuries are not so common. At the American hospital I saw one man who had received fifty wounds from shrapnel, but he had lost only one leg; the other was much damaged. His face, however, was not disfigured. He was carried about in a rolling chair. I spoke to a group of native soldiers from Algeria. One had lost both eyes.

April 24, 1915.

The aeroplanes I see here are perfectly beautiful, floating in the air like wonderful birds, but I believe I never saw a bird in its flight so beautiful as they, just high enough to be ideally outlined against the blue sky.

At times I feel quite uneasy about the German air raids on Paris, but I believe I prefer them to drowning like a rat in a ship blown up by a German submarine.

Emilie says that during the German advance on Paris, the shopkeepers lowered all their prices, for they felt sure that Paris would fall, knowing well it could not resist the huge German siege guns. They call that period "during the war" and say: "Oh, that was during the war; we can't sell at such prices now." At first it

confused me to hear them saying, "during the war," and "since the war," but now I understand it fully. There was a great exodus of the civil population during this advance. Emilie left, taking only a handbag; no room for other luggage on the train. After incredible fatigues, she succeeded in reaching her little farm high up on a mountainside in the south of France. Her account of her adventures is quite thrilling, but the papers are full of similar stories. The fraternal feeling among all classes in France in this hour of common danger is beautiful. But the suspense of those cruel days when no one knew what England was going to do was terrible, also the bitter time when Belgium was being crushed, followed by that flood of miserable refugees and those days full of crushing anxiety before the battle of the Marne came to stop the French retreat. This battle is always referred to as "the miracle of the Marne."

May 1, 1915.

We have visited the Rothschilds' palace which is converted into a convalescent home for soldiers. The statues and pictures are covered, but the soldiers are royally lodged and the garden joins the Parc Monceau, the loveliest of Parisian parks. I enjoyed talking to the soldiers. Those who came from the northeast of France have not heard a word from their families since October.

I gave a little tea party a few days ago to about a dozen ladies. I read one of Nellie's letters to them describing Madame Dufarge's visit to Berkeley in order to raise funds for Belgium. One of my guests was a Belgian refugee who knows Madame Dufarge and her husband well. She says he is the most distinguished

surgeon in Belgium. Emilie's cousin, wife of the naval officer, was also present, and during the tea we heard of the sinking of the *Leon Gambetta* with all on board. We were all deeply affected, especially Madame Fator. Her husband commanded the unfortunate ship for two years and she knew all the officers intimately. An admiral and his staff perished on her. The lights went out, so that no effort to save themselves was possible, all going down in the darkness.

Next day Emilie and I went to an artists' lunch. A room, where two meals daily are served to poor artists, had been engaged by some charitable American ladies. If they can they pay ten cents, if not, nothing is said and no one knows which guests pay. Each day a lady presides over the cooking and service. One of Emilie's friends was on duty Thursday and invited us to come and share the artists' lunch. We got there early, in time to help peel potatoes for the evening meal. Emilie's friend found us thus engaged. She is the wife of a well-known Parisian painter who was one of the collaborators of Puvis de Chavannes. The meal began with bread soup which I have learned to appreciate highly. It is the soup of the French peasant, in fact the national soup of France, and I feel that in appreciating it I have put myself in unison with the soul of this great people. I am going to introduce it in America where so much bread is thrown away. It is most excellent for children and old people. The soup was followed by stewed veal served on a bed of mashed potatoes. Each guest had a small carafe of red wine, bread at discretion. For dessert, the choice of fruit or a small piece of cheese was given. Coffee was served at two cents a glass. This is a most worthy charity for those artists too old or too feeble to be in the army, not to speak of the lady

artists. The whole resources of this nation are turned to purposes of defense. There is nothing left for the graces of life. The actors and actresses have suffered so much that a few places of amusement are now being opened for their benefit. We went to one and saw a tragedy followed by pictures of the armies and the singing of patriotic songs. The other day I stopped and listened with pleasure to some street singers, and on paying my contribution I asked for an old favorite that Zulmé used to sing to the children, but I was refused. They said that only patriotic songs could be sung during the war.

May 8, 1915.

Social engagements and the dressmaker filled up the past week. I must have looked shabby in India, for Mrs. Morwood gave me a list of dresses which she made me promise solemnly to have made, but truly the path to the dressmaker is a *via dolorosa* for me.

Among other visits, we went to the studio of Mr. Koos whose wife asked us to the artists' lunch. It seems there are eight similar lunch rooms for artists in Paris. Mr. Koos has been twice to Boston putting up Chavannes's pictures in the library there. In his studio we met an interesting refugee from the war zone, the organist from Arras. He fled amid a rain of German shells with his two half-grown daughters. He belongs to a musical family, his brother being a composer. One of his operas is frequently given at the Opéra Comique. I was hurried away from this studio by Emilie to keep an engagement at the aviation field, leaving Monsieur Georges in the midst of his thrilling adventures in which his good old "Bonne" figured prominently. I have

asked the whole family to spend next Wednesday evening here.

We dined one evening last week with the widow of a young officer killed last September. Her baby was born since. She read us some of his letters from the front, most beautifully and tenderly written. Coming home that night through the darkened streets was very impressive. We felt no fear. There is scarcely any crime in Paris now. Our concierge was called to the front a few days ago. I felt sorry for him. He looks so domestic, so unwarlike, but everyone who can carry arms must go. Not even the priests are spared.

Madame Fator tells us of the most heartrending scenes in the families of the officers who perished on the *Leon Gambetta*. Emilie reads me letters from a young girl who is now teaching school in a little French village. Her position depends on the good will of the mayor. On her arrival, the mayor told her on no account to enter the village church or buy anything at certain shops. There are two parties confronting each other in this little world and they appear irreconcilable. On the one side the church, the rich resident in the château, and their religious free school. On the other side are ranged the mayor and the state and communal school. This school has government-appointed teachers and is helped by the state if the commune is not able to entirely support it. Emilie's friend hates being drawn into this political contest but dares not offend the mayor. He married the first girl who filled this position, but there is no one to perform this kindness for this lonely girl who longs to go to church and wishes naturally to shop where she pleases. The commune has the power to close schools taught by nuns in convents, but if they have left the convent they are no longer

regarded legally as nuns but merely as breadwinners. I had hoped this war would have stilled such animosities, but religious hatreds know no truce.

We recently had a call from an officer who has charge of the dépôt where military trains come in, and prisoners and wounded soldiers received. He told me that the prisoners they took during the great drive on Paris last autumn were famished, ragged, exhausted, but full of spirit and defiance. One of these said he was a nephew of Prince von Buelow. This young officer occupied a second-class compartment all to himself. Immediately on arriving he demanded to see the officer in charge. The latter, young and somewhat uncompromising, appeared before the haughty German and asked what was wanted of him. Herr von Buelow replied that in virtue of his rank he should have a first-class compartment instead of a second. The officer replied that he wished he did have a first-class compartment at his disposal as he needed it for his wounded. He then ordered a freight car to be cleaned out, had it brought up alongside with a plank across between the two cars, and a big policeman forced the furious officer to walk into it. Once inside the freight car, he strode up and down like a caged lion. In view of all the misery inflicted on Belgium and France, I think Von Buelow might have been more modest.

I have just this moment been interrupted by the news of the sinking of the *Lusitania*. I know no particulars but I am filled with horror. Hallie, Sylvia, and the French governess I have chosen for the children were to sail on her on June 12th. This news is dreadful. Who could have believed such things possible one short year ago!

Dear little Pete's asking, "On which side of the war

is the censor?" amused me very much. When I come home I shall explain to him all about that dreadful individual.

PARIS,
May 14, 1915.

My indignation over the *Lusitania* increases with every detail. The apparent helplessness of our government to protect its peaceable citizens is deeply humiliating. That the German Kaiser prefers to inspire terror rather than any other sentiment is manifest, but what is difficult to understand is that he should have a united people behind him. Surely there must be some among them who have retained something of their sanity and humanity though they dare not give expression to it. I am waiting to hear that at least the German-Americans have renounced all sympathy with such inhuman methods. Germany presents an object-lesson of the strength of the evolution of an idea—in her case, that of militarism. It has now flowered and borne its fine fruit of merciless barbarism. But if this war should put an end to this madness, extinguish this monstrous delusion, and free enlightened opinion in Germany itself, then shall we be able in the future years to look back on this dark blot upon our Christian civilization with less of pain. I feel deep sympathy for Mr. Wilson at this trying moment and am grateful to Mr. Taft for his friendly words of confidence which I read this morning. We are all mourning for Madame Dufarge who perished on the *Lusitania*, especially her Belgian friend here, Madame Bouquier. Through the kindness of a Parisian lady Madame Bouquier and her family are lodged in a beautiful home.

Emilie and I saw five soldiers the other day sitting

near the Eiffel Tower. We entered into conversation with them and found they had been at Maubeuge at the beginning of the war where thirty thousand of the French were captured (so at least these soldiers told us). Their lieutenant asked them if they were willing to try to escape with him. Some sixty-five eagerly volunteered, and he led them to a village where they found a waiting train. They jumped into it and got away. The station-master who helped them off was shot almost immediately, for the Germans were in hot pursuit. When they arrived at Dunkirk, they were at once set to work digging trenches. They said they had not had a ration of wine since they left Maubeuge, and until that day they had not ceased hearing the sound of cannon for nine months. They are now being sent south for a much needed rest. They had had that day only one box of sardines for food, but it was morning. I gave them what change I had in my purse and promised to send them tobacco and chocolate, which I have done. One great grief to them was not hearing from their families within the German lines, and fearing that they had been driven from their homes and were now wanderers on the earth. I hope they will get their wine in the south, for they seem to miss it so much.

I was painfully surprised to hear that a German aeroplane had thrown five bombs on St. Denis, Tuesday. I am always afraid of them. Tuesday night Emilie and I were in the concierge's room talking to her nephew who had just been called to the front, when we heard the police ordering all lights out as an enemy air craft had been sighted. We rushed into the street like everyone else all eager to see what was going on. Several French aeroplanes were in the sky on guard. They were like brilliant stars, but when they threw out searchlights

they resembled comets. It was very exciting but nobody was frightened. The Parisians would enjoy above all things to see a battle in the air in spite of the danger to those below, and for a few moments I shared this feeling.

Emilie and I go to the hospitals very often. At the Val de Grâce one poor man had a dum-dum bullet explode in his mouth. Such a horrible face, but he is grateful that he can see, though his eyes are so drawn downward that they look unhuman—no lips, only a cavity in which a little tongue can be seen incessantly moving. He can't smoke but likes chocolate. They all seem very grateful for tobacco and sweets. There are also German wounded at the Val de Grâce but one cannot see them without a pass from the Governor of Paris. I am told they are treated exactly as the French patients. I talked to two of the Red Cross nurses who have charge of them. They said at first the wounded were scared, believing they would be mistreated, but they soon recovered confidence and are grateful to their nurses.

May 22, 1915.

I am constantly making myself disagreeable to my French acquaintances, as I did in India to the English, by doubting the stories of German atrocities. Enough, however, is proved from records of official orders to cover Germany with shame, but I cannot believe that all those good and kindly Germans whom I used to know have become demons. The Kaiser resembles Nero in several respects, his belief in his own divinity, his histrionic talents, and his success in establishing the Kaiser Cult in Germany where the slightest criticism of him or his acts is considered high treason. At one

time when I was in that country, many hundreds were in prison for *lèse-majesté*. Himself living in an atmosphere of flattery, he has used the same means to intoxicate his people, "a chosen nation, beloved of God, none other equal to it, fitted and endowed for the special mission of governing the world, etc." My belief is the Germans have been infected heart and soul by this flattery till they have a contempt for all other peoples, and have gone out to conquer them for the glory and enrichment of the Fatherland and the good of the rest of the world.

At the Val de Grâce Hospital I was shown men for whom the surgeons are making new noses. A nurse explained the process to me. A piece of gristle is taken from the man's rib. This is slipped under the skin of the forehead where it grows and becomes a graft. When the man is in fit condition for the operation, this gristle serves for a frame for the nose and is covered by skin from the forehead. The gap in the forehead is filled by drawing the edges of the skin together. The new noses were so bandaged that I did not see anything of them, but I shall see them later. One poor man looked so miserable that I asked the nurse if he wanted any special thing. She said he longed for a *pâté de foie gras*. His eyes lit up when I promised to bring him one, and I hope he will be able to enjoy it. It will be interesting to watch the progress of his new nose.

There is a hospital here called The Quinze-Vingt (15×20) founded by St. Louis for those crusaders who lost their sight during the crusades. There were three hundred of them (fifteen times twenty make three hundred), and *quinze-vingt* was the French word in those days for that number.

Emilie's friend, the poor girl teacher, still writes

astonishing details of the persecution of the church party and their free school by the mayor. It seems incredible to an American. The girl writes that the mayor had a quantity of manure thrown very near the church, which she had had removed as being too near her school. The very children take sides and taunt each other. The free school has been closed forcibly so now all the children must go to the communal school. The young lady thinks the mayor has gone so far as to alienate his own supporters and cannot be reëlected. In that case the free school will be quickly reopened and perhaps draw all the pupils from the public school. The mayor is now persecuting a poor old beggar because he had his wife buried by the priest; he has turned him out of his only shelter and ordered him to go home which is within the German lines. All this means that the government is trying to enforce lay teaching in the schools, whereas the people in many parts of the country cling to religious teaching.

PARIS,
May 29, 1915.

Madame Bouquier has a letter from the secretary of Dr. Dufarge about his wife's death on the *Lusitania*. He says she busied herself to the last moment caring for those injured by the explosion and made no effort to save her own life. Her body was recovered and buried in London, the Queen of Belgium being present incognita. The day after the funeral, her husband performed twenty difficult operations.

On Saturday Emilie and I were walking at St. Cloud and saw an aeroplane circling over our heads. Thinking it to be French, we regarded it with admiration. It proved to be German disguised as French. Going on

it dropped bombs on Paris which, however, did little harm. One fell in the Place Vaugirard where a great number of children were playing. It fell in the soft grass and did not explode. Yesterday afternoon I was out walking with Hallie when we saw three aeroplanes overhead. She made for shelter but I was sure they were French. I cannot conceive of an obedience which makes men willing to kill women and children in the most horrible manner, rending and mangling their bodies, but after the *Lusitania* one is surprised at nothing.

I was at the Val de Grâce on Sunday. Some of the men with new noses were up and unbandaged, but so ugly I hated to look at them. Of course I could not recognize the man for whom I had the *pâté*, but he recognized me. These men are passed on to other institutions where their noses and other surgeon-made features are improved. The Val de Grâce is, as I understand, the first treatment. The saddest of all the hospitals to me is the Salpêtrière where wounds in the spinal cord are treated. Some of the poor fellows lie for months before death releases them, and even those who recover have a dreadfully tedious and dreary time. I saw a hopeless case where the whole body had become infected. My heart was wrung for this man, so I told him all I could think of to encourage him. I spoke of the marvels of French medical skill, of the certainty of French victories, of his own recovery which would require patience and courage. The very ill soldiers like oranges and these we take. I shall visit the Salpêtrière regularly. I found a young farmer from Normandy there. He had not been wounded long so was still cheerful. I spoke of my visit to his province, of the fine apples and cider I enjoyed there, and his face

lit up with pleasure. He talked of his farm and forgot for a time his sufferings.

I have just read a letter from a French doctor, Pozzi, asking for aid for his typhus hospital in a frontier town of Serbia. Never have I heard of such misery. He writes to a Paris doctor of his acquaintance begging for sheets, towels, handkerchiefs, and cheap and simple washable clothing for his sick. He wants to build wooden sheds to house his patients, for they now cover the floor of the hospital so thick that some lie under the beds, two and even three of them in each bed. They have not room to stretch out and he says some die sitting upright, that all around him are the dying, no means of disinfecting, no change of clothing. I bought cotton sheeting and, some guests coming in that afternoon, we all went to work hemming sheets and big handkerchiefs. One of the company had just received a letter from her mother at Liège. It was concealed in a loaf of bread which had been smuggled out. She said they had plenty of food, thanks to the Americans.

I had hoped in Paris to get daily authentic accounts of all that is going on, but the censorship is strict here also. Anything tending to discourage the people is suppressed. We hear of disasters only through private letters. I am beginning to fear the war will last a long time, though the entrance of Italy may make a difference. The French are sending battalions to help the Italians, which is well as the French have learned much in these last few months. Some of the men in the hospitals told me they were wounded by French soldiers. They said it was a serious loss at first, this shooting of their own men by mistake. They told me that once after they had taken a German position, they were bombarded by the French artillery for two hours. If

these French veterans can save the Italians from such mistakes, it will be a great advantage. Raw troops, especially of the southern race, do no doubt lose their cool judgment under the excitement of a fierce attack. I get much discouraged reading of all this wretched butchery, this piling up of gigantic debt, these implacable hatreds. Why will not the German government shorten the hopeless struggle?

I have read a letter from an Italian in Berlin which told of a visit to a wounded German officer, an intimate friend of his, wounded months ago in Belgium. This officer said to his Italian friend: "The present war is our suicide, but who could have dreamed of the resistance of the Belgians. We entered that country with no artillery, only cavalry and infantry. And our cavalry, how they suffered, unsupported by cannon as they were!" This officer went on to say that they had expected to be welcomed by the Belgians.

PARIS,
June 5, 1915.

I had no idea Tom Dabney was in Paris. I thought him in Nice and his villa turned into a hospital, but Saturday as I was going into the Sorbonne, he hurried up and seizing both my hands cried out, "At last I have found you." Of course, I did not recognize him and was much puzzled, but when he said, "Cousin Mary, you do not know me?" I recognized his voice and was so glad to see him. He asked us to spend Monday with him, but we could only give him the afternoon. Tom took me into his garden (for I arrived first) and there I sat and heard the whole story of his marvelous luck and then of his sorrows since the war. When the German guns were booming nearer and nearer

to Paris, the thirty inmates of his "conservatoire" scattered and mostly quitted France. Since that time, he has been making a brave struggle to keep up, hoping for peace to bring back his prosperity. As I am very fond of Tom, his story was a thrilling one to me. He took us all over his garden, his house, and other possessions. The garden is well tended and the flowers beautiful, the vegetable portion of it flourishing, and his little orchard and vineyard most promising. This villa was a wonderful purchase of his. The house must have cost several times what he paid for the entire property. The big music hall or salon is a perfect beauty. I saw and admired the Winged Victory presented him by Heath. The famous painting of himself is no longer entwined with laurels, since the admiring throng of young ladies has fled. He has but three of them left and the villa is mostly closed. The flower garden next the house where we sat in arm-chairs has a beautiful view looking over green parks, distant church spires, and little villages. When I arrived, he was busy working his vegetables which showed me that he was truly of our family stock. He says the secret of the cheapness of this property was that it apparently suited no one but him. No ordinary family needs twenty rooms, and the wealthy wish their villas in the midst of grounds. This one is built directly on the street, the grounds all lie behind it. He has made a good many necessary changes in the house, but all had been paid for when the Germans appeared on the scene. Happily, they did not reach Sèvres else they would doubtless have been quartered in Tom's house.

We go a great deal to the hospitals, but I will not give you the details of all the misery we see there. The men

are so pleased when we remember their names and individual tastes.

June 18, 1915.

I have visited the hospital for blind soldiers, one of the most pathetic sights of the war. Such fine vigorous young men, yet totally blind. One, a peasant lad, told me of his family, his mother, a widow, with his two little brothers still at home. He told me of the struggle she has to pay the rent without his aid, and yet out of their poverty a few sous are sent every week to buy tobacco for him. The director told me he discouraged visitors to this hospital. Their compassion depresses the men's spirits. The doctors wish them to keep up the hope of recovering their sight until they become accustomed to the life of the blind. Many have only empty sockets instead of eyes. A society has been formed which is called the "Friends of the Blind" to assist these unfortunates. They are being taught to read by touch and also some simple trades. I am a member of this society.

In one of the workshops for poor women, I met an old refugee from a village in the north. The Germans drove out all the inhabitants, six hundred in number, allowing each to carry only a small bundle. The night before this exodus a German soldier came at 2 A.M. to her house and demanded her savings. As she refused, he knelt on her chest and strangled her almost to death, but the poor creature persisted in denying that she had anything and after searching her hut with a lantern, he left empty handed.

June 26, 1915.

Last Saturday we went to Fontainebleau. How pleasant it was to see from the train the lovely, smiling

rural life of France unblackened by war. The fine old château has been dismantled of its furniture and historic objects. They have been hidden away for fear of German vandalism. The beautiful English gardens are now given up to wounded soldiers who occupy one wing of the building. Our guide was very interesting and devoted so much time to us as to bring down upon himself a severe reprimand from his superior as well as reproaches from other waiting tourists. We lunched in a small confectioner's shop whose owner had been killed in the war. The young widow served us well and we had a dessert of delicious raspberries and cream. During our afternoon drive in the forest, Sylvia was much amused at being asked to admire a great tree, the giant of the woods, called "Jupiter." She told the driver that in California she dined every day in summer under a tree twice as big as her father's country place. A dear little girl offered to be our guide in the forest when we left the carriage. She was very small but neat and clean. She stopped before a diminutive pond and said: "This is the pond where Henry IV fought the Leaguers, Religion and the Protestants." "Did he fight in the water, my dear?" "Oh, no, when it had dried up," she answered. "You have much knowledge of history, my friend." "Yes, madame," she said gravely and simply.

37 RUE DES ACACIAS, PARIS,
July 16, 1915.

We are now settled in our new quarters and early every morning I sit on the terrace overlooking a garden of shade trees. It seems to be in the direct line of the aeroplanes and as soon as I hear their humming I can do nothing but watch them. The rays of the early sun

are reflected from their metallic furnishings, but otherwise they look dazzlingly white. To the eye, they are huge and marvelous birds with nothing wanting to the illusion. The beak even is clearly visible as they soar above my head. They always excite in me feelings of awe and wonder, seeming like supernatural creatures of unearthly beauty, for nothing can exceed the ease and grace of their movements. They have not the appearance of death-dealing engines of destruction, but are like guardian angels watching over the great city by day and by night. At night all that can be seen of them are brilliant, swiftly moving lights, with now and then a luminous trail as a searchlight is turned on.

The little governess I engaged for the children has just been here to tell me of her tribulations in getting a passport. She was astonished at the crowds she found filling the Préfecture on the same errand. There were some tourists, but the crowd consisted mainly of Russian Jews who have been told that they must either join the French or Russian army or leave Europe. "Madeleine" brought away a strange impression and said, "What is your country going to do with all those Russian Jews?" evidently fearing that we were to be submerged by them.

No, I do not agree with you in your wish for immediate peace which would only leave things as they were before. When my imagination pictures all the agony, and cruelty, and injustice occasioned by this war, I am so filled with wrath against its authors that I cannot endure the thought of a peace which will leave the possibility of a renewal of such horrors. Who can say "peace" to France with those torn provinces in the hands of her foes and utterly ravaged. All the machinery of their factories, all the products of their mines,

all the wood of their noble forests, shipped to Germany. Never was such plundering heard of before among Christian nations. Germany is growing rich on this bloody booty.

TOM DABNEY'S CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

VILLA D'AUBIGNÉ, SÈVRES,

July 22, 1915.

I lie in a hammock all day in this beautiful garden and listen to these girls sing. There are three girls students and two young men. One of the mothers lives here also with her daughter. One of the men is an interesting Englishman with a beautiful voice. He has no idea of being a professional singer but says his music has been such a social asset to him that he wants this training. He lived fourteen years on a ranch in Argentina and talks most interestingly about his life there and of that in London too. His voice is rich and sweet and seems to have made him equally popular in London and in the Argentine. For two months he was attached to the suite of Prince Alexander of Battenberg. It would be indiscreet to repeat what he tells of this experience. He could stand it for only two months. He is evidently a man of some means, but if disaster should ever overtake him, he could always find a career on the concert stage.

DETACHED INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL WITH SEDLEY

In November of 1896, after a visit to Damascus and Baalbec, we started for the Cedars of Lebanon. We were traveling as Cook tourists with a guide and baggage man all on horseback. Late in the afternoon, we arrived at a little Maronite village where we were to spend the night. When I saw the hut with its dirty

floor and general air of uncleanness where we were expected to sleep, I was so repelled that I asked if there were no other lodgings. I was told the Maronite priest also entertained travelers, so off we started for his house hoping to find better accommodations, but as we could see no difference between the two huts, we decided to return to the first one. The priest, however, was determined to show us some hospitality and brought out a little wine which he offered. Not wishing to hurt his feelings, we were sipping this innocuous beverage when there appeared, coming over the brow of the hill, a small squad of mounted soldiers, their weapons silhouetted against the evening sky. Now there had been serious massacres of Armenians during the preceding month, and no Maronite could ever forget the horrors of the fearful and treacherous massacres of their co-religionists in the '60's, so that squad of soldiers produced consternation in the little village. Sedley and I went forward to meet them. On drawing near, a man, who proved to be a doctor, dismounted to greet us. He told us in French that a crime had been committed near this village and the officer of the squad had been sent to investigate it while he was to report on the condition of a wounded Mohammedan now in the village. We begged the doctor to call on us later and report what he could hear about the affair. He did so and we learned the following particulars: Some Mohammedan traders had bought wheat in the Hauran where crops had been abundant and had sold it up in the Lebanon district where grain was scarce. With the proceeds of the sale, they were returning to their homes. At dawn they stopped to make coffee, as the night had been cold. While crouched around the open fire, they were fired upon, wounded, and robbed, one so

seriously that he had not been able to escape with the others. The wounded man lay where he fell till some Mohammedans passing by brought him into the village. Sedley proposed going to see him in company with the doctor, for we felt very sorry for him thus plundered, wounded, and helpless among his enemies. Sedley promised me to give him some money. Habib laid our beds on the dirt floor and fatigue might have caused me to sleep had I not been attacked by swarms of fleas. There were also donkeys tethered behind our hut who felt impelled from time to time to bray in stentorian tones. But all this was as nothing to the cocks who occupied a corner of the room. I had no conception of the volume and shrillness of their crowing till thus confined with them in a narrow space. It was so brain shattering that I enveloped my head in the cover to deaden the sound, but all in vain. Sedley seemed to sleep, for he said nothing, but I had not a single moment of unconsciousness during the whole night. We were up early when Sedley said to me: "Mother, I did not wish to tell you last night but I acted like a fool with that doctor. I took out a twenty franc piece to give the wounded man and let that doctor quietly take it out of my hand. He said he would buy medicine with it for him, but I believe it will stick in his pocket." "Did he take the shot out of the man's leg?" I asked. "No, he did nothing for him and the man was suffering very much, had his leg thickly sprinkled with buckshot." "That wounded man needs no medicine," I said. "He needs someone to extract those buckshot, and as for that doctor, he is simply robbing you both." Sedley was entirely convinced of this and in a very bad humor with himself. He had just put me on my horse when we heard the most piercing screams at some little distance.



CHILDREN FOR WHOM THESE LETTERS ARE PUBLISHED. 1916

S. ran back into the house, seized a gun hanging on the wall, and made for the scene of disturbance as fast as his long legs would carry him. I dismounted and followed as fast as I possibly could. The ground was rough, briars growing over débris of various kinds. Habib rushed after me imploring me in the greatest agitation to come back and keep out of the village quarrels. He said he could never return there if he got mixed up in their disputes. He was an arrant coward, which was his chief characteristic. I came up to a group of women surrounding one who was sitting with a young man across her lap, the young man's throat was gashed and his chest deluged in blood. These women were weeping aloud, and I thought certainly the man had received his death wound and I was full of pity. I left them to find Sedley. I passed another wounded man lying on the ground, his head swollen from the blows he had received. This case too excited my pity, but I still sought my son. I found him at last, scuffling with two men and dealing vigorous blows. It seems he had found a man beating another. Into this fray he had plunged to rescue the supposed victim. I felt very proud of him, for we did not learn till the following night that both the men were Maronites, one the village headman who had taken this inauspicious moment to punish a recalcitrant villager. What kept me alarmed was the presence of the squad of soldiers without their officer on the flat roof of a hut. They had their arms ready for use. I kept crying out to them, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" which, of course, they didn't understand but it relieved my feelings. Meantime Sedley ordered Habib to carry him to the officer's and the doctor's hiding place. They were both hidden away in one of the huts. As Habib followed Sedley, ash-

colored, his jaws quivering, I thought I had never seen such an abject object of terror. The villagers, however, did not seem afraid. Habib's one thought was to get us out of the village and on our way to the Cedars of Lebanon. On finding the officer, Sedley told him he would report his conduct in Beirut if he did not get the soldiers away. He then turned his attention to the doctor and ordered him to produce the twenty francs, telling him he had heard that the friends of the wounded man had carried him off during the night. The doctor handed out the money meekly. The officer got the soldiers out of the village, but Sedley forced the doctor to attend to the man with the throat wound and found that it was not fatal. We then mounted our horses and departed. The trip was far prettier than the day before but I had no eye for landscapes. I was still excited over the scenes I had witnessed. On our return that evening to the village where we had to pass another night, Sedley began by removing six grown cocks from a hamper in the corner of the hut. After our supper, a deputation of young villagers came to call on us. We treated them to tea and biscuits (crackers), and Habib, now serene, translated their appreciative remarks. The people had thought us in sympathy with their enemies when Sedley visited the wounded Moham-medan and gave him money, but his subsequent conduct had shown them that he was their friend, and they thanked him warmly. When we approached Baalbec next day, the first person we met was that doctor on the watch for us. He was accompanied by a native whom he represented as a friend of the wounded man and demanded the twenty francs. Sedley turned to me in perfect disgust to know what I thought he should do. "Give him ten francs and get rid of him." I have no

idea the ten francs ever reached its destination, but we got rid of that contemptible doctor. The disturbance in the village was caused by the soldiers trying to seize food for themselves. It was not the practice of the Turks at that time to provide for their troops.

When we arrived again in Beirut and took seats at the hotel table, a young lady present said: "I hear you have been to Baalbec. Did you meet Dr.——? Didn't you find him charming? So cultivated, so delightful!"

In 1897, Sedley and I, during our trip around the world, visited Korea. It was then under its native king, and its government was, perhaps, the most corrupt and the most inefficient on the face of the earth. The Japanese might have improved matters even then, but they made themselves odious by the murder of the Korean Queen. There were no railways at that time. We went from Chemulpo to Seoul on a steamer so diminutive that we had to sit crouched on the floor of the cabin. On our arrival in Seoul, we called immediately at the American legation to secure a guide. Our minister recommended highly a young Korean nobleman named Pack. He told us, however, that, being a noble, Mr. Pack was sensitive and it would be better not to pay him directly but through the legation. This we willingly agreed to do, but I had reason to think later that our good minister was somewhat mistaken in his estimate of our guide's character. Shortly after our return to the hotel from the legation, a visitor was announced. I went downstairs and found myself confronted by one of the most startling apparitions I have ever beheld. It was the young Korean nobleman. He was dressed in a perfectly new suit of dazzling white silk of beautiful quality. His flowing robe, his trousers,

his vest, his sash, were all of this lovely material. His stockings and shoes were also white, and on top of his head was placed a tall, narrow-brimmed hat also perfectly white, attached under the chin by a broad bow of white silk ribbon. The hat could not have remained on his head without being tied, but the ribbon bow was quite a unique finishing touch. We had been traveling for months through Asia Minor and Palestine on horseback, then through Egypt, India, and China, and were waiting for leisure in Japan to have our wardrobes replenished. The contrast presented by our guide was extreme and so overawed us that we put ourselves unreservedly into his hands. He decided to begin our sightseeing the following morning in palanquins. Now we had tried palanquins in China and found them, as far as we were concerned, instruments of torture, but we were helpless. Next morning the three palanquins with their many bearers arrived and we poor victims got in. The streets of Seoul at that time were extremely picturesque. The men were all clothed in white, the women did not appear in public. White is mourning in Korea, but the Koreans had adopted it permanently because of several successive deaths in their royal family. The too frequent changes thus incurred in their wardrobe had put so great a strain on the financial resources of the people that they unanimously adopted mourning as a permanent dress so as to be prepared for any emergency. At certain hours of the day when the men were going to and from their work, the long lines of figures draped in white were very suggestive of the last day. I was told the women wash the men's garments every night. They gave the white cotton a glazed look which improved its appearance very much. We were to visit some temples, and a pagoda of which

the Koreans were very proud. This has since been carried off to Japan by the Japanese. We were most uncomfortable in the palanquins where there is no seat, and one becomes soon very cramped. One sees but little, too, from them, only the limited space straight ahead, and no kind of conversation was possible because we were taken in single file with ample spaces between. At last I heard Sedley calling out, "I feel like a fool in this thing and I am going to get out of it." I cried out that he had expressed my feelings and that I should follow his example. Mr. Pack was wretched. In his finery, the idea of walking was most repellent to him. I implored him to ride and let us walk in comfort, but such a procedure appeared to him unseemly, so he became a martyr to spoil our enjoyment. The walk was otherwise most delightful, but we had the appearance of some odd and not altogether festive procession. Taught by this bitter experience, Mr. Pack proposed rickishaws for our next excursion, to which I assented gladly as a most agreeable means of conveyance. Only a few months before in Ceylon I had seen them for the first time, and never shall I forget my emotions on that occasion. My outburst of rage that human beings should use other human beings as horses was so spontaneous, so strong and uncontrollable that I called out to Sedley, who was some distance behind: "This is an iniquity. If I had believed when you were born that you were to be put to such a usage, I should have strangled you then and there." This sentiment, repeated and emphasized, disconcerted Sedley greatly, for he was enjoying hugely his drive in that hot climate between rows and rows of cocoanut palms and not worrying his head about man's inhumanity to man. He could only restore my equanimity by promising to fee

the men liberally. And this he did on every excursion till I said: "Sedley, these men desire nothing more ardently than to obtain passengers for their rickishaws. Now we are not using them as much as we would do if we paid more reasonable fees, so I think on the whole that we had better do as other people are doing." This advice was adopted and rickishaws became my favorite means of conveyance. As we were both good walkers we got out at every ascent and were most popular with our coolies. To return to Korea. It was curious for me to see Mr. Pack communicate with the Japanese rickishawmen. He would write with his finger the names of the places we wished to visit and they would understand him. One morning he asked to be relieved from duty that afternoon as his cousin was to give an entertainment and had invited him. I was so disappointed at losing his services that he suggested getting an invitation for us also. I was naturally much pleased with this, but I charged him to tell the lady that I had brought no luggage to Seoul and should be obliged to wear my old traveling dress in case she asked us to her entertainment. Mr. Pack took us early as he had to fetch another guest to his cousin's house. Sedley was carried to the men's apartments where, as I heard afterwards, he sat the whole afternoon silently facing Colonel Ling, the host, neither being able to speak to the other. This painful situation lasted till the bringing of refreshments relieved it temporarily. I was introduced into a room of Korean ladies dressed in voluminous skirts of bright-colored silk gauze gathered to broad waistbands. A bolero jacket and some odd ornaments completed this costume. The jacket was so nicely adjusted to meet the waistband that any movement of the arms showed the naked skin beneath, for the upper body had no other

clothing. I found myself immediately the object of concentrated curiosity, and being unable to make myself understood, my situation was far from pleasant. The bevy of young women examined my clothing in the most thorough manner, even lifting my dress to see the underskirt as well as my shoes and stockings. Now, I was peculiarly sensitive to such an investigation at that time, and I felt sure too that their voluble comments were of no complimentary nature. I longed to tell them, as a patriotic American, not to judge my Countrywomen's toilets by mine and also of the strange countries and scenes my worn traveling dress had passed through so recently, but I was, as it were, delivered helpless into their hands. However, an unexpected ally arrived on the scene. The guest whom Mr. Pack now brought proved to be an American lady, Mrs. Greathouse, mother of the legal adviser to the King of Korea. I discovered in a short time that Mrs. Greathouse had undertaken in Korea the special mission of improving the customs of the ladies in high circles, and more particularly their manner of dress. She couldn't speak their language, but she had entertained them often in her home and her gestures reinforced her oft-repeated commands: "Pull up that waistband, pull down that jacket." She had hardly introduced herself to me when she began to call out these words to the different offenders, and her eye was so vigilant that none escaped. I found conversation with her under these circumstances very trying, though revenge was sweet against that band of young women. We were now conducted by our hostess into the dining-room where a Korean feast was spread. I can enjoy the food of any nation, provided I am hungry and it is of good quality. I had, however, eaten a hearty midday meal and had

no appetite for Korean dainties. The oddest looking thing on the table was the so-called Korean bread, in shape like the sections of an orange, highly colored and glazed, red, blue, and white. I was sorry afterwards I did not secure a piece of it. What the Koreans themselves most prized was a dish of California canned peaches. After this precious dessert had been refused by Mrs. Greathouse and me, our hostess took the dish in her own hands and going round the table she thrust a big half-peach into the open mouth of each lady and then put the remainder away for another occasion. As Mrs. Greathouse's zeal continued unflagging in her efforts to keep the jackets and the waistbands together, preventing all connected conversation, I was glad after the feast when she proposed to take me home with her, but here we met with strong opposition from Mr. Pack. The rickishaws had been ordered for a much later hour, and according to him it was out of the question to leave without them. I told Mrs. Greathouse that Sedley and I loved to walk and would gladly escort her palanquin. I felt really sorry for our noble guide, who considered himself profoundly humiliated by the whole proceeding. But the temptation to see the temple compound, which the Korean king had given to Mr. Greathouse as an official residence, was too great. As it turned out, I was affording immense relief to Sedley who had been bored past endurance the whole afternoon. We found the Greathouse residence very interesting, consisting of some small temples enclosed by a wall. Later, on our return to the hotel, we received a cordial invitation from both mother and son to pay them a visit. It was a great pity that we did not accept, but I was intent on reaching Japan as soon as possible. We returned to Chemulpo where we were detained for days, and where several

misfortunes overtook us, all of which we would have been spared had we accepted that kind invitation from the dear old lady.

BOMBAY IN 1897

On January 13, 1897, we landed in Bombay to find the plague raging there. I have read since that it has never been so bad in that city as during that year. The daily press devoted its first pages exclusively to details of the mortality and to conjectures as to the causes of the terrible visitation. One of the conjectures, which was acted on, was that the bathrooms, situated in those parts of a house where no windows were possible and no sunshine could penetrate, were to blame for the infection, so that for a time holes were made in the roofs of peoples' houses to admit sunshine into these dark closets, making property owners very angry. Rows of tents were put up to lodge the people whose homes had been condemned. The gruesome fear was also expressed in the papers that the vultures at the Towers of Silence would not be sufficiently numerous to meet the demands on them. But this was followed by the reassuring news that those sagacious creatures had sent off signals to their comrades in other parts and that numerous arrivals had entirely relieved the situation. This was my first visit to India and I found pestilence and famine in possession of that unhappy land. We went one afternoon for a drive to the Parsi Towers of Silence. The way was beautiful, first along the beach and then up the long winding slope of Malabar Hill, and as we approached the gates a funeral procession was entering, all clad in white, the bier covered with fresh white muslin. The men of the procession were walking two

abreast, each couple linked by holding the corners of a white handkerchief between them. It all looked very pure and solemn. When I caught sight of the towers, I exclaimed, "What appropriate ornamentations!" for all around the top of each tower was a circle of vultures so close together as almost to touch, their heads all turned one way. I thought they were chiseled from stone, so motionless and so silent they sat. They were living, however, but made no movement till their duties were to begin. It seemed the strangest mixture of incongruous associations, so much of beauty, yet the gruesome ever present in those vultures and in those towers. As we returned late in the afternoon, marvelous views of the sea and its islands, the harbor, the mountains, and the great buildings of Bombay were spread out beneath us, but night overtook us when we reached the streets of the city. Suddenly I remarked one side of the sky all aflame with a lurid glare. I called out, "Bombay is on fire, the city is burning." "No," said the driver, "that is the Hindoo burning ground." Then I understood, for I had read that the average number of Hindoos burned daily at this place was two hundred. Although frightened at my own temerity, I ordered the driver to take us there. When we arrived, we left the carriage and walked to the gates of the great enclosure. I can never forget the impression made during those moments. Within were the apparently countless funeral pyres on each of which a corpse was laid, while men almost completely naked armed with long poles were briskly stirring the flames. They represented perfectly our crude ideas of hell with demons torturing the damned. These demons seemed to be dancing around their victims, stirring the flames to ever greater intensity. I stood for a while spellbound

by the horror of the scene, then terror seized me and I fled to the carriage. I had had enough of beauty and of horrors that afternoon. Arrived at the hotel, we heard that the plague had appeared in a house opposite, and the servants had all declared they were going to quit in a body. We left next day on a train which I heard afterwards carried many plague-stricken passengers, but we in the first class saw nothing of these poor sufferers.

THE END

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